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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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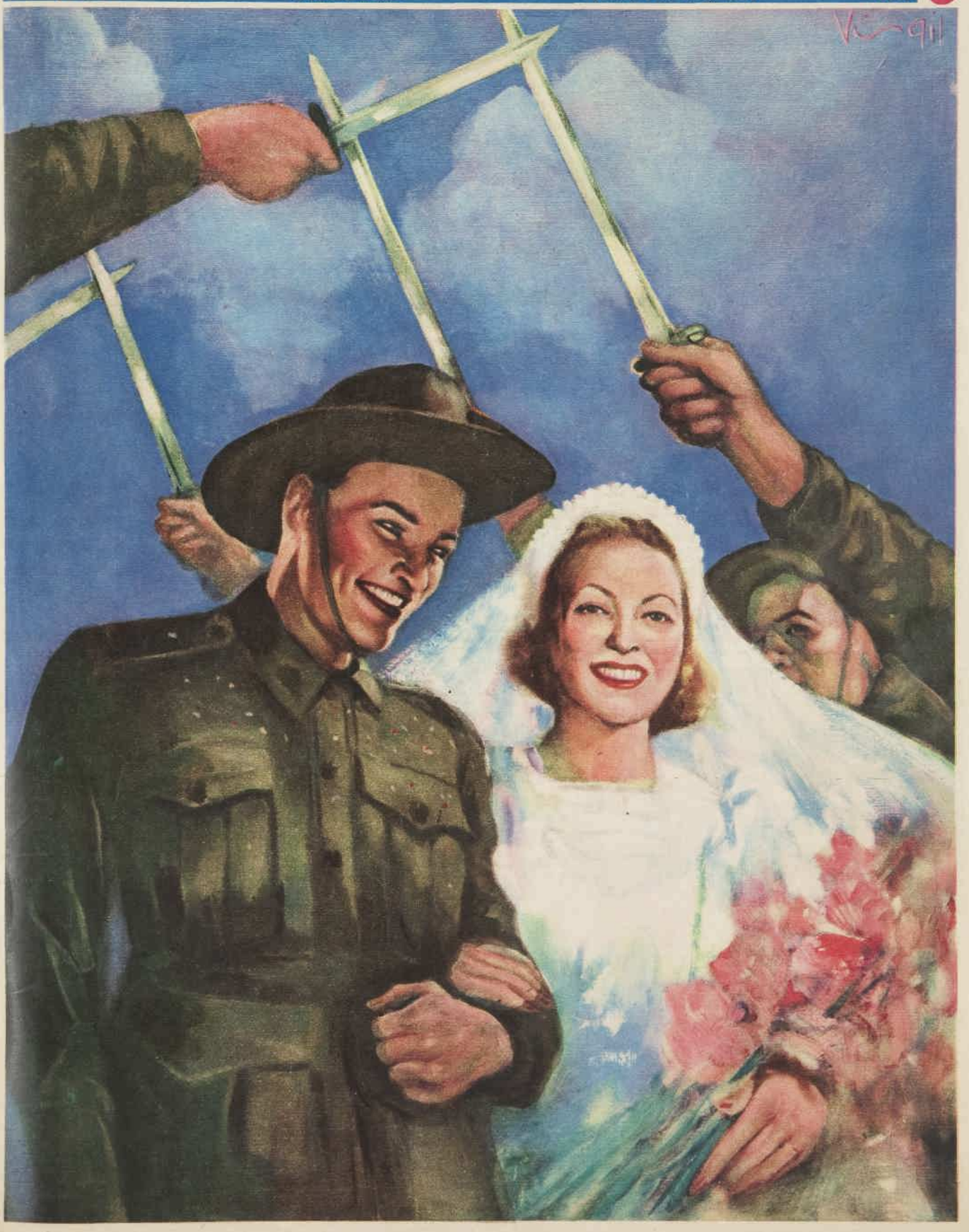

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THE WEDDING MARCH in the martial manner.

How to plan A wartime WEDDING

• With service weddings being celebrated everywhere now the etiquette of these ceremonies has suddenly become of special importance to the brides of to-day. Here are the details.

IF the man in your life is a soldier, sailor, or airman, and you're marrying before he goes on active service, why not have a service wedding, arch of steel and all?

They cross swords for an officer, bayonets for the rest.

Any army officer may make arrangements for a military wedding with the approval of his commanding officer. Asking permission is just a courtesy—a survival of an old army custom.

For an afternoon ceremony, the bridegroom wears service dress with sword, and for an evening wedding blue undress uniform and sword.

If you've time and money to plan a large wedding, the bridegroom may rally his brother officers to raise an arch of steel over you as you leave the church.

One of the officers who knows the routine will direct proceedings. He'll marshal his forces at the back of the church, give a signal at the right moment, and they'll slip out and draw swords.

And very important it all makes a girl feel!

Much the same applies to the sailor lads. It's an old naval custom to ask permission to wed of your captain, but don't worry, girls, he rarely says no!

In wartime a naval officer weds in undress day uniform—the familiar reefer jacket—or in mess undress uniform—plain trousers, evening waistcoat and mess jacket—if the ceremony is at night.

There can be an arch of steel at a naval wedding, and the lads who come down out of the Milky Way to take a bride may also wear swords for ceremonial purposes at a wedding. What they'd do with them in an aeroplane, we can't imagine.

The air force wears ordinary service uniform for a day wedding and mess kit for an evening ceremony.

Efficient organising

NOW for the party that follows.

If money is scarce, why not have the reception at home? Here's how to:

A wedding reception is about the only kind of party that should be meticulously organised, even if it's just a simple little buffet in the home.

But the organising mustn't show—you need the iron-hand-in-velvet-glove method.

You must think of everything—time and place for the bride's mother to have a real good cry, how to make elbow-room for 40 in a house designed for 14, and a lavish spread on a budgeted outlay.

It can all be done—with organising.

First point of the plan is to make it possible for the guests to say their pretty speeches without forming a packed mass likely to suffocate the palpitating bride or the hostess.

The guests have two obligations—first to greet the hostess (warmly, because the bride's mother must be pampered on such a day) and second to congratulate the bride and bridegroom.

So the bride's parents must take the front of the stage. Just where that will be depends on whether the home has mansion or maisonette proportions. Mansions are easy . . . let's ignore them.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON GIVING THE PARTY AT HOME

In a small house or flat the best spot is as near the door as possible and guests who KNOW will pay their respects in a minimum of time to avoid blocking the gangway.

The bride and groom should be waiting at some midway vantage point—midway, not at a dead end—so arrivals can rush up gurgling, "Darling, you look divine!" and then move on to make room for the next lot.

Buffet spread

A GOOD place may be near the centre archway of one of those double rooms that are so common. Failing this, find a spot near an open door through which the hungry hordes can drift easily to the buffet.

That's the whole point of the plan—to make the guests circulate easily from point to point until they settle round the buffet.

To do this, you may have to turn the cottage or flat upside down and perhaps put someone's bedroom furniture out in the garage, but it's well worth the trouble if you can make available two adjoining rooms.

Use the second room for your buffet and be ruthless about the furniture. Don't mind if it looks like the local drill-hall when it's empty: it will then be comfortable when full.

You need just a few chairs for the sprinkling of older relatives who've never become accustomed to this new-fangled habit of eating standing up.

Arrange your buffet spread on long tables down each side of the room. This provides the maximum length of table edge.

The cake is often placed separately on a small table so that some little ceremony may be made of the cutting.

At a service wedding the bride appears to cut the cake with the bridegroom's sword, with his aid. The cake is then removed and really cut into pieces and handed round.

Incidentally, wedding cakes are not now the monstrous tiered and decorated things they were once.

For a service wedding the cake may be decorated with the groom's regimental arms, the name of his ship, or some small silk flags, but don't make it too elaborate.

Long toast lists and speeches are out of date, too, and at a buffet only one toast should be honored—that of the bride and groom.

At a service wedding this may fittingly be preceded by the toast of the King.

Erasmic "Peach" is excitingly different! As your golden summer tan deepens, this new and lovely shade dramatises your complexion—gives your skin a warm underglow.

Other lovely shades in the range of this glorious, filmy, fragrant Erasmic Face Powder are—RACHEL, NATURAL, SUNTAN AND BRUNETTE.

Erasmic Creams (Vanishing & Cold) 1/- A TUBE

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

DR. R. VAN DER REIT WOOLLEY

"Weigh the Stars"

ITS new director, Dr. R. van der Reit Woolley, hopes the Commonwealth Solar Observatory Canberra, will become one of the Empire's leading astrophysical observatories.

"Climate and access to the southern constellations give it exceptional advantages," he says.

"We hope to find out how hot the surfaces of the southern stars are, and to weigh some of them."

—Broothorn.

DR. URSULA HOFF

History of Art

JUST appointed secretary of University Women's College, Melbourne, Dr. Ursula Hoff, of London, is an authority on the history of art.

Was recently engaged at London University on a bibliography of English medieval wall paintings.

LORD WILLINGDON

Knows the Empire

FLYING to New Zealand to represent the British Government at the Centennial celebrations, the Marquess of Willingdon looks in on Australia.

Former Viceroy of India, and Governor-General of Canada, Lord Willingdon has a wide knowledge of Empire affairs.

He was A.D.C. to Earl Brassey when he was Governor of Victoria.

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Drama of baby born in bushfire

BUSHFIRE SCENE near Bookham. In a lonely tin hut with the fires coming nearer, young Alan Dunn was born.

SAFE IN HOSPITAL: Mrs. Dunn and her baby with Matron Stadtmiller, of Yass. Despite their ordeal babe and mother are both in excellent health.

Dash to save mother and child in lonely fire-ringed hut

By our Special Representative at the Yass bushfires

With bushfires threatening to engulf them at any moment, a young bush nurse, a crippled driver, and an anxious husband drove twelve miles to bring aid to a woman about to have a child in terrifying surroundings.

The woman, Mrs. Ray Dunn, of Bookham, near Yass, had taken ill a few hours previously. She was alone in a galvanised iron hut almost completely surrounded by fire. Under these conditions her husband had been obliged to leave her to seek help from the township.

SHORTLY after the arival of the bush nurse, Mrs. Dunn's baby was born—two months prematurely.

There were two iron bedsteads in the room, covered with newspaper and a mackintosh, two tin pans of boiling water, and a pair of gardening scissors lent by a settler over the hill.

The only light came from two kerosene lamps flickering from nails in the wall.

MRS. GERVENS wrapped the newly-born infant in a singlet and put him in a suitcase for the dash through the fires to hospital at Yass.

While the men fought the fires outside the hut, which at one stage threatened to burn it down, the women inside helped with the birth of the baby.

Mrs. Dunn and her four-and-a-half-pound baby (Alan David) are both alive and well now, in Devonia private hospital at Yass.

They are there only through the heroism of a little group of country people who imperilled their own lives to help her.

There is an epic quality about the whole affair. For days bushfires raged in the district, and Bookham was almost surrounded by the fires. A heavy smoke pall hung over the countryside and acrid warm ashes got into the eyes and ears of fire-fighters. No sooner had one outbreak been beaten out than another threatened. Every man in the township was out in the bush stripped to the waist fighting to keep the flames from their homes.

When the call came for assistance the women concerned dropped everything and made for the scene at once.

Miss Ann Martin, young nursing sister, who lives in Bookham, was waiting for her own brothers to return home at midnight on Sunday when a lorry came in her gate.

A man jumped out and asked her to come at once; his wife was sick in one of the shearers' huts six miles away.

They had to drive in a nightmare journey across hills which were aflame from summit to foot. Logs had blocked the roadway and trees crashed down—lumps of glowing wood—in the lorry's path.

"Mr. Dunn didn't even tell me what was the matter with his wife until I got in the lorry," said Miss Martin.

"It was too late then to go back for instruments.

"We were riding in a lorry loaned by a friend nearby. I noticed the clutch seemed to slip. Our driver had a wooden leg and was unused to the pedals.

"He was wonderful. It was a terrible ordeal getting to the hut. We drove sometimes in fast little rushes to beat a falling tree which would have killed us all if it had caught us. Sometimes we had to stop and kick fiery branches out of the path of the wheels.

"The heat was incredible. The sweat ran down the back of our necks in streams.

"But we made it. The little hut was almost surrounded by fire, and poor Mr. Dunn was afraid we might be too late.

"The driver's wife, Mrs. W. A. Gervens, was with Mrs. Dunn and helped me. We had an iron bedstead, some newspapers, a tin panful of boiling water, an old enamel dish, and a pair of scissors."

While the two women worked to bring life into the world, the two men were outside beating the creeping fire fingers back from the hut's foundations.

The fire came closer, despite the fact that the men, experienced fire-fighters, were everywhere beating it back from the hut where the women were awaiting the arrival of the baby.

Hut saved

EVERYTHING was so dry outside that even the tiny sparks were dangerous, and had to be watched in case they started a fire closer to the hut. Eventually the hut was saved. A few minutes later the baby was born.

The baby, a tiny red morsel of humanity, was wrapped in its mother's old singlet and a jumper of Mrs. Gervens'.

The nurse emptied out an old suitcase and made it a bed inside, then half-closed the lid to keep the wind off him.

"I stayed with the mother till dawn," said Miss Martin, "and then I went back home, half expecting to find it burnt to the ground by then.

"All the telephone lines were down—the poles had been burnt—so I got a lift into Yass ambulance station, and told Mr. Donald Ross, the ambulance driver, to go out and get the mother and baby right away.

"The road out was still dangerous then, and the smoke so thick you could cut it with a knife."

Mr. Ross, for 14 years an ambulance driver, put on a white dust-coat, took two thermos flasks of water with him, and some blankets. He picked up Mrs. Dunn and the baby and brought them back to safety.

"It wasn't so bad then," he said. "But the smoke got into my eyes and nose, and I had a pretty good idea what it would be like to suffocate.

"I closed all the windows in the ambulance, but still the smoke seeped in through the crevices and poured all over us.

"Mrs. Dunn was as plucky as anyone I have ever seen. All she said to me was, 'Well, I'm terribly thrilled to have a boy. It's lovely, isn't it?' . . . and then she remarked that the fires seemed to be going down.

"They don't think much of these things in the bush, you know.

"But I must say I got the 'willies' a bit going through that smoke."

The ambulance driver has had many calls during his long experience of driving an ambulance car in the bush, but he said Mrs. Dunn was a real Briton—one of the bravest he had ever met.

WANTED HIM CALLED OGILVIE

ONE of the nurses at Devonia hospital, Yass, where young Alan Dunn was taken with his mother after their bushfire ordeal, wanted the boy called Ogilvie after the Australian poet, quoting the famous lines:

"From great floods thundering at his birth,
And bushfires ravening while he played."

She said: "That about fits the circumstances, don't you think?"

BUSH - NURSE MARTIN rushed to the hut where the baby was born.

MR. R. DUNN, father of the child. Went through the fires to Bookham for help.

HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho — double strength — from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. *Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.*

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as *this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.*

KINTHO DOUBLE STRENGTH

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Brave Paris..in new spring creations

Boulevardes will blossom with lovely floral prints

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, at the Dress Shows in Paris

At the announcement of war, couturiers designed clothes with an eye to service—and courage.

Now, dauntless Paris presents the new spring collections. Riotously colorful, they represent a whole-hearted return to whimsy and elegance. Thus Paris with traditional spirit throws down the gauntlet and says, "Let us be gay!"

A MINUTE black felt cap with a captivating trim of white lace straw, curling crisply round and down over one eye.

RETURN of the "pretty pretty" trend with a colorful floral and a Victorian poke bonnet lined with closely-massed flowers, repeating the shades of the frock.

LEFT: A rakishly tilted black felt crown beglamored with an opulent posy of red flowers and a whiff of veiling swept upwards to a bow.

A YOUNG-HEARTED evening gown in rustling black taffeta with graduating stripes of white faggoting. A cluster of huge white gardenias highlight the neckline.

SPRING has gone to the heads of the Paris couturiers and made them forget the war. Femininity dominates the first spring showings.

The collections feature ultra-feminine styles, youthful and practical for day, soft and alluring for evening. The new lines further emphasise the waist and build up the hips.

Full, swinging skirts reach barely knee-length from a low hipline.

Three-quarter sleeves, high necklines, loose outside pockets, turn-down collars finished with large bows are much used.

Pouched blouses over hip yokes; poke bonnets trimmed with masses of old-fashioned flowers, veils, jewellery, ornamental shoe-buckles, chiffon simulating bare skin, frilled bloomers under afternoon frocks, and looped hems all go to make up the most glamorous collection of novel frou-frou beneath apparent simplicity.

There is not even a hint of war in line or detail.

For day, there are tailored two-piece suits with waisted hip-length jackets accompanied by most colorful blouses.

Creed features a tussore suit with large pockets swinging from the waist; it is allied with a burnt-orange blouse. Paquin does a spring tailleur, banana-colored in the new cire, finished with a brown blouse. He also shows a fine black-and-white-check pleated skirt with a hunting-pink jacket and white stock.

A fine wool coat has well-defined waist and winged lapels lined with the bright silk of the frock to be worn beneath.

Jean Desses shows a pinafore dress of printed silk over an embroidered organdie blouse, with a jacket matching the pinafore.

A black marocain two-piece has a divided skirt and a long-waisted jacket trimmed with four large flapped pockets and leather buttons. The blouse is of finest embroidered organza.

Adding interest to afternoon dresses, this house loops up the hemline of full-skirted afternoon and evening dresses in the new "Zouave" manner.

Paquin puts frilled bloomers of printed silk under flared-skirted afternoon frocks.

For evening, lace is a highlight of the collections. Paquin uses light and misty blues.

One dream dress combines navy lace and chiffon, the chiffon forming a wide diagonal "order" band across the corsage.

Frill trimmings

ANOTHER frock has a fine shawl edged with chiffon, finishing in a snood.

A full-skirted white lace over crisp organza has a perpendicularly frilled organza skirt and shoulder decolletage trimmed with a frill.

Dark lace or chiffon dresses all show flesh-pink at the bustline.

Jean Desses does Dutch evening dresses of black crepe, high-necked, with three-quarter sleeves and emphasised waists and hiplines.

A navy-and-white striped silk has its skirt fully gathered and is overprinted in a bold pattern of enormous carnations.

A sensational model of black chiffon, consisting of brassiere top and flared skirt, features a lace midriff showing the flesh through.

Misty-blue chiffon is used for another, with the fullest possible skirt from a low hip-yoke, gathered under the hemline into a taffeta foundation. The midriff is swathed with a deep band of cinnamon-brown.

Suzy shows poke bonnet style, shallow crowned hats, with upstanding brims worn well back on the head. These are of corded silk trimmed with rambler roses or huge ribbon rosettes of navy, white, blue, grey, and beige with splashes of vivid red.

ONLY A SNAPSHOT . . . BUT WE ALL THOUGHT FRED'S SHIRT WAS WHITE — UNTIL WE SAW IT AGAINST COUSIN HILDA'S PERSIL-WASHED FROCK

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PERSIL WASHES WHITER BECAUSE IT WASHES CLEANER!

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MAN of a FEW WORDS

He wasn't much of a talker but lovely Minerva inspired him to make a fighting speech

Illustrated by FISCHER

Oliver hit the mathematics master on the chin. "Clear out!" he said, crisply.

Complete Short Story by RICHARD CONNELL

WITH the ace of spades gripped in a numb fist, Oliver Witlow, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., propelled his lank form across the lawn, looking like a ghost late for a hunt. He faded into Cora Cooper Watt dormitory and went to ground in his rooms, where he quivered down into a chair and felt many, if not all, of the sensations of a man beset simultaneously by lock-jaw and mal de mer.

That night at the Faculty Club (gift of Cora Cooper Watt) they had drawn cards to see who should make the speech of farewell to the departing president of the college, Dr. Dwight Lubbock, who had been called, to quote him, "to a sphere of larger usefulness" or, to quote his colleagues, "had talked his way into a soft job as director of radio education for a canned-milk company, and good riddance."

His going left them as sad as if they had been cured of sciatica; but custom ordained that he be given a feast and presented with a piece of bric-a-brac to remind him of men and days he'd prefer to forget. So they chipped in and bought a moderately repulsive grandfather clock and left the choice of an orator to the cards of chance. Oliver Witlow lost.

Deep indigo despair descended on him. It was not that he hated Lubbock, for he hated nobody but himself; but as some men dread disease, debt, death or the devil, Oliver dreaded speaking. He could, if he had to, squeeze out a few simple words in conversation; but to stand up before an audience and emit nouns and verbs he found downright impossible.

Students called him the Learned Clam. Though he had more degrees than a thermometer, he found himself, in the thirties, still holding the humble rank of instructor, while other men, with less lore but better acoustics, were professors.

As he sat, staring morosely at the fatal ace, he thought of joining the Foreign Legion, or perhaps contracting a light case of leprosy, rather than face the ordeal that lay three thin weeks ahead of him.

In the Faculty Room there was no gloom.

"I suspect skulduggery," stated Prof. Knipe (Chemistry). "You forced that card on Oliver, didn't you, Mac?"

"I did," admitted Prof. MacKillop (Mathematics) unblushingly.

"Can anyone explain the awful inarticulateness of Oliver?" inquired Prof. Knipe.

"I have pieced together a sketchy case history of the Learned Clam," said Prof. Redfern (Psychology), "but I'll be hanged if I can tell whether he is a problem for a psychologist or a plumber."

"Meaning what, if anything?" Prof. Storke (Botany), a bit bemazed by beer.

"Oliver's mental pipes seem to be stopped up," said Redfern. "He takes in, but doesn't give out. He's stored a lot of golden nuggets in that noggin of his; but when it comes to getting them out he's as helpless as a tramp outside a mint."

"How do you explain it?" asked MacKillop.

"He has a complex," Prof. Redfern said.

"Uncork it," said Storke.

"Oliver, I gather, was born quiet and shy. At thirteen he had an attack of ingrown adolescence in its most acute form. He was a gawky, gangling giraffe of a lad, of uncertain voice and complexion, and, at this critical period of his life, he was dragooned into appearing in a public debate on woman suffrage against a team of girls from Rumford High School. Girls upset him. He wanted to run away from them and toward them at the same time. I dare say you all felt those bittersweet stirrings in your teens—"

"I still feel 'em," stated Storke.

"It was Oliver's debut as a Demosthenes," went on Redfern. "He was overcome with juvenile jitters. However, he dutifully prepared his argument, and committed it to memory. But, believe me, gentlemen, he was a mighty nervous young fellow by the time the big night rolled around. For the occasion he had ordered his first long-pants suit from a mail-order house, a modest, dark blue affair. It did not arrive till the last moment. By mistake they had sent him an outfit intended for a sporting barber, who was smaller in stature than Oliver, but more robust in taste, for his fancy ran to frog-green checks, a profusion of pleats and pearl buttons in unexpected places. Oliver had his choice of wearing those giddy garments or nothing."

Prof. Redfern paused for breath and beer, then:

"I have only a rough picture of what happened at the hall," he said. "Rude contemporaries made audible comments about Oliver's clothes. He sat on the platform, waiting his turn.

"After an eternity he heard his name. He shot up from his seat as if he had been drop-kicked, and the chair clattered down to the stage. That started them tittering. He set sail for the centre of the stage. His shoes made sounds like quarrelling mice. He moved toward the footlights like a somnambulist having a nightmare and barged full tilt into the speaker's table, and almost went sprawling. He thrust out a hand to steady himself and rammed it to the elbow in the ice-water pitcher. The audience whooped with mirth. Oliver escaped from the pitcher and came to anchor at the footlights.

"He'd been drilled to make three bows: to the audience, to the 'honored judges' and to 'my worthy opponents.' He made the first two bows in par, but when he turned toward the three fair maids from Rumford High, and bent over, his sorely tried trousers succumbed to the strain, and burst like a seed pod in the spring. The audience was treated to a vista of blue underwear. Oliver spun round and faced them. Presently the guffaws died down and he opened his mouth to speak. His lips moved, but not a single sound of any sort came from him. It looked to the audience as if he were making faces at them. They saw him thump his head violently. He was trying to break the log jam inside it. He could not knock loose a single word. They saw him turn the color of Roquefort cheese, wobble, and keel over in a dead faint."

"And you think that experience tied a knot in Oliver's tongue?" asked Knipe.

"I do," said Redfern. "And here's a strange fact; Oliver never found his lost oration. He has tried, repeatedly, in private, to remember it, but he can't recall a single line."

"Then it's still inside him," said Storke.

"I dare say it is," agreed Redfern.

"Let's talk no more of the Clam," said MacKillop. "I dislike weak, silent men. I want to hear about our new president. You worked under him out West, didn't you, Maxie?"

"That I did," said Prof. Hupfeld (Economics).

"Tell us, what manner of man is Nicholas Porter Potter?" queried Knipe. "I've only met him in the headlines."

"Old Nick is a huge, hairless man with a deep purple voice fit to charm turtles from their swamps," said Prof. Hupfeld. "He's definitely on the pompous side; and gold-getting is his forte. While we're pounding away on the sophomore skulls, he'll be addressing the East Orange Ladies' Bridge and Proust Club on 'Culture, Its Cause and Cure'."

"What is his family like?" asked MacKillop.

"He's a widower, with one daughter, by name Minerva."

MacKillop made a wry grimace. He had a cinematic profile, kept a little red date-book, and was considered the catch of the campus.

"Minerva," he exclaimed. "Goddess of Wisdom! I just know she wears horrible hats, and has teeth like a caribou. Am I right?"

"Wrong," said Hupfeld. "Miss Potter is a comely wench, with a neat figure and a disturbing eye."

"Sounds like my type," said MacKillop. "Happy days are here again."

. . . .

Happy days were not there again for Oliver Witlow. His state of mind was that of a martyr scheduled to be dessert at a lion's luncheon.

It behoved him, he decided, to go into training for the grisly rite, so he became, in spirit, Kenneth Bellingham. By a lucky chance he had met Mr. Bellingham in the pages of a periodical devoted to self-help. Most of the men therein described were, at one time, so puny and skinny that they were practically translucent; but after taking a course in magnetic muscle-moulding they were able, in an incredibly short time, to pose in leopard-skin shorts, looking as if they had been stuffed with pool balls. But not so Bellingham. There was nothing the matter with his muscles. His difficulty was that when he got up to speak people laughed.

This proved a serious handicap to his career in the tap and die industry until he enrolled in the Universal University of the Spoken Word, located in P.O. Box 369, Coffeyville, Kan. Soon Mr. B. could pound the conference table and bellow with the best of them, and his rise to high place and pay shamed the skyrocket. Oliver wired off the tuition fee and commenced feverishly to master the secret of Bellingham's success.

Each morning, very early, he trudged to a pine grove on the far side of Moonrise Mountain, by night the purlieus of petters, by day deserted, there to do his vocal setting-up exercises. These comprised, among other things, holding his nose and humming "n-nun-n" for five minutes, panting and yawning to develop breath control, and a spot of concentrated mooing, guaranteed to strengthen and mellow his voice. He was in specially good voice that morning.

"Moo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o."

He stopped abruptly in mid-moo for his eyes had caught a movement of scarlet against the green background. When he saw it was a girl, he turned as red as the scarlet slacks and sweater she was wearing. She stepped out into the clearing. He saw she was too old to be one of the co-eds, too young to be a teacher.

Please turn to Page 34

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Thrills and mystery deepen in our grand serial

Vera recoiled, seized with sudden terror of the sea—and the old spinster.

TEN LITTLE NIGGERS

Illustrated by WEP

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

EIGHT ill-assorted guests have been brought together by rather puzzling invitations to the lonely little Nigger Island. Though its one house is thoroughly modern—with the rhyme of the "Ten Little Nigger Boys" hung on each bedroom wall, and a quaint centrepiece bearing china "nigger" figures in the dining-room — the visitors find themselves completely isolated on the island.

They grow uneasy, too, when the butler apologises for the unexpected absence of MR. OWEN, their host; then, after dinner, a voice is suddenly heard accusing them of these crimes:

DR. EDWARD ARMSTRONG, with causing the death of Louisa Mary Clees; EMILY BRENT, spinster, with causing the death of Beatrice Taylor; WILLIAM BLORE, detective, with bringing about the death of James Landor; VERA CLAYTHORNE, governess and secretary, with killing Cyril Hamilton; CAPTAIN PHILIP LOMBARD, with causing the death of twenty-one members of an East African tribe; GENERAL MACARTHUR, with sending Arthur Richmond to his death; ANTHONY MARSTON, with murdering John and Lucy Coombes; MR. JUSTICE WARGRAVE, with the death of Edward Seton; and THOMAS ROGERS, butler, and EMILY ROGERS, his wife, with the death of Jennifer Brady.

Mrs. Rogers faints; Rogers explains that the voice came from a gramophone record which Mr. Owen had ordered him to put on, and while the guests are protesting indignantly, to their horror, Anthony Marston gulps down a drink, chokes, and dies. Later, Rogers finds that a china "nigger" seems to have disappeared from the dining-room centrepiece.

As nothing can be done that night, the guests retire. Now in bed, General Macarthur is re-living the past, and his agony at discovering that Arthur Richmond, a young officer of his regiment, had stolen the love of his wife, Leslie, during his absence.

NOW READ ON:

VIVIDLY the General recalled how his cold, murderous rage against the young officer had slowly grown. He'd managed to carry on as usual—to show nothing. He'd tried to make his manner to Richmond just the same.

Had he succeeded? He thought so. Richmond hadn't suspected. Inequalities of temper were easily accounted for out there, where men's nerves were continually snapping under the strain.

Only, young Armitage had looked at him curiously once or twice. Quite a young chap, but he'd had perceptions, that boy, Armitage, perhaps had guessed—when the time came.

He'd sent Richmond deliberately to death. Only a miracle could have brought him through unhurt. That miracle didn't happen. Yes, he'd sent Richmond to his death, and he wasn't sorry. It had been easy enough. Mistakes were being made all the time, officers being sent to death needlessly. All was confusion, panic. People might say afterward, "Old Macarthur lost his nerve a bit, made some colossal blunders, sacrificed some of his best men." They couldn't say more.

But young Armitage was different. He'd looked at his commanding officer very oddly.

And after the war was over—had Armitage talked? Leslie hadn't known. Leslie had wept for her lover, he supposed, but her weeping was over by the time he'd come back to England. He'd never told her that he'd found her out. They'd gone on together—only, somehow, she hadn't seemed very real any more. And then, three or four years later, she'd got double pneumonia and died.

And he'd left the army and come to live in Devon—bought the sort of little place he'd always meant to have. Nice neighbors, pleasant part of the world. There was a bit of shooting and fishing. He'd gone to church on Sundays. But not the day that the lesson was read about David putting Uriah in the forefront of the battle. Somehow he couldn't face that.

Everybody had been very friendly. At first, that is. Later, he'd had an uneasy feeling that people were talking about him behind his back. They eyed him differently somehow. As though they'd heard something—some lying rumor. Armitage? Supposing Armitage had talked. He'd avoided people after that—withdrawn into himself.

And all so long ago. So—so purposeless now. Leslie had faded into the distance, and Arthur Richmond too. Nothing of what had happened seemed to matter any more. It made life lonely though. He'd taken to shunning his old army friends. If Armitage had talked, they'd know about it. And now—this evening—a hidden voice had blared out that old hidden story.

Had he dealt with it all right?

Surely nobody could have taken the accusation seriously. There had been a pack of other nonsense just as far-fetched. That charming girl—the voice had accused her of drowning a child! Idiotic!

Emily Brent, too—actually a niece of old Tom Brent, of the regiment. It had accused her of murder! Anyone could see with half an eye that the woman was as pious as could be—the kind that was hand in glove with parsons.

Curious business, the whole thing! Crazy, nothing less.

Ever since they had got here—when was that? Why, it was only this afternoon! Seemed a good bit longer than that.

He thought: I wonder when we shall get away again.

To-morrow, of course, when the motor-boat came from the mainland. Funny, just this minute he didn't want much to get away from the island. To go back to the mainland, back to his little house, back to all the troubles and worries. Through the open window he could hear the waves breaking on the rocks—a little louder now than earlier in the evening. Wind was getting up, too.

He thought: Peaceful sound. Peaceful place. He thought: Best of an island is, once you get there, you can't go any farther. You've come to the end of things.

He knew, suddenly, that he didn't want to leave the island.

. . . . . .

Vera Claythorne lay in bed, wide awake, staring up at the ceiling.

The light beside her was on. She was frightened of the dark.

She was thinking: Hugo. Hugo. Why do I feel you're so near to me to-night? Somewhere quite close . . . Where is he really? I don't know. I never shall know. He just went away—right away—out of my life.

It was no good trying not to think of Hugo. He was close to her. She had to think of him—to remember.

Cornwall. The black rocks, the smooth yellow sand. Mrs. Hamilton, stout, good-humored. Cyril, whining a little always, pulling at her hand.

"I want to swim out to the rock, Miss Claythorne. Why can't I swim out to the rock?"

Looking up, meeting Hugo's eyes watching her. The evenings after Cyril was in bed.

"Come out for a stroll, Miss Claythorne?"

"I think perhaps I will."

The decorous stroll down to the beach. The moonlight, the soft Atlantic air.

And then, Hugo's arms round her. "I love you. I love you. You know I love you, Vera."

Yes, she knew.

Or thought she knew.

"I can't ask you to marry me. I've not got a penny. It's all I can do to keep myself. Queer, you know, once, for three months, I had the chance of being a rich man to look forward to. Cyril wasn't born until three months after Maurice died. If he'd been a girl——"

If the child had been a girl, Hugo would have come into everything. He'd been disappointed, he admitted.

"I hadn't built on it, of course. But it was a bit of a knock. Oh, well, luck's luck! Cyril's a nice kid. I'm awfully fond of him." And he was fond of him, too. Always ready to play games or amuse his small nephew.

Cyril wasn't really strong. A puny child—no stamina. The kind of child, perhaps, who wouldn't live to grow up.

And then——

"Miss Claythorne, why can't I swim to the rock?" Irritating whiny repetition.

"It's too far, Cyril."

"But, Miss Claythorne——"

Vera got up. She went to the dressing-table and swallowed three aspirins.

She thought: I wish I had some proper sleeping stuff. She thought: If I were doing away with myself, I'd take an overdose of veronal—something like that—not cyanide.

She shuddered as she remembered Anthony Marston's convulsed, purple face.

As she passed the mantelpiece, she looked up at the framed doggerel.

Ten little nigger boys went out to dine;
One choked his little self and then there were nine.

She thought to herself: It's horrible—just like us this evening.

Why had Anthony Marston wanted to die?

. . . . . .

The doctor was dreaming. It was very hot in the operating room. Surely they'd got the temperature too high? The sweat was rolling down his face. His hands were clammy. Difficult to hold the scalpel firmly.

But who was it on the operating table? They shouldn't have covered up the face like that. If he could only see the face. Ah, that was better. A young probationer was pulling off the handkerchief.

Emily Brent, of course. How malicious her eyes were! Her lips were moving. What was she saying?

"In the midst of life we are in death."

She was laughing now . . . No, nurse, don't put the handkerchief back. I've got to see. I've got to give the anaesthetic . . . Where's the ether?

I must have brought the ether with me . . . What have you done with the ether, sister? . . . Chateau Neuf du Pape? Yes, that will do quite as well . . . Take the handkerchief away, nurse . . .

Of course! I knew it all the time! It's Anthony Marston! His face is purple and convulsed. But he's not dead; he's laughing. I tell you he's laughing! He's shaking the operating table . . . Look out, man, look out . . . Nurse, steady it—steady—it . . .

Please turn to Page 40

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No Time To Lose

Fate had set a limit to their happiness, but the present was still their own...

Complete Short Story

...BY...

W. F. MORRIS

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

As Franky reached him, Francis struggled to sit up, and said ruefully, "Afraid my arm's broken."

FRANCIS MORTON glanced up as the girl came in. Dressed in a neat blue frock and jacket, with a little hat set jauntily on chestnut curls, she made an attractive picture.

The rather piquant face and candid grey eyes held a look of honesty and courage.

She took the vacant chair beside him and picked up a magazine from the table. Silence broken only by the monotonous ticking of the clock settled down again upon the room.

Francis observed the girl from the corner of his eye. She turned the pages of the magazine jerkily and once or twice he noticed that she paused and stared before her with unseeing eyes, only to start suddenly and turn a page quickly.

He felt that way himself. He had not attempted to read, but he had tried to take his mind off the coming interview by planning an article. To him, as a writer, everything was "copy," even that room, and it had occurred to him that a good article might be written on waiting-rooms—ranging from the draughty shack on a branch line railway platform to the marble discomfort of a great business corporation.

This room, for instance, with the two long windows, cream walls, dove-grey carpet, comfortable chairs and gas fire glowing against a background of polished steel was planned in a restful color scheme; yet somehow it contrived to be unrestful. It was as though the fears and unrest of those who had waited there lingered on in the atmosphere. A doctor's waiting-room was a depressing place, he had decided, no matter how cheerfully it might be furnished.

Now, however, he was not quite so sure. Beyond the windows the sky was still grey and a thin drizzle was falling, but it seemed to him as though the sun had suddenly broken through.

HE stole another glance at the attractive figure beside him and saw that she had given up the attempt to read. She closed the magazine, and as she leaned forward to replace it on the table her little handbag slipped from her lap to the floor.

He retrieved it for her and received a friendly smile in return. "Worst part of the whole wretched business, this waiting, isn't it?" he ventured. "Like being a kid again outside the headmaster's study!"

She smiled and nodded. "Yes, isn't it! Worse even than the X-ray part and all the rest."

"So you've got that over too, have you? Perhaps you're waiting for the verdict like me? Well, let's hope it will be a good one."

"Thank you," she said with her grey eyes on his. "I—I think it might be. My own doctor was quite hopeful; he only sent me to Mr. Coulton to make quite sure."

Francis nodded. "And you couldn't have a better man, I'm told. I expect everything will be all right."

She gave him a grateful smile. "It's silly to worry, I know, but one can't help being a little anxious when it's a case of nothing or—everything."

He nodded with sudden gravity. "I know. It's the uncertainty that gets one down. But I'm sure that doctor of yours must have been mistaken; you couldn't look—well, like you do, if it were anything serious."

The unconcealed admiration in his eyes and voice brought a faint flush to her cheek.

"Didn't you," he went on, "get that impression when Coulton was—looking you over?"

"He said he would rather not say anything till he had the X-ray photographs and the rest, but he did seem quite cheerful. But then doctors always do."

He laughed. "Professional optimism! Still, in spite of that, I think one can usually tell."

"Perhaps. But why are we talking about my troubles? You probably have enough of your own."

"I'm in much the same boat as you are," he told her. "Except that my man wasn't as hopeful as yours and I don't think Coulton thought too well of me either."

She shook her head at him accusingly. "Now you're being pessimistic. You wouldn't let me be, so you must not let yourself be either, must you?"

He found her candid grey eyes strangely comforting and inspiring and he wished, how he wished, that things could have beeen different.

"I expect it's this place," he laughed. "Cheerful enough to look at, but it's got the atmosphere of a mausoleum."

"You feel that, too, do you? I thought it was only my imagination."

He shook his head. "It was too dreadful before you came in, but it's miles better now. You know you ought to go round improving the atmosphere of waiting-rooms. It would be a noble work and you'd be a public benefactor."

"THAT'S very nice of you," she laughed. "But I was thinking rather the same kind of thing about you. You've cheered me up quite a lot."

"Have I? Good! There must be an affinity between us. We ought to go into partnership as waiting-room gloom chasers."

Her reply was interrupted by a series of frenzied barks from the hall.

"Oh, goodness!" she cried, jumping up quickly. "That's Dan, my dog; I'll have to go and spank him."

The door had hardly closed behind her before the inner door was opened by the secretary-nurse. "Francis Morton?" she inquired.

Francis stood up.

"Will you come in, please?"

Francis was conscious of an unpleasant feeling of emptiness as the door of the inner room closed behind him. In a few moments he would know the worst. The nurse sat down at the big desk in the middle of the room; he took the chair facing her.

"I am sorry Mr. Coulton is not here to see you himself," she began, "but he was called away only about twenty minutes ago to an urgent case and I had no time to let you know."

His heart sank. So he was not to hear the verdict yet; there was to be a further period of this terrible uncertainty.

The nurse was speaking again in her steady, calm voice. "But in your case I think it hardly matters. I have his report here and I can give you the gist of it, if you like."

Francis licked his lips and braced himself for what might be coming. "Thank you, I'd like to hear it very much—naturally."

She drew a paper towards her and scanned it for a moment; then she raised her eyes to his and smiled gravely. "Briefly, you have nothing whatever to worry about. I believe your own doctor was a little anxious about certain aspects, but you will be glad to know that his fears have proved to be unfounded. It appears that there is a little gastric trouble, which can, of course, be easily dealt with, but there is absolutely nothing else."

She went on talking but Francis hardly listened. He had been reprieved and that was all he cared about; the details did not interest him. Already that small but disturbing pain he had known for weeks had disappeared, and now that he knew the cause he cared nothing for it.

Suddenly he found that the nurse had finished speaking, had stood up and was smiling at him. He thanked her and shook her warmly by the hand.

He found himself back in the waiting-room. The girl was looking up at him with questioning grey eyes. "I can see it's good news," she said at last. "I'm so glad."

He sat down for a moment in the chair beside her. "Yes—wrong diagnosis, apparently. Nothing whatever wrong with me except a mere trifle that can be put right in no time."

"I'm so glad," she repeated.

"So am I—I didn't know how glad till this moment. I feel I must get into the air and walk about." He leaned forward and smiled encouragingly at her. "And I'm sure yours is going to be all right, too."

She smiled back at him. "I hope so."

"I'm sure of it. I say, may I wait for you outside?"

She regarded him for a moment with those candid eyes and then nodded. He took the hand that lay in her lap and gave it a little squeeze. "Good luck! I'll be waiting outside."

Francis met her as she left the doctor's house some minutes later. "Well?" he asked.

"Oh, it was all right," she answered almost too cheerfully. They walked in silence side by side for a few yards. "Don't you think we ought to celebrate?" he said at last.

"Celebrate?" she echoed vaguely. It was as though she were coming out of a trance; but her eyes smiled as they met his and she added: "At this time of the morning!"

"A bit difficult at this hour," he agreed. "But we might have a coffee."

She nodded her small head. "Yes, I'd like a cup of coffee. Thank you."

Please turn to Page 14

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A Complete Short Story

SHARP TURN AHEAD

By... Lew Dietz

BRECK figured it all out afterwards. Running into a girl on a stretch of highway at fifty miles an hour is not at all like meeting a girl by any one of those countless customary methods. It's apt to be dangerous; something is liable to happen—and happen fast.

Jock Breckenridge had been bowling along that winding Connecticut road feeling amazingly well. Not that Breck's craggy blond head was swollen beyond recognition. Breck wasn't one to gloat like a prima donna over lush newspaper verbiage such as "That blond young giant from the Distrist Attorney's office," or "Public Enemy, Number Two, goes down before that blue-eyed Viking of the prosecution." No, Breck was just driving up to his uncle's country place for a restful week-end and thinking that he hadn't done so badly for himself. His career was launched with trumpets, he was engaged to marry a lovely girl who, incidentally, was the daughter of Judge Faulkner, a man of no mean significance in the political picture. Breck's life and future were as ordered as this autumn countryside and every bit as bright.

Then that blur of a green roadster sung by him on the turn. It might easily have been a swan song but Breck saw that approaching truck just in time. There was the snarl of brakes as he ripped up his emergency, the slubbery cry of rubber on concrete as the green roadster slewed in ahead of him, tangling his forward bumper. His car lurched and together they went slithering into a stone Connecticut fence.

Illustrated by KILGOUR

Breck sat there stupidly a moment. Then he pushed his hat off his forehead and climbed out to contemplate a flat tyre, a battered fender and a wheel that would never be the same again. The situation seemed to call for a display of indignant rage. Then he saw her and the wheel didn't seem to matter.

She was hurrying towards him, a slim figure, very stylishly dressed. Her incredible eyes were soft with contrition.

She was gripping his shoulder. "Oh! Oh, I'm so sorry. Then you're not hurt?"

Breck felt himself hastily. "I don't think so. I seem to be all here."

"But you look—so pale."

Breck swallowed. "I'm shaken. Just a little shaken, I guess."

She looked down at the wheel and whistled softly. "It's busted. Clean gone. Gosh, I'm sorry."

"That's all right. That wheel was never satisfactory. It shimmied."

"YOU'RE just being nice," she said. Then she smiled and things began to happen inside him and his legs felt like cotton batting. "I suppose we might just as well leg it down to the first garage," she added philosophically.

Breck agreed that they might as well. But Breck didn't like the look of the first garage just around the second turn. "He doesn't look honest," he said. It was called "Petey's Garage" and she said she didn't like the name. The second garage looked untidy and the third was really just a gas station. So they trudged on through the approaching dusk, and Breck was thinking that he wasn't acting like a bright young lawyer who was going to be District Attorney and maybe Governor. And when she gave him a covert glance, crinkled her brow and said his face was very familiar, Breck didn't tell her that she probably had seen his picture in the paper. A girl like this would certainly agree that a man who was engaged to Judge Faulkner's daughter shouldn't be tramping about the countryside with a strange girl and forgoing perfectly good garages. So he just said it was the kind of face you were apt to see anywhere and let it go at that.

Just ahead, there was a silver and white sign that informed anyone who might be interested that tea could be had at the Grey Goose, one hundred yards ahead. Breck was interested. He tapped her arm. "Hungry?"

She gave him a swift considering glance. She smiled, nodding quickly. "Accidents always make me hungry."

The tea was indifferent and the biscuits were terrible, but it didn't seem to make much difference, except that the food was eliminated as a pleasant topic of conversation. They came swiftly to themselves.

Breck proffered a cigarette. "I noticed your car was from Illinois. Chicago?"

She took a cigarette, tapped it on her bright nail. She nodded. "It's a long way from home, isn't it?"

Breck agreed and inwardly sighed a little. Chicago was a long way off. He supposed it was just as well. It seemed to settle something or other.

She was glancing at her wrist watch. "And I suppose we'd better be doing something about our cars." She met his eyes a moment. "Well, you've been awfully nice."

Then impish fate in the guise of an orchestra began its preparatory musings somewhere in a back room. Breck studied his cup with an ostentatious abstraction. "Well, they have dancing here."

A smile twisted the corners of her mouth. She caught his eye and laughed. "But I really can't."

He leaned forward. "Why not? I can call a garage to pick up our cars. We might just as well while we're waiting."

"I'm stopping off for a supper party. It's six thirty now and I know you must be in a hurry yourself."

"I was," Breck said. "But now it doesn't seem to make any difference."

Breck knew he was exaggerating. Old Nick would be as sore as a wet hen. But it would serve the old meddler right. For over a year now, Nick had been inviting him up to his place with a transparent casualness.

Please turn to Page 20

The girl gripped Breck's shoulder, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm so sorry. Then you're not hurt?"

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

CHILIBEAN . . .

A FASCINATING new color that has taken America by storm . . . deep and dramatic with hidden fire . . . Chilibean teams enchantingly with black, grey, or green.

• SUMMERY grey felt with chilibean jersey swathed round the crown and fluttering in long ends at the back.

• MATCH up your new accessories with talon-like nails lacquered to the very tips in a smouldering glory of this vintage hue.

• A SIMPLE black frock achieves unexpected distinction with spicy accents

• FORWARD-TIPPED visor in chilibean felt with a clever flash of black grosgrain.

• A SOFT suede muff bag at its most effective in this exciting new shade.

• FOR important informal dates—a full skirt in striped cotton with linen weskit-top in that "do-things-for-you" color.

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Rushed from

NEW YORK!

HERE are pictures of the latest dance dresses from New York. This season leading designers have arranged special advance showings of summer fashions for the wealthy socialites who have been accustomed to going to Europe, but who will now make for popular fashionable Southern resorts in their own country.

The photograph above shows four striking evening dresses, all of which use silk mousseline on a foundation of uncrushable silk linen.

- FLORAL LINEN with a white ground over old-rose mousseline for the first dress. It has a skirt which is flared in front and very long at the back.
- WHITE LINEN with a red-and-blue pattern is used for the second dress, which has a powder-blue mousseline overdress. Full skirt finished with wide frill.
- THE NEXT FROCK has as its foundation silk linen patterned with multi-colored flowers. The overdress is of pastel-green mousseline trimmed with little frills.
- BLACK MOUSSELINE built on white linen patterned with black flowers makes the fourth dress. The full skirt features godets and a liberal use of frills.
- AT THE LEFT are three dance dresses. The girl at the right of the group wears champagne lace with a hooped skirt.
- THE MODEL in the centre is wearing a frock of pale gold satin and net, combined in the ballet manner.
- THE LASS sitting on the steps wears sapphire chiffon.

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LAST MINUTE FASHIONS

AIR MAILED FROM LONDON
BY MARY ST. CLAIRE

SKETCHED BY PETROV

● DIVIDED SKIRTS, very short and full, are probably among wartime's most important fashions. They are usually made in striped flannel or tweeds, the stripes going horizontally. Grand for cycling (1).

● ALL-IN-ONE bolero and gloves in white kid is the latest evening wear. The gloves and revers of the bolero are embroidered with Persian motifs in gold or silver thread and brilliantly colored sequins (7).

● BUTTONS, other than those provided by the fighting forces, have returned to field-flower designs, and it is considered chic to have coats, jumpers, and frocks buttoned down the front with a row of flower buttons (8).

● BLACK JERSEY, flatteringly full in skirt and bodice, disciplined at the waist with a super-wide, draped, and boned girdle of royal-blue matched by a bow at the throat (6).

● THE PLASTRON is enjoying a run of popularity in satin, lame and other rich materials that offset the dullness of black crepe and facecloth for dresses and two-piece suits. Satin dresses have pique plastrons—a presage of spring—and neat tweeds for country wear boast plastrons of soft suede, the edges finished with bright leather stitching (2).

● HANDBAGS REFLECT ideas of current interest. The pollu's fatigue cap suggested the underarm model in black suede, slide-fastened across the top. And the collar of Claudine, the pollu's sweetheart, in black patent trim encircling the rigid lid of a scarlet bag (3).

● SOUTH AMERICAN in inspiration—a waist-length jacket of black cotton velveteen with a cascade of jet falling from the extended shoulders to the tiny, trim-fitted waist (4).

● PERT, LITTLE evening jacket, featuring the nipped-in waist and the new, long, slimly-fitted back. Made of bow-knot rayon brocade and scattered with glittering sequin bow-knots to match (5).

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and all overseas fashion photos. Prices from 3/6.

Send to our Pattern Department for a free self-measurement form.

Atkinsons BRILLIANTINE
Californian Poppy

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN MARY

Don't omit this vital factor from your beauty routine

HIGH-GLOSS
your hair

Give your hair a regular dressing with *Atkinson's* Liquid Brilliantine.
Rub a little between your hands and pat it on liberally. See what a glorious satiny sheen comes up as you brush! Atkinson's, prepared from the *finest, purest* light oils, gives the clean, bright, *natural-looking* shine of youth and health. It's *non-greasy* and *non-sticky*.

Californian Poppy
English Lavender
White Rose and
Unscented.

WORLD'S FINEST QUALITY
THE HIGH-GLOSS
BRILLIANTINE

1/6

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Thicker, Richer New RINSO SUDS

Make the Whole Wash Whiter... Safely

White clothes are dazzling with the New Improved Rinso because its *fine-bubble* suds are so much harder-working, faster-cleansing! Out comes the dirt and the dullness (that ingrained grime that spoils perfect whiteness!) Do your whole wash with Rinso—no extras to add!

PERFECT FOR COLOURS— ALL "LIGHT" WASHING!

For all washing that doesn't go into the boil—rich lukewarm New Rinso suds. Colours come up clear and bright, silks and woollies soft . . . like new again.

New Rinso is safe!

New Rinso is so mild that your hands are as safe as if you did your whole big wash with toilet soap. And, naturally, what is safe for hands is safe for fabrics . . . even delicate fabrics.

EASY, QUICK, RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL

Improved, No Soaking Needed

FULL INSTRUCTIONS ON THE BIG NEW PACKET

4,510.85

A LEVER PRODUCT

NEEDLEWORK Notions . . . .

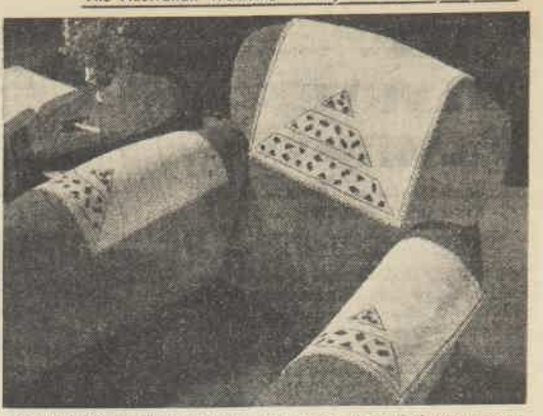
Frock and pinafore

THIS delightful design may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on white, pale blue or pale pink linen.

The embroidery is worked in satin-stitch and stem-stitch. The following Anchor stranded cottons are required: One skein each F.443 (buttercup), F.469 (dark geranium), F.480 (very dark brown), F.504 (mid coral-pink), F.603 (cream), F.731 (deep emerald), F.816 (mid terra).

Price, 2-4 years, 2/11 each; 4-6 years, 3/3 each. Stranded cottons 2d. per skein extra.

A DAINTY pinafore frock for your small daughter.



TO ADORN your lounge chairs—and to serve a practical purpose, too—these pretty covers may be obtained from our Needlework Department separately, or in a complete set.

Smart design for chairs . . .

THESE chair-back and arm-rest covers are always so useful, and look smart in your lounge-room. They are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on pure quality sheer Irish linen in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green.

Three strands of thread are used for the cutwork design, which is embroidered in buttonhole-stitch. You will require for working three skeins of Anchor stranded cotton F.477 (brown), which can be obtained, price 2d. per skein, from our Needlework Department.

The arm-rests measure 11 inches x 17 inches, and the chair-backs 17 inches x 20 inches.

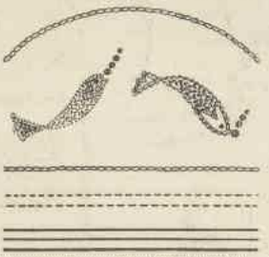
They may be obtained finished with a spoke-stitched edge ready for crochet, or plain. If you choose the plain, finish it off when the embroidery is completed with a small tatting edge.

When ordering, be sure to state the edge you require—plain or spoke-stitched.

The price for a complete set of three mats is 4/9. Or you can order them separately: arm-rests, 1/6 each; chair-back covers, 2/3 each.

Dainty towels for your guests

● TRACED on colored linen or huckaback these pretty guest towels are ideal for special occasions when you want your home to look its best.



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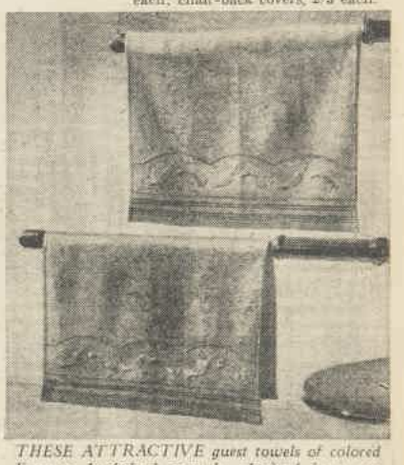

THESE ATTRACTIVE guest towels of colored linen or huckaback may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced ready for working.

HERE are charming guest towels in a new design that is really delightful when finished.

They are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for embroidering on cream linen and blue, pink, green, or yellow silk huckaback.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F1722. — Charming nightgown, and so easy to make. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, ½yd. contrast, 4½yds. frilling. Pattern 1/3.

F1723. — Sweet blouse, with Peter Pan collar. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/-.

F1724. — New crossover bodice effect, with swing skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

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No Time to Lose

WHEN they were seated in comfortable chairs with coffee before them he said: "I'd love to think that everything was all right, but it wasn't quite, was it?"

She gave a barely perceptible shrug of her shoulders and took a cigarette from her bag. "It's all over now so why talk about it."

He lit her cigarette and returned the lighter to his pocket. "I know it's none of my business," he said gently, "but I happen to be very interested in you and therefore—well, I'm interested in that too."

"I'm sorry." She touched his sleeve impulsively. "I didn't mean to be ungenerous." For a moment she watched the smoke curling up from her cigarette. "If you really want to know, it was bad—about as bad as it could be."

All his new-found joy seemed suddenly worthless. "I'm terribly sorry," he murmured. "But you mustn't take this as final, you know. You didn't see the doctor himself, did you?"

She shook her head. "No, but I heard his report. The nurse didn't want to give it to me at first. She said she would make another appointment so that Mr. Coulton could tell me himself. But I wormed it out of her in the end. It was all down there in black and white. I'm afraid there isn't any doubt about it."

Francis stirred his coffee miserably. "And it was bad? How bad?"

She pressed the stump of her cigarette into an ashtray and answered without a tremor. "He gives me three months."

Francis looked up sharply. "Three months! Three months for——?"

She nodded. "Yes—three months to live."

Francis was horrified. He stared at her as though hypnotised by the grey eyes and oddly attractive little face. "But there must be—I mean isn't there anything they can do?" he stammered.

"Oh yes, she did mention an immediate operation." She ended with a shrug.

He nodded understandingly. "I know; I hate the thought of the things. But if there's nothing else for it . . ."

She took another cigarette from her bag before he could offer his own case. "I gather the chances of coming through it are not too good. If I came through and if it were successful I might live to a good old age, but I shouldn't ever be much good for anything." She laughed without bitterness but without mirth. "You see, there are rather a lot of 'ifs' about it."

He nodded unhappily. "What are you going to do?" he said at last.

She blew a little cloud of smoke from her lips and fixed her grey eyes on his. "What would you do?"

Francis knew quite well what he would have done in the same circumstances. He gazed at his coffee cup for a moment. "That's not an easy question to answer," he said at last. "It's rather a matter of individual circumstances, isn't it? And one's people come into it, too."

She flicked the ash off her cigarette deftly into the ashtray. "That's the one bright spot in the whole murky business. Thank goodness I haven't any people to worry about or to worry about me."

Continued from Page 7

He nodded. "That does simplify things a little."

She rested an elbow on the table and her chin in her hand. He saw no shadow of fear in her eyes. "If I'm not cut about I have a minimum of three months in comparative health and strength. The alternative is an immediate operation and if I'm lucky I shall be a reclining lady for the rest of my life. It's not really a very difficult choice, is it? A rather problematical, dreary existence or a short life and a gay one!"

Francis gazed with admiration into the grey eyes so candid and so brave, but he made no comment.

She flicked the ash from her cigarette with a decisive movement.

"I am going to take those three months and I am going to live as I have never lived before. I have a little over three hundred pounds that was left me by an aunt; I shall spend it all. I shall travel, see life, buy things, go places—do everything I have always wanted to do but haven't been able to; live as I have always dreamed of living. I have three months in which to crowd a lifetime; and I shall do it." She stopped rather breathlessly. "You don't blame me, do you?"

Francis shook his head. He was moved. "No," he murmured. "I had planned to do the same if—if things had turned out differently."

She was now the more cheerful of the two. "Then you can turn your plans over to me," she told him with a whimsical smile. "I have never been abroad. You can tell me where to go."

He looked into her little face all puckered with eagerness and interest and smiled. "The Riviera," he answered, falling in with her mood. He waved a hand towards the muddy street and the cold drizzle. "Leave all this behind. Go to the Riviera—blue skies, sunshine, mountains, white houses among the palms, scenery like a musical comedy set. You'll love it."

SHE rested her chin in her hands and her elbows on the table. "Tell me about it."

Francis told her.

Hours later they were dancing together on a crowded floor. They had passed a very happy day. Francis looked down at the piquant little face tilted towards his own. "I feel I have known you all my life," he said suddenly. "And do you realise you haven't yet told me your name?"

She smiled up at him. "Franky," she answered. "It's Frances really, but everyone calls me Franky."

"I like Franky," he said softly.

One of the orchestra was crooning nasally into a microphone: "Where have you been all my life?"

He tightened the grip of his arm about her slender body. "Do you hear what that fellow is singing? That's what I have been wondering all to-day."

"I have too," she said softly.

"We've wasted so much time," he complained.

The grey eyes raised to his clouded face for a moment. "And time is so short."

"Franky, I want to talk to you." He spoke almost roughly. "Let's get away from this crowd." He took her arm and piloted her from the room.

In the gloom of the taxi he laid his hand upon hers. "Are you happy, Franky?"

"You know I am." Her voice was soft and dreamy. "Isn't it odd that this should be the happiest day of my life!"

"Listen, Franky. This afternoon I was making plans. I too have a little money saved up and I am due for a holiday. I was going to ask you if I might come with you to the Riviera—as sort of guide, philosopher and friend."

"I hoped you would," she answered softly. "I shall love that."

He was silent for a moment. Then at last: "Franky, I don't want you to go to the Riviera. I—I don't want you to—to take the three months."

By the flickering passing lights he saw the pale oval of her face turned towards him. "But, Francis, dear, we have decided all that; and you agreed with me."

He held her hand tightly. "I know; but it was simpler then. You said you had no one to worry about you. But that isn't so now. There's me, Franky, darling, if there's a chance you must take it. I can't let you go."

SHE slipped her arm through his and hugged it for a moment in silence. "A slim chance!" she said gently at last. "And if successful a semi-invalid for years and years!"

"But does that matter so much?" he asked desperately. "At least it's life. Oh, Franky, take the chance, at once, to-morrow. Afterwards marry me, my darling, if you will, and let me take care of you."

She shook her head slowly. "Not to-morrow, dear—or ever. I can't risk losing my happiness so soon. I want the certainty, short though it may be. I want my happiness. I can't risk losing it now."

"But if there is a chance . . ." he began miserably but without conviction and broke off.

She shook her head again slowly and clung to him.

"Let's take what we can, Francis, dear. It will be hard for us both at the end, I know. But we shall have had our three months of happiness. No one can take that way."

"We will get married at once," he whispered.

Again she shook her head. "Not marriage, dear. That would not be fair to you."

"Fair!" He laughed softly. "Darling, must I give you all the hundred and one reasons why it is both fair and desirable?"

He got no further than the third before she snuggled closer and whispered: "Have it your own way, darling. I'm too tired and too happy to argue with you."

. . . .

There was sunshine on the Riviera, blue seas and blue skies as Francis had said. From their window in the white hotel perched among palms on the hillside they looked out each morning on a placid, deep blue sea where rust-red rocks and dark green islets swam clear-cut in the brilliant sunshine.

Two months had gone by, two months of such happiness as neither had thought possible; happiness that was drunk greedily with the knowledge that it had to end.

Franky was radiant. Outwardly at least she was a picture of health, and Francis looking at her sparkling eyes marvelled a dozen times a day that so much charm and loveliness could be his. The other thought that came unbidden with the first he put away in accordance with their pact never to speak or think of it.

He himself was more fit than ever he had been. Happiness is a wonderful tonic and those dull pains and aches he had known before had gone completely.

One morning they climbed the hill behind the hotel. They went up by the narrow, winding road and picnicked on the summit. Below them lay the sea and the winding coastline with townships of tiny dolls' houses gleaming white in the sunlight; behind them the hills rose higher and higher to the white-capped peaks of the distant Alps.

For the return journey they found a shorter route by way of a narrow track that zigzagged down the rocky, sun-baked slope to the olive groves at the foot. They went down hand in hand like children, laughing and clinging to each other for support when their feet slipped on the steep track.

A little above the level of the olive groves Franky sat down on a boulder to rest. Wild flowers grew in great profusion on the earthy pockets of the slope. "Oh, what a lovely blue!" she exclaimed, pointing to a clump a short distance away.

"I'll get you some," said Francis.

Franky saw his head bobbing as he moved cautiously across the steep slope; then suddenly she saw an arm flung skywards that disappeared a moment later and heard a clatter of falling stones.

"Francis! Francis!" she called and sprang up in alarm.

Sixty feet below her, where the slope eased off and the olives began, he lay on the coarse, yellow grass.

She went down the steep track like a mountain goat, her heart pounding, and the thought uppermost in her mind was the pity of it—that it should be to him and not to her this had happened.

He struggled to sit up as she reached him.

"Oh, Francis, Francis, are you hurt?"

He looked white and shaken. He smiled ruefully. "I don't know. I don't think so. Except my arm; I'm afraid that's broken."

Please turn to Page 16

I THOUGHT: Why *can't* I get my linen smooth and smart and glossy? This happens far too often!

I THOUGHT: Sue *would* come early! And my ugly linen all over the place.

I THOUGHT: Modern Methods? What on earth does she mean? Of course I use modern methods.

I THOUGHT: A Modern Starch? Can that be it? I've always used the one that mother used.

I THOUGHT: I might have known! A *superfined* starch! What an idiot not to ask her before!

IMPORTANT: Most good grocers everywhere stock Clifton's Rice Starch — if yours does not, he can secure supplies for you without delay.

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Jottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight

• MRS. DICK CASEY lunches in Australia dining-room while her husband is guest of honor at farewell given in adjacent room by men of American Society.

• BEATRICE McGIRR takes time off from studying for M.A. degree to spend an afternoon with Pam Bushell.

• HOT WORK in cause of War Fund. Temperature nears century, but Joan See parades in tweeds at fashion show.

• THERE'S GLAMOR in wool . . . so say Billie Barnes and Mona Crawford watching parade of beautiful all-wool gowns at Australia Hotel.

Wool-gathering . . .

BECOME all wool-minded and go along to mannequin display at Australia. Sir Dalziel (pronounced Deal) Kelly, chairman of Australian Wool Board, is host.

Standing room only in ballroom, where everyone is served cocktails before adjourning to banquet hall to see parade.

There is something for us as well as the sheep in this "wear more wool" slogan. Vivid uncrushable florals and pastel sheers astonish onlookers.

"Feeling is believing" . . . motto of even such wool-informed countrywomen as Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge

Notice Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, Ivie Price, Mrs. Eleanor Glencross, the Hedley Carpenters, and Mick Grace intently watching.

North Shore party . . .

THE Hugh Poynters' party at Warrawee home — first since their marriage—takes place on the three-months anniversary of their wedding.

Late arrivals have a fair trek to the house in Heydon Avenue. Parking space is at premium as guests number 120.

Party starts at five-ish. After being welcomed by Sir Hugh and his lady, guests soon seek relief from heat on lawns adjoining verandah. Frangipanni growing in garden scents the air.

Consular corps, Army, Navy, Air Force all well represented.

London artist Haughton James is accompanied by his wife. Commander Langford, Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Urquhart, Professor and Mrs. Windeyer, Dr. Ella Windeyer, Professor and Mrs. Waterhouse, Dr. and Mrs. Bob Paterson, Alice Danciger among guests.

At Lady Martin's . . .

IRENE ASHTON, staying on beach till 6 p.m. trying to keep cool during heat wave . . . smart in blue-and-red figured housecoat.

Ruth Watt, in snappy two-piece suit, vainly calling "Susie, come back," as small daughter paddles towards horizon in her canoe.

Smart war workers . . .

KEN JONES rings and says, "Come to meeting of the youngest and prettiest at Lady Mayoress' rooms to organise war-working committee."

Arrive and say "hello" to Barbara Dare wearing the snappiest white straw hat. Mary Jensen comes in white, too . . . sister Gwen not able to come because it's her day for driving a truck.

Joan McGrath, who will bridesmaid for Robin Eakin when she marries John Spencer in April, wears her lovely autumn floral model and picture hat.

Ruth Waters' beads take my eye—half white, half chartreuse to match chartreuse hat and gloves.

Sheila Tonkin calls halt to my fashion meanderings by being elected president. She says, "It's simply no good coming to two or three meetings and then forgetting all about the Lord Mayor's Fund. We must all work together."

Did you know? . . .

SHELLHARBOR is holiday spot for Mrs. Rex Futter, Mrs. R. Sanderson, of Billabong, and schoolgirl daughters, Peggy and Judy.

Newport looks up . . .

DROP in at Newport en route to Palm Beach and find that P.B. does not entice ALL. Quite a number of well-knowns have homes on Newport cliffs and near beach.

On beach Sue Marriott, of the beautiful figure, attracts much attention. She sports white rubber swim suit, sky-blue swim suit, and floral satin beach suit.

Also centre of attraction on beach are Squire and Ruggles — bulldog pups owned respectively by Kath Menzies and Marj and Nan Macdougall.

Kath is entertaining Bid Gelling, of Quirindi, at her family's house. Betty Menzies and Al Horsley, who marry on February 15, also in party.

Next door to the Macdougalls, Val and Gil Pratten come to stay. The Prattens have taken the Turramurra home of the Bevans, who are spending the summer at their Newport house.

Points of law . . .

SIMPLY no trouble to settle a point of law—had it been necessary—at Blacket-Maybury wedding. Bridegroom Wilfred Blacket is well-known barrister and legal fraternity among guests includes Mr. Justice Roper, Ken Dixon, Bill Thompson, Ralph Sillar, Bob Flynn and best man Alan Taylor.

Hear that the bride, Mollie Maybury, first met her husband in a law office.

After honeymoon at Lapstone, bride and groom will return to charming flat they have taken in Milson Road, Cremorne, overlooking harbor.

Grand farewell . . .

GRAND finale for Lesley Keipert's seven weeks' holiday in Sydney . . . informal dance given at Emerson, beautiful Darling Point home of her cousin, Dorothy Browning.

Lesley hails from Rupanyup, somewhere near Ballarat in Victoria.

Ninety guests also say "Good holiday" to hostess Dorothy, who leaves Sydney on February 17 with Mrs. M. Crisp for Burnie, Tasmania, and then back to Rupanyup to stay with Lesley. Be away about three months.

Dancing round ballroom I spy Joan Hodgson and fiance Charles Nott, Pat and Ned Theodore, Mary Goddard, Joy Jolley, Betty and Brian Oxenham, Norma Harrison, Sheila Nimmo, Marjorie Franklin, John and Bill Magney, Ian Hepworth, Colin Bowes.

Heard around town . . .

ARTHUR WORRALL is name chosen by the Frank Braggs, of Rossgole, Aberdeen, for son and heir.

The Gerald Holts are showing friends colored movie of their wedding. Includes "shots" at church and Royal Sydney.

Life of the party at reception given by Consul-General for America in honor of our Minister to U.S.A. and Mrs. Casey was homely duck which closely followed guests in the garden.

And seen . . .

TUESDAY . . . Betty McCoy lunching with Bob Ashton.

Wednesday . . . Betty lunching with Tony Hordern jun., and Bob escorting glamorous American film star, Mrs. F. Parker (Barbara Weekes).

• HUGH DARLING and his bride, Noel Hordern, smile on leaving St. Paul's, Redfern, where bride's father is rector.

• ALL THOSE IN FAVOR . . . Meg Fowler Smith and Pauline Crick say "aye" at meeting held to organise for the Lord Mayor's Patriotic Fund. Pauline is Lord Mayor's niece.

• SWEET SELLING . . . Lois Latham and Geraldine O'Donnell at A.A.M.C. card party held to defray expenses of R.P.A.H. doctors' dinner dance.

• LUNCHEON FOR TWO . . . Marcelle Bishop, smart in pale blue and white, at Romano's, with Bill Adams.

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No Time to Lose

Continued from Page 14

SOMEHOW they got back to the hotel. Franky put him to bed and telephoned a doctor.

"Now, you must not worry, Mrs. Morton," said the doctor, an hour later. He was an English doctor and had a big reputation on the coast. They were in the little sitting-room and behind the closed door Francis lay in bed with his arm in splints. "I have been all over him carefully. He has one or two nasty bruises, but that arm, of course, is perfectly straightforward. But, tell me, has your husband consulted a doctor recently?"

Franky nodded. "As a matter of fact, that was where we met. Francis' own doctor suspected something rather grim and sent him to a specialist to make sure; but the specialist gave him a clean bill."

Doctor Burnaby nodded. "I see. Well, your husband has had a nasty shaking and he will need care for a time. You will give him that, I know."

"Of course," said Franky, and added suddenly, "For how long, doctor?"

"Oh, say two or three months—possibly less."

Franky's face was grave. "Two months!" she echoed, in dismay.

"Now, Mrs. Morton," began the doctor, "there is really no reason for you to worry unduly."

Franky stared at him tragically.

"Two months!" she said again. "That is more than I can give him."

Doctor Burnaby's face showed his perplexity.

"I must explain," said Franky quietly. "I told you I met my husband in a doctor's waiting-room. We were both there waiting for a verdict. His was good but mine was bad. I was given three months to live. That was two months ago. So you see—how it is."

Doctor Burnaby was shocked. He was a kind-hearted man and he liked Franky. "Dear me, dear me," he murmured. "I should never have suspected that. I am sorry, I am very sorry indeed."

Franky raised a grateful smile. "Thank you. But that can't be helped and is past worrying about. It's Francis I have to think of."

The doctor nodded gravely. "Tell me, Mrs. Morton—who was the specialist you consulted?"

Franky told him.

THE doctor nodded. "I know Mr. Coulton well by reputation. As a matter of fact, he is in Nice now for the European Medical Conference. You could not have chosen a better man. Well, well. And he actually told you that?"

Franky nodded. "Yes—at least, his secretary did."

The doctor permitted himself a slight raising of the eyebrows.

"You see," explained Franky, "he was called away suddenly the day I had the appointment and I only saw the secretary. She had his report. She didn't want to tell me but I wormed it out of her."

"But didn't you see Mr. Coulton again? Didn't he give you another appointment?"

Franky shook her head. "He didn't get the chance. What would have been the good? I'd heard the worst. And, besides, I had just met Francis." Doctor Burnaby liked to see a two-months' bride blush so easily. "We were married at once," went on Franky quickly, "and came down here. You see, we hadn't—much time."

Doctor Burnaby nodded again and sat for a moment in thought. "I am going to the conference to-morrow," he said, at last, "and possibly I shall meet Mr. Coulton. I should like to mention you if I may."

Franky did not mind; her thoughts were all for Francis.

"Thank you," said the doctor, and produced a notebook and pencil. "Mr. Coulton would know you under your maiden name, of course. What was that?"

"Lawton," answered Franky.

"Lawton—Miss Franky Lawton?"

"Well, it's Frances really, but I'm always called Franky."

"The same name as your husband, eh, but spelled with an 'c,' I suppose?" He returned the notebook to his pocket and left, after giving her various instructions.

He called again late the following afternoon. He brought with him an assistant and made a second and very thorough examination of Francis.

This ominous proceeding terrified Franky, and her heart was pounding uncomfortably when the doctor came into the sitting-room after it was all over, closed the door carefully behind him and said solemnly, "I want to have a talk with you, Mrs. Morton."

Her face was pale, but she answered with a brave smile, "Yes, doctor."

Doctor Burnaby sat down in the chair facing her. "I saw Mr. Coulton to-day," he began, "and I had a long talk with him. He remembers your case and that of your husband perfectly." Doctor Burnaby paused and smiled. "He is convinced that there is nothing wrong with you. There has, in fact, been a terrible mistake."

"A mistake!" faltered Franky.

Doctor Burnaby nodded. "Will you please tell me as nearly as you can remember all that happened that morning when you met your husband in Mr. Coulton's waiting-room?"

Bewildered and only half believing, Franky did so.

AT the end of it, Doctor Burnaby nodded again. "I will explain what happened. Mr. Coulton was called away that morning, so that you saw only his secretary. By the way, had you seen her before?"

Franky shook her head.

"I thought not. She was new to her job, I understand. It was very unwise of you, Mrs. Morton, to have wormed that report out of her, and very indiscreet of her to allow you to do so. You were not in the room when your husband was called. The secretary did not know either of you by sight; she had only the reports with your names. I fancy what happened was this. She came into the waiting-room and said, 'Lawton,' or even 'Frances Lawton,' and your husband answered. The Christian names were the same, and Morton and Lawton sound somewhat alike. The report was a clean bill, and she saw no reason for keeping him in suspense. She told him.

"Meanwhile, you had returned to the waiting-room and he had gone. You answered very naturally to the name of Morton—it sounded so like your own—and you coaxed the secretary into reading you the report. But I am glad to say it was the wrong one. That, I am sure, is what happened!" Doctor Burnaby smiled.

FRANKY did not smile in return. "But—but," she whispered, and her voice was tragic, "don't you see, doctor, if what you say is true, it means that Francis . ."

She left the sentence unfinished, but Doctor Burnaby finished it for her. "Has only a month to live?" He smiled and shook his head. "I wouldn't say that. Mr. Coulton's report was undoubtedly correct when it was made, as correct as any such human document can be. In effect, what he said was that if certain elements continued at their present rate, or at the rate to be expected, a certain result would follow in a limited time.

"Two months have now gone by since that report was made, but that rate of growth has not continued. It has not merely stood still; it has actually receded. I will not pretend that the elements of the trouble are not still there; they are, but only to an extent that calls for reasonable care. You know, Mrs. Morton, we doctors are not infallible. We can only be guided by what we have observed in the past and from that try to deduce what may happen in given circumstances. But Nature has many surprises. She does seventy-five per cent. of our work for us. We cannot work miracles, but Nature can and sometimes does.

"Your husband's case is one of them, and I will tell you how I think it came about. There is still much that we medical men understand only imperfectly. The power of the mind over the body, for instance. We know that it exists—but little more.

"I fancy it has been working here. Your husband was told that there was nothing wrong with him. His mind accepted that as a fact, and has acted on it to his great benefit. Faith healing, if you like. And then love and happiness are great tonics, and I know they, too, have been busy here. So you see, Mrs. Morton, you yourself have played no small part in your husband's recovery.

"These, I believe, are the two chief causes of this seeming miracle. And now when he hears your good news we shall have a third agency at work. It is my considered opinion that there is no reason why your husband should not completely recover his health."

Franky sat in silence, unable to restrain her tears. Doctor Burnaby patted her shoulder kindly. "Go in and tell him your great news. That is the best tonic I can prescribe. But he must never know that the bad report was really his. That must remain a secret between you and me."

Franky dabbed her eyes and went towards the bedroom door, but it was opened from the other side before she reached it. Standing there on the threshold in dressing-gown and pyjamas was Francis.

"You can't keep a secret from a good journalist," he said, with a happy grin. "I'm sorry to appear to have been eavesdropping, but you forgot the verandah window was open and the bedroom window was next to it. But don't worry that one of your miracle-working agencies has gone west, doctor." He put his sound arm round Franky and gave her a squeeze. "This is my chief miracle-worker and now that I know I have her for keeps you don't think I'm going to pop off in a month or two and leave her, do you? Not on your life!"

(Copyright.)

THE NEW telescope-draped crown by Gaga lends itself ideally to the feminine embellishment of a tiny eyeveil and a clump of multi-colored ostrich tips.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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This is your opportunity to obtain one of these reliable Sewing Machines at a remarkably low price. These are discontinued cabinet designs, each one is fitted with the famous Bebarfald Coronet Sewing Machine Head, which will give you a lifetime of reliable service. You must call early or write now to obtain one of these bargains. Suitable for all classes of household sewing.

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As I am unable to call, please post me full particulars of your machines, and also the book "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

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Antiseptic Oil Heals Eczema

Make up your mind to-day that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well.

Never mind what caused it—you've probably been like a lot of other people convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good), but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores and the condition primarily remains the same.

Go to any good chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief; and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be a thing of the past.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the one and only sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Moone's Emerald Oil is a clean powerful, penetrating Antiseptic Oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue; and its healing properties have given absolute satisfaction for over twenty years.***

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If Poisons in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Backache, Aching Joints, Acidity, or Burning passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such Poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist for Cystex (Sistex) today. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes—1/9; 4/-; 8/-.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"I come from a long line of blue-bloods."
"Is that why you're so despondent all the time?"

M.C. at Scotch Dance: "A five pound note has been found. Will the owner please form a queue outside the Box Office?"

"Is our C.O. tough?"
"Why, he gave a man four days' C.B. for washing his hands in water the men had to sleep in."

SENTIMENTAL GIRL: He said he'd lay the earth at my feet.
PRACTICAL GIRL: You have the earth at your feet. What you need is a big house over your head.

I Enjoy EVERY Meal!

NO More INDIGESTION

No need to envy others. De Witt's Antacid Powder will give you back your appetite... enable you to eat whatever you please and digest it perfectly. You don't have to wait ages for results. One dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder will be enough to show you how quickly this modern remedy overcomes indigestion and stomach troubles. It kills excess acid, protects the delicate stomach lining and actually aids your digestion.

"After suffering for nearly 3 years with indigestion and stomach trouble I could not eat or sleep; I starved and was always in agony," says Mrs. Barbara White, of P.O. Belgrave, S. Victoria. "I saw an advertisement for De Witt's Antacid Powder and bought a tin. Before it was half used I had relief, and am now as well as I was 40 years ago. I am just on 70 years of age and can get about like a 40-year-old."

De Witt's Antacid Powder is the modern remedy for indigestion and all stomach troubles. Get a canister to-day. Then *you* can eat what you like and enjoy every meal.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of all chemists and stores, in large canisters, 2/6. New giant size (2½ times quantity), 4/6.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

JIMMY had been sent to bed by his mother for using a naughty word. When his father came home she sent him up to punish the boy.

"I'll teach him to swear!" he roared, and started up the stairs. He tripped on the top step, and even his wife held her ears for a few moments.

"You'd better come down now!" she called when the air had cleared somewhat. "Jimmy's had enough as his first lesson."

MAID: At what time would you like to be wakened in the morning, Professor?

Professor: That depends on how I sleep. Come and ask me at seven o'clock.

MR. BROWN was going away on business.

"And if I find I have to stay more than one night, darling, I'll send you a telegram."

"You needn't bother, sweetheart," replied the wife, "I've read it already. I found it in your coat pocket last night."

TWO Tommies, fresh from the country, entered a smart cafe in Paris with just enough money left for a slap-up feed.

They hadn't long finished eating, however, when one exclaimed: "Hey, Mike, these oatcakes are terrible."

"Oatcakes," cried Mike. "Them's cork mats for yer plate."

A CAREER for YOUR SON
—POSITION, SECURITY AND SUCCESS

"John! This is the way that ensures your Success! What do we want for you most? Position that offers quick promotion, higher earnings, opportunity . . . where success is waiting for you to grasp it . . . that is what your parents want for you. It's what you want, too, isn't it? And the opportunity is here.

"To-day what the nation needs, what the times demand are trained, capable men for the Business world. Australia must forge ahead—and a thorough training now in Accountancy—Secretaryship—Cost Accountancy, will mean that your future is assured, no matter what happens later—no matter what other duties you may have to shoulder.

"This way can make you the success your parents know that you can be . . . that you want to be . . . that can ensure your living in comfort and security before you're 45.

"We will let the House of Hemingway and Robertson train you immediately for your business career, for H. & R. are the acknowledged leaders in Commercial education, and to be known as an H. & R. student is itself the open sesame to a start in business."

To-day, Education for Business is of vital importance. On it depends much of your son's future success. The measure of its worth is voiced daily by both the Nation's leaders and business leaders in Commerce, and business men to-day are demanding that the youth who enters business must be training himself for his vocation. In this way not only are the Nation's interests best served, but your son will be assured of a career to which he can always return if other duties should later on, necessitate his temporary transfer to other activities.

Your advice to your Son to-day, the training he receives, and the method of his tuition can make or mar his future. If you are interested in a successful career in Business, you are cordially invited to call or write and discuss your problem—or post the coupon—without cost or obligation.

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Please send me FREE copy of your new 108-page illustrated handbook for 1940, "The Guide to Careers in Business," and details of how the H. & R. Personal-Individual Tuition Method will train me successfully for the career marked below.

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An Editorial

FEBRUARY 10, 1940

YOUTH TAKES THE DARE

WITH the marriage of hundreds of members of the A.I.F. during the past few weeks, romance throws down a challenge to war.

At a time when their lives and happiness are threatened, youth takes the dare.

There is a valiant gesture in these marriages on the part of both the boys and girls concerned.

Prudence says "No," but what youthful heart ever listened to that old Mumbling Minnie when happiness was at stake?

The girl who marries a soldier about to go on active service has a courage above prudence. She knows the risks and uncertainties that the marriage may involve, but she weds her man just the same.

The same spirit that impelled her boy to enlist helps her in the decision to marry him before he goes overseas.

For a woman this is a very big decision.

A war-bride misses much that is part of the wedding plans of the peace-time bride.

For her there is no year of courtship in which plans are steadily gone on with for her marriage—the trousseau gathered item by item, the home they will build.

The pace of the war romance is of a quicker tempo—happiness must be seized in fleeting hours. It is not a time of plans but decisions, and the girls have made their choice.

For the man's part his bride is an anchor—a bond with his home and all he is fighting for. The thought of her and what she stands for waiting back home will strengthen his fighting arm.

Both the war-bride and her soldier sum up the risks, but decide to marry just the same.

To some it may appear as the heedlessness of youth—to most it is courage of a high order—the gallant gesture that, war or no war, romance must live.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

I will . . . I won't . . . I will . . .

Her part

A WOMAN living in a lonely Queensland farmhouse with her 12 children probably does not realise that in neighborly conversation she made a speech to inspire all women in wartime.

"I've been worrying what I could do to help in this war business," she said. "I'm just stuck here with the kids and I haven't any money to spare, and it has seemed I can't help in any way.

"Yesterday, when the kids were quarrelling and fighting with one another, it struck me that right here was my job. Just to make the kids stop figthing and live in peace with one another.

"Just to kind of set my own house in order, and if I can do that it's going to help to bring peace to the world. I've found my war job."

The message of the unknown farmer's wife was sent to us by Miss L. Smith, of Sarina, Qld.

War lullaby

THE fact that English babies are provided with gas-masks within twenty-four hours of birth has inspired a London poet to write:

A gas-mask as a substitute
For lacy cap and knitted boot
Lacks charm and warmth, good cheer and tact,
And makes a mother's heart contract.
Who dares to be a parent when
Death threatens babes as well as men?
Who dares to hope an infant son
Will even live to fire a gun?

Mirrors for soldiers

WOMEN at Port Pirie in South Australia have ransacked their handbags for mirrors to send to local men who are in camp at Greta, Ingleburn, and Liverpool.

"We were sending our boys' shaving kits in our parcels to them, and we suddenly thought what is the use of sending them shaving things without mirrors," said the honorary secretary of the Port Pirie Returned Soldiers' Association local comforts fund committee (Mrs. A. Sjostrom).

"So we decided to appeal for discarded handbag mirrors. They just poured in. Hundreds of them. All shapes and sizes.

"We packed each mirror carefully in the folds of socks which we pinned with a safety pin to keep it secure. Besides you never know when a safety pin might come in handy!" she said with a smile.

Mrs. Sjostrom said that it is the aim of her committee to see that "every Port Pirie man gets a parcel before he goes away." Ninety parcels have been sent away already.

Best seller

BEST seller in England this year is neither fiction nor biography, but a Government publication — the Government's Blue Book on the events preceding the war.

More than half a million copies have been sold, and profits amount to £5000.

The Blue Book is to be translated into Swedish and Dutch, and there is a request for it in Afrikaans.

It will also be reproduced in Braille and is to be published in a tenpenny edition for sale in the British Empire.

Fortress in the palms

"THERE'S a fortress in the bottom of my garden" is the 1940 French version of the coy song about fairies in the bottom of the garden.

The Maginot Line has been extended from the north-east frontier right down through the gardens of luxury villas in the Alps to the Mediterranean.

Forts manned by French soldiers sprout among the palms and terraces where leisured people sun-tanned and sipped cocktails before the war.

Magnificent roads at present planned for wartime strategy will open up new tourist resorts when the war ends.

Huge mounds of stones, to be avalanched on to the roads to block them in emergencies, are a grim reminder of the present importance of these roads.

Sable soldiers

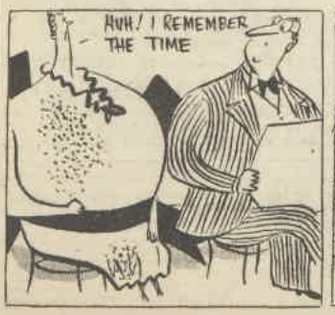
AN aboriginal battalion has been suggested to the W.A. military authorities by Capt. C. A. S. Mansbridge.

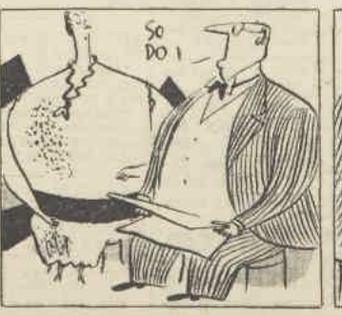
"Many aborigines are men of marked intelligence and character, and instead of allowing them to remain stagnant we might take this opportunity of raising them to a greater standard of usefulness and pride of country," he said.

The aborigines might make splendid soldiers, and a corroboree staged in No Man's Land might terrify the German armies into flight.

And a Government that asks the aborigine to go abroad to fight for his country would certainly have to be prepared to give him a better deal when he came back to live in it.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*





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L. W. Lower wants more comforts for troops

"Nothing is more disturbing to the enemy," says L. W. Lower, "than to see the opposing force advancing in dressing-gowns and smoking cigars."

Why not dressing-gowns and cigars in the Maginot Line?

I may be wrong—which is, of course, absurd—but I have an idea that comforts funds for the 2nd A.I.F. are being administered in the wrong way.

Comfort is a relative term. The prisoner in the "Prisoner's Song" seemed to have the run of the gaol and even asked people to meet him in the moonlight.

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

DESPITE these privileges he complained about having a pillow of stone and said he wanted the wings of an angel, if I remember rightly.

The prosecution of a really comfortable war calls for something more than socks, cigarettes, and shaving-mirrors.

When my friends and relatives are getting my Comforts Box ready they may include soap, razor, strop, shaving-mug, mirror, dressing-gown, talcum powder, brilliantine, slippers, pyjamas, manicure set, hammock (they have hammocks in the Navy, so why not in the A.I.F.?) and cigars, for a start.

Nothing is more disturbing to the enemy's morale than to see the opposing force advancing at the double in their dressing-gowns and smoking cigars, while the second wave of attackers bring up the rear with the canteen piano, followed by the cook in full uniform.

The matter of comforts should not be confined to equipment and small luxuries

Army routine could be made a bit easier and more homely. This business of blaring out reveille at unthinkable hours in the morning, for instance.

How much easier it would be if the bugler played very gently, "Softly Awakes My Heart," and then the corporal came around and said, "Excuse me, boys. Are you awake? It's getting awfully late. I'll be around with your shaving water in a few minutes."

Similarly with parades.

Wouldn't it be much better for all if instead of this bawling of "Fall in!" one was advised in a gentlemanly way as to what was going on?

"Aren't you coming to the parade this morning? Everybody is going. Just come as you are. We're going hiking and shooting this afternoon."

"Some SWINE has pinched my hat!"

"Never mind. Do come along. They're all expecting you."

This is not comfort, strictly speaking, it's just plain civility which seems to be lacking at present in military circles.

Here's YOUR chance!

I'VE just had an idea.

It's a good one, too. If you were given an empty kerosene case and allowed to pack it with comforts for one of the troops, what would you put in it? I'll give a fiver for the most sensible answer.

We've plenty of returned soldiers and nurses on the Women's Weekly staff to do the judging. It should be quite easy.

I've got the hardest part, finding the fiver, but the money will be there even if I have to sell all my old medals.

Billiard tables seem to have been overlooked, but perhaps this is just as well.

When I first walked into a billiard saloon, a bright, fresh-faced youth, I little knew what pitfalls bestrew my path. How it all comes back to me.

"Care for a game?" asks some wily man-about-town with a leather face.

"Well—er—I can't play very well."

"That's all right. I'll give you thirty start. Hundred up, eh? Five bob on the side, just to make it interesting."

It cost me about three thousand pounds to learn the rudiments of billiards. You can't do that on army pay.

My dear wife has some ideas about comforts for the troops such as—well, did you ever hear of a crocheted toothbrush-cosy? I will say no more.

At present the idea seems to be a whist drive or something like that.

"Everybody has to bring something for the boys. We'll have cash prizes—nobody would have the nerve to ask for a prize if they won one, so that will be a saving. I sold those old suits of yours and sent the money to the Comforts Fund and——"

"You what! Not my grey one! Not the one——"

"There's no need to yell out like that.

"Here; try these on and see if they're comfortable. I knitted them myself."

"Hmm! Very nice, too. Fit me beautifully. I've been needing some socks. You're a dear to think of me."

"Take them off immediately! They're for the soldiers. And fold those papers up after you. We're having a committee meeting here this afternoon and I don't want the place looking like a pig-sty."

With all these activities going on I am beginning to think that it would be a good idea to join up and go to the war in order to get a bit of peace.

It's easy to keep lovely surfaces smooth and gleaming with Old Dutch Cleanser. It whisks away greasy film, and, with it, dirt and stains—and it *doesn't scratch* like sandy, gritty cleaners, because it's made with *Seismotite*. You'll like the One-Two Cleaning Action of Old Dutch: 1.—Cuts grease quickly; 2.—Makes your cleaning easier. Try Old Dutch to-day!

Old Dutch

The Modern Cleanser

DOESN'T SCRATCH — MADE WITH SEISMOTITE

Also use REX TABLE SALT, in the handy 1½ lb. packets with the pourer spout. Obtainable from all grocers.

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To keep your make-up fresh and beautiful hours longer

—first tone up your skin with Pears Tonic Action.

A months-long maturing process removes all harshness from Pears—leaves it wonderfully mellow, transparently pure.

You can't put on a glamorous make-up over drawn, tired skin. Your skin must be made firm and smooth . . . radiantly fresh! So first give it a rousing wash with Pears' Soap. Pears' tonic action tones up your skin . . . prepares it for a gloriously lovely make-up that lasts for hours.

ECONOMY NOTE
There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, unstained, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

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Sharp Turn Ahead

Continued from Page 8

CASUALLY, too, he would mention this girl, this sweet Sue who could ride a horse like a leatherneck. Sue, it appeared, lived at the neighboring estate and she and Nick, bound together by a mutual passion for horseflesh, were friends. Nick was always getting galloping enthusiasms and always, whether it be for a dog, a horse, or a prize pig, someone else had to suffer.

Breck had a sneaking idea that sweet Sue would be there that night, and Nick would begin moving heaven and earth to get her in the family. That he was already engaged wouldn't make the slightest difference to Nick. His ethical sense, Breck had often observed, had been stunted at birth.

"In fact," Breck continued, "I've decided to be late, anyway. There's a nigger in the wood pile and she probably has buck teeth and a wheeze. She's one of those girls who can find no man good enough for her. That usually means she's found no man good enough to ask her. I couldn't possibly get to Boston in time to-night, anyway," Breck figured that Boston was distant enough to make his case convincingly hopeless.

She toyed with the corner of the menu and there was a sympathetic kindling in her eyes. "I know how you feel. I'm slated to meet a politician. He's big and conceited and if he found out my father was once a Senator he might want to marry me. They say he's a delightful specimen of manhood, but in ten years he'll smoke cigars and his chest will fall into his stomach and he'll look like nothing on earth."

She cocked her head and wrinkled her small nose. "To tell you the truth, there's nothing I'd like better than a good excuse to be late. But really, I shouldn't . . ."

So Breck called up the nearest garage and they danced. She danced like a dream and the music pulsed through them and carried off the hours. Breck held her close and there was perfume in her hair. Her hair was red when the light was in it. It curled about her ears; it lay in a golden smother at the nape of her neck. They danced and they laughed at the girl with buck teeth and the man who would look like nothing on earth. All the while, Breck knew it couldn't last. Things like this didn't last even if you asked them to. He couldn't ask them to—that was as clear as the night was short.

They walked down the dark strip of highway to the garage late that night, and they walked slowly and silently. Breck was thinking that it was almost over. In the morning he would wake up and brush his teeth and he would have a name and a future. This night wouldn't have happened. It seemed so simple when you said it fast.

He looked down at her as they approached the garage. "Have a good time? You're not sorry you played hookey?"

"Sorry?" She shook her head and a fresh smile washed the mazing from her face. "It's been wonderful. Now I feel like little Cinderella waiting for the clock to strike."

SHE stopped and held up her foot. "Only they're size six, Prince, and I didn't lose either of them."

"Are you sorry you didn't?"

"No. No. I'm not really, I guess. You didn't tell me your name so I didn't offer mine. We'll probably never run into each other again. It's all over, no loose ends like slippers and names to disturb the morning. And, too, it's easy to lose a slipper but rather hard to explain it in the morning."

"And, too," Breck said very ominously, "it's easy to lose your head when you look that way, Cinderella. It's not so easy to explain it afterwards."

"Please . . ." she began. But he sealed the protest. Her lips yielded and all the starch seemed to go from her body. Then she pushed him away, gently. "Please go now," she said.

. . . . .

Uncle Nick was waiting up in his study when Breck got in. Nick was a round little man with a red, cherubic face. All the hair on Nick's head was concentrated on his two tufted eyebrows. They jutted out peevishly at Breck.

"Well, boy, this is a nice time to be popping in for supper."

Breck tossed his hat and coat on the desk and fell into a leather chair. "I know, Nick. Had an accident. Fix me a drink like a good fellow and stop sticking your eyebrows out at me. I'm dazed, Nick. I'm a victim of circumstances."

"Rats," Nick muttered. "I give a supper party and nobody comes. How about that gad-about girl of yours? What happened to her?"

"Barbara? You knew she wouldn't come when you asked her," Breck retorted. "So don't try to look broken up about it. She doesn't like the country and the smell of horses makes her sick. And don't call her a gad-about girl."

Breck felt himself remotely purged of his indiscretion of the evening by his warm defence of Barbara. He made a mental note to wire her flowers first thing Sunday morning.

"And I had partridge for supper," Nick said dolefully as he set out the whisky and soda. "And nobody came."

Breck looked up, smiling crookedly. "So your Sweet Sue didn't come either. Well, that's too bad, Nick. But if Sweet Sue breaks a date, it must be the smart thing to do these days."

Nick shook his head woefully. "And now it's all spoiled."

Breck downed the drink and stood looking at his glass while the warmth attacked his stomach. He set it down. "Well, maybe that will teach you a lesson, you old chipmunk. Sweet dreams. I'm going to bed."

Breck's dreams were sweet that night. He awoke with a beatific smile on his face. Then suddenly he opened his eyes and frowned. It was, he decided as his fingers raked his rumpled hair, bad enough to go out with the wrong girl, but to dream about her was carrying it a little too far. It smacked of rank infidelity.

This damp shroud of self-recrimination clung to him as he shaved the rugged contours of his chin. He was taking a short cut across his cheek when suddenly his hand froze. Downstairs there were voices. There was a low musical voice that set him thinking.

"Come now, Nick," the voice was cajoling, "don't be a poodle. It was unavoidable, honest injun." A deep accusative rumble, then: "Nicky, you're an incorrigible old schemer. It's not the partridge and you know it. And please, Nicky—please! don't tell me again what a really charming and brilliant young man your nephew is. I'm convinced by now that he's irresistible, that he doesn't really love this Faulkner girl, that he's really been in love with my picture for years. Nicky," she continued teasingly, "if he's going to marry this girl because of her father's influence, how will a poor country girl like me know he doesn't love me for my horse . . . All right, Peter and I will come over to-night if you promise to stop peeking around corners, pulling strings and plotting like a Borgia. You can be awfully nice, Nicky, when you haven't got a bee in your bonnet . . ."

Breck's razor whipped down the home stretch taking nicks from his chin. Breck's face grew very white; then the blood of a high biting indignation tinctured his cheeks. He wiped his face, yanked on his shirt and clopped grimly down the stairs.

There she was standing in the hall beside Nick. She wore riding breeches and she stood like a man, her legs apart. And she was laughing. Then her eyes met Breck halfway down the stairway.

The smile congealed. "You!" she gasped in a small, thin voice.

Tight-lipped, Breck nodded. "Yes, I'm the politician who will look like nothing on earth."

Nick's little blue eyes were darting everywhere at once. "Mornin', boy. Didn't know you were about. This is Sue, Breck. But it looks like you two . . ."

"WE have," Breck cut in. "She passed me on a curve going sixty miles an hour. I almost broke my neck."

"You almost turned somersaults trying to be charming," Sue said with a blighting sweetness. "Does your approach always prove so irresistible?"

"Now, Sue," Nick soothed. "Come, now, Breck."

No one paid the slightest attention to Nick. Their eyes were locked in a smouldering fury. Sweet Sue was remembering things.

"Buck teeth!" Sue stood very erect and her full red lips became a thin straight line. "And a wheeze!"

"That's better than big and conceited," Breck retorted.

"That," Sue pointed out, "is probably what kept me awake those nights I plotted to marry you. You recall, of course, that I was dying to marry you."

"I suppose," Breck said acidly, "the essence of your plan was first to knock me unconscious on the highway."

"It didn't take much knocking to make you forget your name and the fact that you were engaged to marry Judge Faulkner's daughter. Or, perhaps, you were just practicising last night in case you ran into a Governor's daughter."

"I recall you didn't scream for a policeman. Even when I kissed you."

"He . . . he kissed you?" Nick's little eyes were popping. Had he been standing on his head, things could not have appeared more muddled to Nick.

"She told me she came from Chicago," Breck tossed in. "But, of course, she wasn't lying—just exaggerating."

"I did not! You asked me if the car came from Chicago. And it does. It belongs to Peter. I may have been a little fool to wander off with a strange man, but I have the habit of telling the truth. So believe me when I tell you, Mr. Breckenridge, that if I ever in desperation ask you to marry me, you'll know I've been kicked on the head by a horse!"

THAT seemed to conclude Sue's side of the argument. She left and as though to dismiss any question about it she slammed the door.

When Sue had gone, Nick looked up at Breck and his face was a picture of burgeoning misery. "Look," he said mournfully, "now look what you've done."

"Governor's daughter!" Breck snorted.

Nick sighed. "And she'll marry that fellow Peter from Chicago. He drove all the way from Illinois to see her. He's rotten with money and looks like a sheep, Breck." Nick's eyes were appealing. "we can't let her marry that fellow and go off to Chicago."

"I wish he were from San Francisco," Breck assured him.

"'Frisco's a nice place," Nick said hopelessly. "But it's so far. Well, maybe she'll have forgotten everything by to-night."

"Maybe I won't!" Breck went grimly in to breakfast.

And Breck didn't forget. Breck spent the rest of the day on the porch behind a book and thought about it. Was he, he asked himself, the kind of a guy who would marry a girl for her father? He was not! That was malicious libel! If this girl, sweet Sue Pedlar, did come over that night he wouldn't mince words about it. Breck liked nothing better than not mincing words. He rather hoped she would come.

She did. And supper started off about as auspiciously as a very strained conference. Breck watched this fellow Peter and decided he didn't like him. He was tall and slender, and his large brown eyes looked meltingly at Sue.

Please turn to Page 22

What's the *Answer?*

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—Australia may be the world's smallest continent, but at least it's the largest island, and no wonder, seeing that its area in square miles is approximately

One million—two million—three million—four million.

2.—Allspice is

One single spice—a mixture made of every spice—a mixture of pepper and nutmeg—a mixture of nutmeg and cloves.

3.—What was the maiden name of Shakespeare's mother?

Mary Arden — Emma Hamilton — Jane Thomas — Anne Hathaway.

4.—It looks as though the 1940 Olympic Games are definitely off now. The final arrangement had been to hold them in

Finland — Sweden — Hungary — Japan — China.

5.—You would expect to find anthers

On stags' heads—on the tops of columns—in books of heraldry—in flowers.

6.—Copra, which yields oil for the making of soap, is

Tallow—dried kernels of coconuts—a marine plant—an island coral growth.

7.—That popular novel, "Daddy Long Legs," was written by

Harriet Beecher Stowe—Pearl Buck—Jean Webster — Gene Stratton Porter.

8.—The recent election of the famous pianist, Paderewski, as President of the Polish National Council brings Poland's political history to mind. Her first Prime Minister, after her independence was declared in 1919, was

Paderewski — Kosciusko — Streslecki — Pilsudski.

9.—Plural of Madam is

Madams — Madames — Mesdames. Mesdam.

10.—If you were a native of Tangier (Morocco), you would call yourself a

Tangerine—Tanglerine—Tangeronian — Tanglerian.

Answers on Page 22

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TEACH CHARM!

ISN'T it time that charm was taught in schools?

Charm can be developed like everything else. The cultivation of a winning smile, a pleasant personality, a courteous manner is just as important as the accumulation of knowledge.

How few girls and boys know anything about address when they leave school! Most girls are shy, nervous, sensitive, or self-conscious, while boys are plainly gauche.

Correct deportment, ease of manner, and for girls the rudiments of fashion and make-up should be definitely taught.

There should also be some means of promoting regular dances and parties to foster easy companionship between girls and boys. They could then face adult life prepared for the social contacts that are all too often encountered in an agony of self-consciousness.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. B. M. Wright, 192 Mann St., Glenbrook, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

SCHOOL KNAPSACKS

LIKE many other mothers I bought my boy a knapsack to help keep his shoulders squared and was pleased with its results till I realised its danger.

Running to meet me one day he was almost hit by a car. The contents of the stiff leather knapsack had rattled so hard that he had heard neither my warning shouts nor the car. As children will run, I suggest soft leather knapsacks.

Gertrude Stockwell, Tiaro, N.C. Line, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

SHALL WE DRESS?

SOME people think evening dress for small parties unnecessary, or even silly. I don't. If we are going to have a party, let's make it a party.

Apart from appearances, there is the psychological effect. We come home tired—almost too tired to go out.

We change from working "togs" into something pretty; we primp our hair, put on fresh make-up, and what do we find?

We have thrown off the cares of the day, and feel a new being, lively and glamorous.

Mrs. M. Turner, 10 Gibraltar Flats, Allen's Pde., Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

Slang and bad accents spoil our speech

IT is quite refreshing to find anyone making a plea for better English as Mrs. Inglis does (20/1/'40). One does not need to be pedantic or highbrow to speak correctly and in a nice quality of voice.

Some young folk seem to have forgotten what good English is, and

Offends the ear.

it is more noticeable in their writing than in their speaking.

To receive a letter moally couched in slang may be interesting once, but if repeated often becomes very boring and unsatisfying.

Mrs. J. Wilson, 397 Angas St., Adelaide.

Undignified habit

WOMEN search for individuality when buying frocks and hats, yet in their speech this quality is conspicuous by its absence.

Slang is unnecessary and undignified; it has not even the virtue of being original.

The most original people, and, incidentally, the most restful, are those who keep their speech free of slang.

Mrs. Stan Rawson, Pineview, Oberon, N.S.W.

Frequent use of slang

WE should endeavor to cultivate better English and indulge in less slang. There are perhaps one or two harmless expressions that are so apt and expressive that one may be forgiven for using them occasionally. But as a general rule the use of slang should be avoided.

As George Bernard Shaw says: "Our language is the language of Shakespeare, Milton, and the Bible—it is the most beautiful and the most expressive in the world." So why abuse it?

Mrs. R. G. Walter, 42 Ramsgate St., Glenelg, S.A.

Baby talk

MY experience of Australian slang and accent is that it is only baby talk used by the natives of this Commonwealth when they want to be intimate.

Mrs. V. Dupont, 4 Cross St., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

Parents and a daughter's marriage choice

TIMES change, J. G. Paynton (20/1/'40). The young man who asks the parents for their daughter's hand is a relic of a past age, when marriages were arranged by parents without consulting the wishes of the daughter.

Nowadays, the young couple make their own arrangements, and take the parents into their confidence only after the matter has definitely been settled.

Which, I think, is as it should be

Mrs. Lilian Gadd, Ourimbah, N.S.W.

Easiest way

IT seems a pity that the old custom of asking the parent for his or her daughter is dying out.

More than one young man has told me that to "ask papa" was the hardest job he ever did. I wonder if it is to dodge this sometimes difficult job, and to take the easiest way?

This also shows lack of respect for parents and those older than ourselves, which seems to be all too prevalent in these enlightened days.

Mrs. M. Scott, c/o P.O., Yarram, Vic.

Banish "begging" from family finance

BEFORE I was married many friends assured me I would find it galling having to ask my husband for every sixpence I wanted and then to give an account of how I'd spent it.

It would be galling, but I have never experienced it. Why should I, or any other wife?

If marriage is a partnership, how can one be the "boss," the other the "beggar"?

Such an attitude is a relic of the bad old days.

Let the money be there to share and the couple trust each other. We have managed that way. Others can, too.

Mrs. David Biddlecomb, Kangaloon, N.S.W.

A personal business

THIS is really a problem of personalities. In other words, it depends on the parents, the bridegroom-to-be, and the circumstances.

There may be instances where a man would be quite right in making it clear he was not marrying his future wife's family.

P. Mavis, 10 City Rd., Sydney.

The friends your children bring in to play

I THINK, G. J. Bush (20/1/'40), discretion is necessary when choosing friends and therefore much better for children to consult their parents when asking them to their home. The majority of mothers and fathers like their children to make

The little visitor.

friends whom they can always keep, but at the same time want those friends to be the right type.

Mrs. L. Handley, 259 Wardell Rd., West Marrickville, N.S.W.

No open house

I DO not agree with G. J. Bush in regard to an open house for children. If the mother is busy several children scampering about the house would be a decided hindrance.

Small children are invariably noisy or curious and might desire to have the freedom of the house at awkward times in the future, if they had been well treated on previous visits.

Miss J. Owen, 234 Glenhuntly Rd., Elsternwick S4, Vic.

Matter of etiquette

IT is only etiquette that children should ask permission before they bring their casual friends into the home.

Kiddies should not have the same privileges as adults—until children are a sensible age their parents should choose suitable playmates, and encourage only those whose companionship will make and not mar the character of their child.

G. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

Uninvited guests

MY mother taught me, G. J. Bush, never to accept the invitations of a child, and I think it is a maxim worth handing down to our families.

Children often take playmates to their homes when mothers are too busy or not well enough to be bothered with the extra number of little ones.

Mrs. P. Bone, Kiata, via Nhill, Vic.

Inviting bedlam

I WONDER what would happen if every child was allowed to bring home whom she liked. Have you ever seen other people's children come into your house and poke into everything? I have.

Far better for each child to know she can go to her mother, without being afraid, and ask permission.

Mrs. H. W. Joseph, 2 Nelson St., Port Melbourne SC7, Vic.

Ask first

WHILE advocating the keeping of open house for the children's friends, I do think it is best for all concerned to gain permission first.

There may be times when the parents wish for a quiet evening or have arranged for their own visitors.

Mrs. Gwen Porter, 60 Hampstead Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

Make them welcome

I QUITE agree with G. J. Bush that young people should be able to bring their friends home and be sure of a welcome.

This applies to playmates also, for then a mother knows with whom her children are playing and will soon tell whether they are desirable companions or not.

Mrs. A. Holland, 80 Barton St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

PLEA FOR TREES

IF every householder would plant at least one tree, our suburbs would be very much more beautiful.

Would it not be a good scheme for local Councils to arrange to supply small trees, suitable for their particular district, at minimum cost?

Applications could be made by ratepayers for one or two, and the cost added to the quarterly account.

Councils could patronise local nurseries for their supplies, and the scheme would arouse interest and eventually beautify the district.

Mrs. J. Rennie, Dawn, Chapel St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

LEAP YEAR

HERE'S my Leap Year advice:

If you feel you like a man well enough to live happily with him, propose to him; it might result in a happy union.

But if you love a man so very much that you feel you cannot live without him, don't propose. The risk is much too great.

Offering marriage is one of the few things left to man alone, and till eternity he will prefer to propose for himself.

Bonnie McKenzie, 239 Gladstone Rd., Dutton Park, South Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

BETTER GARBAGE

IN this modern age when cleanliness is so much appreciated, why are filthy garbage tins containing rubbish of all kinds displayed at our gates in readiness for the garbage man?

Housewives should be compelled to wrap every bit of rubbish in clean paper and to disinfect tins.

T. O'Neill, P.O., Gulgong, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

COTTON HOARDERS

AT present it is hard to obtain cotton in our city.

I think what makes us really short of cotton is that everyone gets frightened and rushes in and buys a dozen reels or more at once.

If everyone just got the cotton they needed now, cotton would not be so hard to obtain.

Miss I. O'Brien, Plainland Rd., Laidley, Qld.

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The most enticing salad dressings are made with the sparkling flavour of this fine old Vinegar. You can always rely on Cornwell's Pure Malt Vinegar.

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Sharp Turn Ahead

THE sight of such submissive adoration sickened Breck. As for Sue, she appeared to have forgotten everything—she was serene to the point of exasperation. She folled Breck's perfunctory nod with a faintly puzzled smile as though the face were vaguely familiar and not too exciting. She smiled and spoke about grouse shooting in Scotland.

"Grouse shooting," Breck muttered as they sat down to the table. "The coward!"

Over the sherbet Nick buttonholed Peter. "I've got something in the den I want you to see, Mr. Fraser. I have some butterflies. I can tell you're crazy about butterflies."

"I'm not, really," Peter said miserably with one eye on Sue. "I don't know anything about them, in fact."

"Then I must tell you about them," Nick said eagerly. "Come, we'll have our coffee in the den."

So Peter was dragged off and they were alone. Breck picked up an almond and scrutinised it studiously. She plucked a grape and bit it neatly in two.

"These are our own Connecticut grapes. Won't you try one, Mr. Breckenridge?"

"No thank you, I almost never eat grapes." He tossed his almond into his mouth and ground away at it. He cleared his throat. "Listen, Sue . . . Miss Pedlar . . ."

"An apple, Mr. Breckenridge? They're grown right here in Connecticut, too. Do try one."

"I almost never eat Connecticut apples. There's something . . ."

"A plum, Mr. Breckenridge?"

"No! Nor a Connecticut banana nor a Connecticut grapefruit. Won't you please stop taking inventory of that fruit bowl? If you insist on protecting yourself with antiseptic conversation, won't you, at least, take me out and show me Nick's flowers?"

The night was crisp-clear. A November moon bulged over the hulking stable. They walked slowly out along the vine-choked walk. She walked erect with a clear harmony of movement, a coat caped carelessly over her shoulders. Breck bit hard on his pipe. Her cool imperturbable composure was getting under his skin, knotting the muscles at his shoulders.

She stopped by a poplar tree and faced him. "Those," she said, "are the petunias, but as you see they're quite dead."

"Fine. Then that eliminates the petunias," Breck said quietly. "Now listen, Sue, about last night . . ."

"Those," Sue continued resolutely, "are the dahlias. They'll be gone in a few days."

"Maybe it was my fault," Breck heard himself saying. "Naturally, I was a little sore to-day when you suggested that I would marry a girl for her father. I was going to ignore you all evening but I've . . . well, I've decided it's rather silly to devote a whole evening to ignoring you."

"Of course," Sue continued, "you can't expect to see violets this time of year. Or do you?" She came around sharply and there was danger in her eyes. "Or do you expect—everything?"

Breck was gripping her shoulders. "Will you listen!"

"I won't listen. You may devote a whole month to ignoring me if you wish, but please don't try to convince me that you're doing me a great injustice. And if you've decided to make up for lost time and amuse yourself for the rest of the evening I'll leave now!"

Breck did something he wanted to do all evening. His fingers dug into her shoulders and he shook her. "Listen, I tell you!"

But she didn't listen. So he kissed her. He was kissing her, that was all he knew, kissing her and feeling the unconquerable vigor of her body as she wormed in his grasp. Then abruptly he let her go.

"I'm sorry," Breck said. "I don't suppose you'll believe me when I tell you I didn't ask you here to kiss you, Sue."

She didn't answer for a moment. She stood with a withering fire in her eyes. "I hate you!" she said. "I never knew I could hate anyone so completely." She turned off and hurried towards the house.

"Well, that's settled," Breck muttered grimly and went up the back stairs to bed. But Breck didn't sleep at all like the village blacksmith. He tossed and pummelled his pillow. He kicked off his blankets. He awoke at six with a headache and a snivelling cold and went down to breakfast alone. Charlie, Nick's China boy, proud of his genius for anticipating the wishes of guests, emerged from the kitchen with a stack of hot cakes.

Breck absently shook his head. "No thanks, Charlie."

Charlie was hurt. "Velly good hot cakes."

"No wantee," Breck insisted. "But thanks just the same, Charlie."

Charlie considered a moment. The grin came back. "Mista Breck got heachy-peachy girl, maybe?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no, Charlie. Or maybe I've just been kicked on the head by a horse." Breck met Charlie's shoe-button eyes. "Charlie, how do you feel when you're in love?"

"Some time velly good," Charlie said. "Some time velly bad."

"I feel consistently very bad, Charlie. So it must be the horse."

Breck was tossing his bag into the car when Nick appeared on the porch, his face as red and wretched as a new-born babe's. "So, you're running off, Breck?" he said reproachfully.

"You bet your life. Next time I want a rest, I'll pitch a tent on Times Square."

Nick sat down on the steps. He looked at his shoes, rubbing his shiny pate. "Sweet Sue, she'd been crying when she came in last night. Sue's not the kind of girl to cry about nothing. Maybe

Continued from Page 20

you ought to sort of say good-bye to Sue, Breck."

Breck climbed in behind the wheel. "She doesn't want to see me. She called me a rat, or words to that effect. You can tell by looking at me that I'm not a rat."

"Then you're going to marry that gad-about girl and become Governor, Breck. And Sue, she'll marry that fellow Peter and move to Chicago. Nobody ever thinks about me."

"I think," Breck said, "that I'll marry her this week and lift a weight from your mind. If you're going to do anything about it, you'll have to work fast." Breck jammed his foot on the starter.

"I'll have to work fast," Nick echoed absently. He got up and shuffled into the house.

That, Breck decided as he sent his car burning down the highway, was just the thing to do. Marrying Barbara, at once, would clear the air, bring back some semblance of order to his mind.

So, the matter being settled for the third and last time, Breck arrived definitely at his office. He called sharply to his secretary to bring him his mail and spent the rest of the morning drawing circles and triangles on his blotter. At three o'clock he cracked his pencil down on his desk and reached for the phone.

Barbara's voice came lazily a moment later. Breck said: "Listen, Barbara, there's something important. How about tea?"

There was a pause. There was a cool edge to Barbara's voice when she spoke. "I wondered how soon you'd call, Breck. I'm glad you have the decency to consider it important."

Breck blinked. "What the dickens are you driving at? I . . ."

"I know you've just finished reading Nat Dooley's Keyhole Column and you want me to know there's not a word of truth in it. If Nat Dooley wonders about the week-ends in Conecticut, with the little girl known as Sue, you'll pardon me for being just a little curious."

"Why, that dirty . . ."

"You haven't read it, Breck? Well, then you might as well know the rest before a kind friend tells you. Here let me read the rest of it—'We've also been wondering why we've seen Barbara Faulkner at various Broadway hot spots with Fred Bretten, the wise lad of Wall Street. Now, it seems to make sense. We think that maybe Breck and Barbara have decided to shop around a little before the fatal dive'."

Breck's face was white. "You never told me about that guy Bretten."

"You knew perfectly well that if you went off week-ends, I'd go out with someone else. I've made no pretence about that. If you even gave me the satisfaction of being jealous, I might have made more of a point of telling you. You seem to think that asking a girl to marry you concludes your responsibility. You seem to think you can put her away in moth balls until you happen to need her again. But don't avoid the issue, Breck. Are you interested in Sue Pedlar?"

"Listen here, Barbara," Breck cut in desperately. "Before you go any farther, let me tell you something. I called you up to ask you to marry me—right away—at once!"

"Very considerate of you, I'm sure, Breck. You'd like to get the annoying thing off your mind. Well, you'll be relieved to hear that I have decided to do a little shopping first."

The receiver cracked. Breck sat there looking stupidly at the receiver in his hand. Relieved? Mechanically, he laid the receiver back on the cradle.

The phone was ringing again, imperiously. The moment he heard Nick's mournful voice, the truth got him between the eyes.

"Have I read the paper!" Breck bellowed. "Now you old blundering meddler, tell me you had nothing to do with it. If you were twenty years younger, I'd shove it down your throat and you'd eat every word of it!"

"If only I were twenty years younger," Nick said wistfully, "I wouldn't be letting a fellow like that Peter get away with the best little girl that ever lived. She's going to do it, Breck. I suppose she read the paper and thought she'd settle the whole thing once and for all. She and Peter are driving over to Bridgeton for the six-ten train."

BRECK'S mouth sagged. "You're crazy!" he snapped. "She's not in love with that chump. And she's not the kind of a girl who would throw herself away for a mess of dirty money."

"That's what I thought, Breck. But I guess I'm just old-fashioned." A long sigh came over the wires. "Well, I guess no one cares for a sentimental fool like me."

"I'm not going to let her do it!" Breck said. "She's a little fool, that's what she is—a darned little fool."

. . . . .

It was five-fifty-eight by the village clock as Breck whirled through the town of Winston. Twelve more miles! Twelve more minutes! He picked up the concrete highway and went boring on into the dusk.

JUST twelve minutes later, the car swerved on to the cobblestone plaza facing the Bridgeton station. The train was standing there, panting. There was a salvo of impatient puffs. There was a jarring crash of buckling, a hiss of steam; slowly the train crawled out of the station.

Breck's wild eyes were on the departing train as he shot into the parking yard. He knew that the rear end of his car had collided with something. He heard the crash and felt the jar, but he didn't care. He didn't even bother to look. He just sat there.

Then he looked up and his heart lurched crazily.

"Sue!"

Sue turned sharply from her scrutiny of her dented fender.

Breck climbed out. He stopped and looked at her.

"Oh," Sue said. She sat down on the running-board of her car and considered her shoes. "I suppose Nick told you what a fool I made of myself. I was just hurt, I guess. If you've come to soothe my silly pride—forget it! I probably encouraged you."

Breck sat down on his running-board across from her. "I'm glad you didn't go through with it, Sue. I'm just beginning to figure out why I'm glad."

"Through with it?"

"Yes. Running off like this. That would have been foolish, Sue."

"But I meant about last night. After I went in from the garden, I cried like a ninny who's never been kissed by a predatory male before."

"But—" Breck leaned forward—"I mean about now. Say, what are you doing here?"

"Why, I just brought Peter to the train. He sold his car after our smash. He's going home by train, didn't Nick tell you?"

"Nick," Breck said slowly, "hasn't told the truth for forty years. Nick! Well, I'll be darned. I'll bet you didn't even see the paper to-day." Breck picked up a piece of gravel, tossed it and caught it. "Look at it to-morrow, Sue. You'll probably read about this guy Breckenridge who just got disengaged for putting his girl in moth balls. Girls are saying the nastiest things about me these days, Sue."

She might have smiled a little, Breck wasn't quite sure. "I hope the other girl was right, Breck," Sue said. "But those things I said about you—well, I might have been exaggerating just a little."

"Now," Breck said, "I know for sure why I came. I'm crazy about you, Sue."

Sue rose. She looked at her battered fender. She looked down at Breck. "Are you, Breck? When a man doesn't know why he's kissing a girl himself, even the brightest girl can't always be sure." Sue was smiling. "Come on, Breck, wouldn't you like to give a little girl a lift to the nearest garage?"

"Anywhere, Sue, anywhere. Anywhere but Nick's. That old scallywag is probably expecting us."

(Copyright)

The answer is—

1. Three million.
2. One single spice (which combines the flavor of several spices).
3. Mary Arden.
4. Finland.
5. In flowers.
6. Dried kernels of coconuts.
7. Jean Webster.
8. Paderewski.
9. Mesdames.
10. Tangerine.

Questions on Page 20

An awful thing to happen to any woman! Perhaps the worst of all! Just starting to live, yet showing signs of old age! Hopes, ambition, everything seems crushed by the ever present thought of grey hair!

It is awful . . . but a very common thing in modern times when the hair is subjected to the effects of artificial waving and curling as well as outdoor life. The result is a dry scalp with its inevitable effect on the glands provided by nature to lubricate the hair and preserve its colour.

How to avoid this condition and its disastrous consequences? It is very simple . . . by massaging the scalp regularly with Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stimulate the action of the roots, and by being careful to use it every time you curl your hair.

This is how a sensible woman protects and improves the beauty of her hair.

Be sensible too . . A little care today will save you many a heartache to-morrow.

Do not wait for tomorrow! Start today using

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
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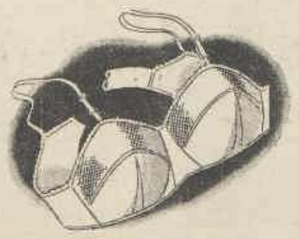

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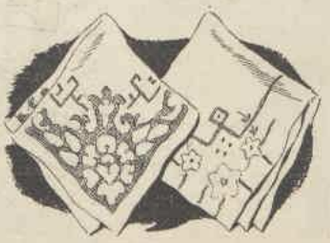
Brassieres, Ground Floor.



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Us. 3/11, 3/6, hand-drawn linen hankies, embroidered, now each **1/11**

Hankies, Ground Floor.

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Us. 35/-, Bedggood brown calf oxford, real welted soles, halfs 2 to 7. Only 96 pairs! To clear at the price per pair of only **27/9**

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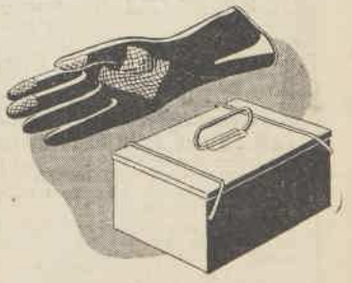
Us. 35/-, assorted Whybrow styles, sizes 3½-4-4½ only. 52 pairs just reduced to 25/-. Also us. 29/6, 46 pairs now to go for only **20/-**

Footwear, Third Floor. Early 'phone and mail orders only for two top illustrations.



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Betty's "racey" narratives

I'm getting in bright and early with my ideas about Easter racing

By BETTY GEE

We race at Randwick next Saturday and after that I proceed to Melbourne for autumn racing, funds, of course, permitting.

My dears, hasn't autumn overtaken us early? I wonder if the calendar can err. Easter Monday comes on March 25. Will leaves begin to fall so early, or is the compiler of the calendar a month ahead of himself this year?

WELL, whether he is or not, the race clubs have taken the dates and figures for granted, and arranged their autumn meetings a month earlier than usual.

And trainers everywhere are grumbling and bustling their horses along at a faster and faster gait in their track exercises to have them ready for this too-early Easter racing campaign.

This aspect of a trainer's planning is a funny business, having to look so far ahead, from the mud-fat stage when a horse comes in from a lush grass spelling-paddock to begin a monotonous preparation for rich racing prizes.

The trainer motors up to the farm where the poor old horse is comfortably resting, kicks him up on to his feet and looks him over, and then tells him the ill news.

"Yes, old fellow," he says. "Easter Monday falls on March 25 instead of April 25 this year, so you have to start work a month earlier or you won't be ready for the Sydney Cup run on that day."

"But can't I have another fortnight's rest?" the poor old horse asks.

"No," says the trainer, very adamantine. "That Cup's worth £7000 this year, and if you're not thoroughly conditioned for it I'll get the blame. I can take no risks."

And the upshot of it all is a float draws up at the farm gate next morning, the horse steps in. And back he goes to the daily grind.

Cup horses in work

GREAT Cup horses are already well advanced in their training: last year's Sydney Cup winner, Mosaic, Feminist, Pantler, Fearless, Cooranga, Reading, and an English gentleman called Merry Matthew now being trained by Jack King for Sir Hugh Denison at Randwick.

Yes, the sprinters are almost cherry-ripe, because the Oakleigh Plate is run on Saturday, February 17, the Futurity a week later, then the Newmarket on March 2, The Australian Cup is on March 9, and back to Sydney then for the Doncaster Handicap on March 23, and the Sydney Cup on March 25.

The bookmakers have already brought out their double charts for the Doncaster and Cup.

Ajax is in both. Weights aren't yet out, but I'm one of those who subscribe to the idea that Ajax could win the Doncaster if the handicapper gave him 10.5. You might call that hero worship of the silliest kind. But I'd like to see Mr. A. W. Thompson and Mr. "Constable" run him just so that I could prove my opinion to be right.

But first of all Ajax contests the Orr Stakes at Williamstown on February 10; that's this Saturday. Then he will race for the Futurity Stakes at Caulfield on February 24. Already he has won the last two Futurity races with 9.6 and 10.6, and what's going to stop him winning his third nobody knows.

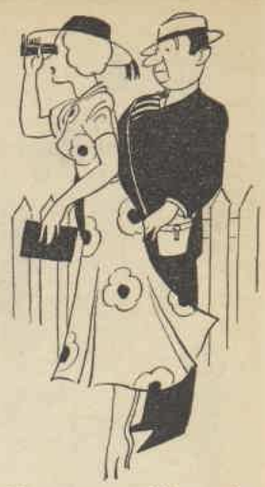
The Orr Stakes is his first race since September. Special conditions provide that he can't get more than 9.5, so this looks like being a gift for him, even though Reading and High Caste may oppose him.

If old Ajax strikes his best form a grand prospect awaits him. Even if they are hand-picked, six prizes aggregating over £6000 await his pleasure.

What a luxury you and I would find it, my dears, to wake up one fine autumn morning and say to ourselves, "Well, our horse will earn another £6000 for us in the next six weeks." Couldn't you plan a marvellous wardrobe?

But I don't suppose Ajax's owners get such a thrill out of it as you and I. They're too rich.

Ajax has already won 29 races worth £32,500.



Easter races will see the champions in action again—and Ajax going on his winning way.

With form recovered he is almost certain to bring his figures to 35 wins and £38,400 in aggregate prize-money.

And when he contests the All-Aged Plate (March 27) or the Cropper Plate (March 30) at the Randwick Easter carnival it may be the last time we shall see him sporting a merry heel on the Turf, because after that I believe he retires to the paddocks, to became the father of a large family of Turf champions.

Won't we miss him?

But owners of High Caste, Reading, and other cracks will draw sighs of relief because they come into full possession of the w.f.a. field only when Ajax moves off.

Waireka did not disappoint me because she misfired in the Challenge at Randwick.

They can't win if they get knocked down at the start, and that's what happened to her.

I am going to watch her for the Oakleigh Plate, because I still believe she is the swiftest thing on four legs.

This Saturday the Oakleigh Plate and Newmarket weights will be out and perhaps she'll prove my words by winning the Glenfield Handicap at Randwick. Anyhow I'm going to have my mite on her.

Randwick hopes

YES, we race again at Randwick this Saturday, and I'm hopeful I shall get something toward expenses for Melbourne.

There is Cleveland, for instance, for the Maiden, a promising young horse who might go on to good wins in better company.

If there are divisions, I'm having something on Enchant. A good smart young lady this, and well worth following.

I think we can have a little on Marengo for the February Handicap. He's just beginning to pick up form after having suffered from a sore foot or something.

I've had a whisper from our Florist Girl, who had it from the sweetheart of a stable-lad out Moorefield way, that Dashing Cavalier is ready to snoop the Minto Handicap.

The Head Waiter says to have a little on Sid Denis each way for the Ingleburn Nursery, because he'll be a long-shot.

Sour Stomach

★ End this distressing complaint quickly. COLOSEPTIC does so because it is a product of modern research designed for a double activity. COLOSEPTIC cleanses your colon of poisons and feeds essential minerals to the bloodstream. The digestive tract is strengthened, enabling it to digest food thoroughly. COLOSEPTIC. 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***

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The Movie World

February 10, 1940 — The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement — First Page

HELEN GILBERT . . . fresh as springtime itself

• A charming study of Helen Gilbert, who made her debut in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever."

BIG SUCCESS FOR ANDY HARDY'S CHARMING BLONDE SWEETHEART WITH THOSE DREAMY HAZEL EYES

WHEN news went round that Andy Hardy had got spring fever, film audiences in dozens of countries were tip-toe to know exactly how it had affected the impressionable youngster.

Of course, everyone knew where a young man's fancy lightly turns in springtime . . .

Then the film arrived and we saw the charming girl who had captured the heart of Andy.

And spring fever swept through the audiences, too. No matter what the climatic conditions in towns where the film was showing, spring was in the air as the film appeared on the screen.

It was all due to the fragile beauty of Helen Gilbert. Everyone was enchanted with her. Who could blame Andy Hardy for neglecting the frolicksome girls of his own age to gaze with adoration at the pretty schoolteacher? For who wouldn't have done the same, given the opportunity!

She's a delightful young person, this Helen.

Live in memory

IT seems to me that the film in which she made her debut will live long in people's memories, and her name associated with it. Will she be known as "the girl whom Andy Hardy fell in love with"?

It wouldn't surprise me.

For it seems that there was something about this picture that made Helen Gilbert ideal for the part.

To begin with, she's rather like the spring herself. Fresh as a flower, with softly waving gold hair and fairest complexion.

Candid hazel eyes set far apart look out on the world with a child-like wonder. There are dreams lurking in the shadows of her shining eyes.

And her soft, full lips, that are sweet and appealing, are ready to curve into sunny smiles at the slightest provocation.

Small wonder that Andy Hardy is not the only one who has fallen in love at first sight with the delicate beauty of Helen Gilbert.

Rumors circulating here say that Helen is the reason why Lew Ayres, who has long been separated from his wife, Ginger Rogers, is now having a divorce finalised.

In her very first picture Helen proved herself to be an actress of

From JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

personality and ability. Yet acting is only one of the strings to her bow . . . and this phrase is particularly applicable in this instance, for she is an accomplished musician.

She studied music under private tutors when very young, and made her debut as a pianist at the age of six. She came of a musical family, her father, Vaughn Gilbert, being a wealthy music publisher.

She studied the cello, and at the age of twelve was awarded a scholarship at the Curtis Institute of Philadelphia, where she studied under the famous English master, Felix Salmon.

In recent years she has appeared frequently as a concert cellist, and on the radio. She has played in concerts with leading symphony orchestras in the famous musical centres of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and at the Hollywood Bowl.

It was music that brought her to Hollywood. About two years ago she signed a contract as a member of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio symphony orchestra, and we have, all unaware, listened to the magic of her bow in the orchestral numbers of "Broadway Serenade," "Sweethearts," "The Great Waltz," "Girl of the Golden West," "Rosalie," and other famous MGM musicals.

Found in orchestra

IT was here that W. S. Van Dyke discovered her during the making of "Sweethearts." He was pleased with her tests, but Helen Gilbert was allowed to return to the orchestra.

But Van Dyke had not forgotten the lovely young musician. When preparations were started for "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," he unexpectedly signed her up to an acting contract, and gave her a starring role in her very first film.

The applause she won in her first picture led MGM to give her a featured feminine role in "The Secret of Dr. Kildare."

Her next important picture will be "Florian," in which she will play the role of a Grand Duchess of the fallen Hapsburg family.

Now the studio has decided to make a screen play around the romantic story of her life and her entry into films. Helen Gilbert herself will play the star role . . . of herself!

"DAMP-SET" This Hair Style

Hold it Perfect — *Natural* — without "Nets," *says Hollywood*

DO you favour this most attractive of modern hair styles . . . then you know that its whole success absolutely depends upon a *soft* — natural — look!

Every hair strand must be in place, yet it is fatal to have it look "stuck down" or stiff. It's a shame, too, to bunch it under a hair net! . . .

"Damp-set" it! . . . The secret of those perfect "long bobs" and always-neat "page boy" styles you see in the latest films, is *"damp-setting"!*

Yes—that's the answer—*"damp-set"* your hair with Velmol. It's the discovery of a famous beauty chemist, and works perfectly on any hair — of any texture—takes but 4 minutes! Gives hair new silky sparkle.

So simple! Run a wet comb through your hair. Then brush a little Velmol through . . . and then, with fingers and comb, just arrange your hair exactly the way it looks most lovely.

"Damp-set" your hair with Velmol this easy way — and it stays perfect all day, and all evening. Get a 2/- bottle of VELMOL to-day — from your Chemist or Store.

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Lovely to look at and More delightful to know.

LORETTA YOUNG is amazing

MAKES RECORD OF ELEVEN YEARS IN FIRST RANK FAME

From Christine Webb in Hollywood

THIS week I watched Loretta Young doing the tango with Cesar Romero at the Beverley-Wilshire.

Crowds of other beautiful women, from Hollywood studios and Californian society, were present on the dance-floor.

But Loretta, exquisite in a filmy black frock covered with silver butterflies, was the centre of attraction all night.

"Amazing!" exclaimed a veteran publicity man at our table. He has been working round the studios since 1914.

"That girl's been a star for 11 years; I remember the scrawny, frightened kid, all big eyes, who made 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh,' with Lon Chaney. She wasn't 15.

Perennial glamor

"YET here she is to-day"—he waved a hand toward Loretta, who was coming off the dance-floor laughing—"with more glamor, and more success, mark you, than any of 'em."

My publicity friend is right.

This year Loretta is lovelier than ever, and three times as confident.

At 26, she is one of the most sought-after actresses. Her decision last year to become a free-lance player—she had been under long and profitable contract to 20th Century-Fox—was regarded as sheer foolishness.

But Loretta, who then stated that she wished more variety, more freshness, in her screen work, has been more than justified.

This week it was announced that Loretta would be the star of "World Cruise," a film that promises to be a bigger and better "Grand Hotel."

The story deals with the happenings on a de luxe liner. Loretta is the cause of all its excitement. It is reported that Marlene Dietrich, Mae West and Joan Bennett, with such gentlemen as James Stewart, W. C. Fields, Doug Fairbanks will be in the cast.

But very few people round the studios will grudge Loretta this triumph. In a city of backbiting gossip and intrigue, she is genuinely and universally liked.

Lives with mother

HER gaiety enlivens her luxurious hilltop home, where she lives with her mother, her young sister Georgiana, and her adopted child, Judy.

Such a girl as Loretta seems destined for true romance—for the prestige of marriage, love, and children.

The history of her disastrous marriage—a schoolgirl of 17 she eloped with Grant Withers, a man many years her senior, totally opposed in tastes—is well known. Loretta was back with her family eight months later, and a divorce was arranged.

Ever since then, romantic rumors have trailed after Loretta—her beauty has fired the most eligible men of the business world as well as the screen. But—and there is a serious but—Loretta's beliefs do not countenance remarriage while her husband is still alive.

Glamorous and successful as she is, Loretta alone can decide this problem in her life.

● Hollywood tips this year as the most successful for Loretta Young, who, with eleven years of stardom behind her, has a new confidence in her film work, a new glamor in her beauty, and a new warmth of appeal to her public.

Old adage disproved by the stars

THEIR PERSONAL RETAINERS THEIR ADMIRING FANS

HOLLYWOOD has turned topsy-turvy the age-old adage that "no man is a hero to his valet." Legion are the secretaries, chauffeurs, housekeepers, gardeners, and other personal retainers who swear by their "bosses."

Many of these film associations are more on the basis of friendship than that of employer and employee. They call each other by their first names, share confidences and troubles, and often are inseparable pals.

One of the most celebrated cases is that of George Raft and his secretary-"bodyguard," Mack Gray.

They have been buddies as far back as anyone can remember. If Raft goes to New York on a vacation, Mack goes along. If Raft gets a new car, it's quite likely that before long Mack is sporting one, too.

Bing Crosby is called "my boy" by the gardener on his North Hollywood estate. The famous crooner listens while the gardener gives him advice on his screen career, his stables, and how to raise his family. The old man has been with the Crosby family since Bing was a little kid.

Cook from chorus

EVERYONE of the household staff of Joe E. Brown has been with him at least seven years. His assistant - secretary - assistant - cook - general-handyman, Douglas Keaton, was a chorus boy when the comedian starred on Broadway in "Twinkle, Twinkle," almost 15 years ago. They've been together ever since.

Also more friend than employee is Douglas Fairbanks jun.'s stand-in, Gordon Clark. They met socially in London several years ago. Though Clark keeps it quiet in this country, actually he's a member of the English nobility.

There are any number of friendships between a star and his stand-in. Tyrone Power's stand-in, Bill Gallagher, shared his tribulations as a struggling young stage actor. Then there's William Powell and "Doc" Dearborn, who are as great pals as Warner Baxter and Frank McGrath.

Legendary to Hollywood was the friendship of Jean Harlow and her make-up girl, Peggy MacDonald. There is a similar bond of deep affection between Hedy Lamarr and her wardrobe mistress.

Madeleine Carroll's villa on the French Riviera is supervised by grey-haired, stern visaged Jeanne Nevraumont. In her childhood Madeleine was tutored in foreign languages by Jeanne. Now, when the famous actress lives at her Riviera home, she finds herself once more under the imperious eye of her old teacher—and she loves it.

Many years ago, when Irene Dunne was just one of the singing chorus at the Old Amsterdam Theatre in New York, she used to drop little gifts in for the gruff, hard-bitten stage doorman, "Cappy" Erickson. Now "Cappy" has been her watchman for the last nine years, and he says Irene still brings him a tin of tobacco or some other small favor, just as she used to in the old days.

ENJOY THEIR OWN PICTURES

● Hollywood actors are not afraid of their own shadows. On the screen, at least. Many of them see *their own pictures about a dozen times . . . it may be* business with them, but they seem to enjoy it just the same.

BETTE DAVIS says she has scared herself several times with her own roles on the screen, particularly those in which she goes mad, as she does as the Empress Carlotta in "Juarez." But, though she frightens herself sometimes, she always manages to see each picture she makes several times.

When **ERROL FLYNN** was asked to answer a questionnaire selecting the ten best pictures of the year, he sheepishly declined to vote, explaining that the only pictures he had seen during those months were his own.

PAUL MUNI sees the rushes of his pictures over and over, seeking to improve each gesture, each inflection.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON worries less about his roles than Muni, but likes to see himself on the screen just as much.

Others who are honest enough to admit a great interest in their own pictures are **TYRONE POWER, CAROLE LOMBARD, ANN SHERIDAN** and **WAYNE MORRIS.** None of these has ever done as the groundhog reputedly does—which is to go back to bed for six weeks because he is afraid of his own shadow.

JAMES CAGNEY enjoys seeing his big fights on the screen—and there's fisticuff work in nearly every one of this actor's pictures.

RICHARD GREENE confesses that he's got used to seeing his own dimples on the screen, and **HUMPHREY BOGART** no longer winces over his bad-man haircuts, since he's seen them several times as one of the audience. They used to worry him terrifically before.

There are some exceptions, naturally. But most players are not such timid souls as ground-hogs are supposed to be. The bigger their shadows (in close-up) the better most of them like it.

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SO LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

TRACYS AND CAGNEYS KNOW THE FORMULA FOR REMAINING TOGETHER

By JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

● Mr. and Mrs. Lee Tracy are among Hollywood's happy young married couples.

WHO are the happiest married couples in Hollywood?

The general idea seems to be that all our handsome actors and lovely actresses spend their time getting married and divorced and married again at short intervals.

Yet the people of the film world are not altogether the frivolous creatures that we are apt to suppose.

Of the 474 prominent actors, directors, and film executives at present in Hollywood, 366 have been married only once and are now living with their mates.

Curiously enough, it seems that the best recipe for permanent happiness in the life of screen celebrities is when one of the partners remains in the background.

Of course there are some happy unions between well-known stars. Everyone knows of delightful Joan Blondell and her handsome husband, who are the ideal young couple. Both continue at the top of their profession, yet manage to combine this with a home-life that is the admiration of their fans.

IT looks as though the recent marriage of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard is going to be one of the lasting type, too, as they are both at the top of their form, and very pleased with the present state of things.

But marriages between two celebrities are not common among Hollywood people. The problems that face two public favorites are difficult, and, when they are actors, almost insurmountable, with the blaze of publicity that lights up their every word and movement.

Small wonder, then, that most stars look for their romances among less conspicuous folk, for it is in such marriages that we find the greatest number of happy people.

There's Lee Tracy, for example. The wife of this lean, vital actor is a most fascinating young person—but she keeps well in the background these days. She had prospects of becoming popular in films. But she threw whatever personal ambitions she may have had overboard when she met and married her popular husband. Now her plans are to help in his acting career.

CHARMING Annabella has not been engaged in any new film work since her spectacular marriage to Tyrone Power, and there is a speculation as to whether she intends to give up her brilliant career in favor of a domestic life.

The domestic lives of Hollywood's citizens would surprise those folk who imagine that leisure hours are spent in a round of short-lived romances in hectic night clubs.

There's Jimmy Cagney, for one. This energetic young red-headed hero, with the impetuous Irish blood in him, has been married for fifteen years. He's devoted to his wife and family.

And so, despite the wild tales we read of overnight romances of some players, the truth is that most stars are very happily married and have no intention of becoming divorced.

And surely this is more truly romantic? The Hollywood colony may be favored in face and fortune; but beneath the skin they're very human and lovable creatures. Their tastes are not so different from our own. Like you and me, they hope to find a marriage partner with whom they can "live happily ever after."

They look so alluring in the rain

BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THOSE DULL DAYS BY USING ACCESSORY TRICKS

From ORRY-KELLY Warner Bros. Hollywood Stylist

RAIN holds no terrors for feminine stars in Hollywood this year . . . they have so many lovely wet-weather outfits that are more chic than the best sunshine garb.

Priscilla Lane is an example of personality in the rain in three outfits that are interchangeable. Her deep blue oilskin cape matches her eyes; she has a waterproofed gabardine coat just the color of her golden hair; and her lips are the same color as a glowing red rubber coat with elbow-length cape lined in green and red. With all three her white, brown or blue accessories are smart.

Jean Arthur has always found umbrellas as tempting as the proverbial jar of molasses cookies, and she has a closet full that would put the most intense umbrella collector to shame. She's particularly fond of a black one—oh, not the stuffy-looking ones of yore, but a shiny, transparent stuff, with bright red handle and a knob that opens in compartments for loose change and cosmetics. This is the finest thing she's found yet, since it eliminates the necessity of bothering with a handbag when it's trouble enough to carry an umbrella.

A translucent oilskin coat lined with red makes a striking match. It has a hood with elasticised edge that keeps out the danger of raindrops ruining a new coiffure.

The pet of Brenda Marshall's wardrobe is an emergency raincoat that is practically a camouflage. In red-and-green block plaid, with a cape collar, Brenda can wear it on sunshiny days. If taken unawares, however, all she has to do is use the detachable collar as a bandanna to protect her hair.

Joan Crawford saw no good reason why clothes for such days should be reserved to capes, coats, hoods, shoes and umbrellas, so she took to wearing oilskin slacks, very neat and tailored, in blazer stripes, and a fitted jacket.

It seems that all the Hollywood lovelies have some unique piece for bad weather. Myrna Loy carries an inside-out bag of suede lined with rubberised taffeta. It saves an expensive suede from being spotted.

A white rubber trench coat is still the choice of Bette Davis, with matching goloshes and aviator's helmet, but since everything is going gay in the rain she carries a green-and-white dotted umbella and an envelope purse.

We saw Jane Wyman wearing, during the first rain of the season, a scarlet coat with black-and-scarlet plaid collar and belt and rubbers in a perfectly matching plaid.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4717605

1 **JOAN BENNETT,** "The Housekeeper's Daughter," has become innocently associated with a gang of crooks. In spite of their threats, Joan defies them, and says she is going home.

2 **AT HOME** where mother is housekeeper, Joan meets owner John Hubbard.

3 **FANCYING** himself as a crime reporter, Hubbard joins unwilling newspapermen William Gargan and Adolphe Menjou.

5 **THE** baffled sleuths cannot fathom Joan's connection with the crime.

4 **TELEPHONED** from a party, Hubbard's wild theories on the murder are proved true.

☆

6 **BUT** they solve the mystery in their own crazy way.

LOOK! GAY NEW DESIGNS IN KRAFT RE-USABLE

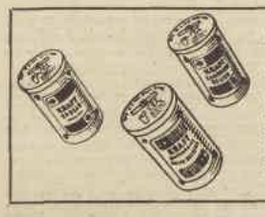
Swanky-Swig GLASSES

YOU SERVE FROM THEM

YOU CAN DRINK FROM THEM

♥♦♣♠ You know how delicious and convenient Kraft spreads are for sandwiches, savouries and salads—there's Kraft Cheese Spread, rich flavoured and golden — Kraft Sandwich Relish, deliciously zestful and different — mellow-mixed Kraft Mayonnaise to make the simplest salad taste exciting.

And now you get all three of these Kraft delicacies in brand new Swanky-Swig glasses, patterned with diamonds, hearts, spades or clubs. Start on your collection right away . . . the spreads are so tasty, the glasses are so smart. When empty you'll find dozens of household uses for them!



Kraft Cheese Spread and **Kraft Sandwich Relish** in 5 oz. Swanky-Swig glasses. **Kraft Mayonnaise** in 5 and 8 oz. Swanky-Swig glasses. Each glass has a pattern of red hearts or diamonds, black spades or clubs. And when empty, you can use them again and again. See them at your grocers now.

JOAN BENNETT proves her INDEPENDENCE

ELDER SISTER CONNIE HAS SHOWN A COLORFUL EXAMPLE

THAT stubborn independence for which the Bennett family is famous recently brought Joan into public opposition to producer Walter Wanger, her fiance at the time!

Wanger produced Joan's United Artists film, "The Housekeeper's Daughter," which is a mixture of mystery, romance, and plenty of comedy.

He then publicised the film throughout America with a publicity campaign in comedy vein.

But Miss Bennett did not like the campaign's saucy references to her role as "The Housekeeper's Daughter"—and so she sent off thousands of letters to women's clubs, begging them to boycott her picture!

The results of this astounding gesture were beautifully topsy-turvy.

Everyone rushed to enjoy the film—and Joan eloped to Phoenix, Arizona, to marry Walter Wanger!

But Joan had proved her independence—which is the breath of life to a Bennett.

Why marriage delayed

SHE and Wanger have been on the verge of marriage for a long time. Joan's independence is said to have been the cause of its being delayed. The star was accustomed to being in full and efficient control of her finances, her two small daughters, and her career.

But her new husband is a shrewd man. As Mrs. Walter Wanger, Joan still follows her happy system of turning down scripts she does not like, and accepting outside studio offers when she pleases.

The public really does not realise how determined and how ambitious is this youngest of the three beautiful Bennett sisters.

Joan's spirit was first shown at the age of 16, when she ran away from an exclusive finishing-school in Paris to marry a young American she had met on the boat.

After a divorce back in Los Angeles, Joan insisted on storming the studios on her own account. She would take no help from her sister Connie, who at that time was the most glamorous and popular star of the screen.

Then only 18, Joan battled through a fruitless search for work, until actor father Richard descended on Hollywood from New York.

Father Bennett was twice as determined as his two daughters. He bought a play for Joan and thrust her on the New York stage in "Jarnegan"—on the agreement that, if she failed, he was to let her go back to her courageous independence.

Joan didn't fail—"Jarnegan" led to her film debut in "Bulldog Drummond," with Ronald Colman.

The first money she made went in repaying father for the expense he had incurred!

Elder sister Connie has set Joan an example of fiery independence throughout her life—beginning with their school days.

Joan has for years watched Connie getting away beautifully with flouting all the star traditions.

Connie, throughout her numerous marriages, her rise to stardom—and her decline—has refused to placate public opinion. When Connie does not want to see the Press—she doesn't; and she doesn't worry over having the headlines filled with reports of her bad temper, her "snootiness," and her general disinclination to be "agreeable."

Connie prefers travel

A LOT of people pity Connie for her screen eclipse. The eldest Miss Bennett detests being pitied. In actual fact she is an extremely wealthy woman who works only when she feels like it. She has turned down several lucrative film offers in the last year because she prefers travel and a gay time.

The Bennett sisters are alike in more than their independence too—they are both very witty, highly intelligent, and, what may surprise you, strongly devoted to one another. To Connie, Joan is still the "little sister" whom she guided through the pitfalls of their first boarding-school.

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SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

LAST week-end masked bandits in Chicago held up Constance Bennett and Anita Louise and robbed them of over £12,000 worth of jewellery.

Most valuable piece stolen was Constance's £4500 diamond-and-sapphire bracelet.

The stars were returning from a charity ball accompanied by Richard Ainley, who is Miss Bennett's leading man in the stage play, "Easy Virtue."

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IN "The Women," Joan Crawford's wardrobe was valued at three thousand pounds, and in one scene she wore a chinchilla wrap worth an additional five thousand.

In "Strange Cargo" the total expenditure on the Crawford wardrobe will be less than £4. Her complete outfit consists of a cheap cotton print dress, a red straw hat, red satin shoes, a cotton parasol, stockings and underwear.

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IRENE DUNNE'S next picture is "The First Woman Doctor." It is based on the life of Elizabeth Blackwell, who came to America from England in 1832, fought her way into a medical college, and then started the first hospital completely staffed by women.

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ORSON WELLES' film, "Heart of Darkness," may mean the birth of a number of new screen stars.

Instead of established Hollywood players Welles will cast the picture with talented young actors from his Mercury Theatre. They're pouring into Hollywood now for screen tests.

. . . but MAN has no AUTOMATIC power of recovery

Once the strength-building forces within you become weakened, things very quickly get you down. Let Bovril build up those precious reserves that are the surest defence against illness. Bovril enables you to get more nourishment from all your food and forms a really strong foundation. *This is the secret of keeping thoroughly fit.*

EVERY BODY NEEDS THE STRENGTH OF

BOVRIL

Matinees at 2.15 — **NEW TIVOLI** — Evenings at 8

WILL MAHONEY DOES THE "HAT TRICK"

in this appropriately titled musical revue and the FUNNIEST SHOW. This "IMP ETERNAL" has offered in his two previous RECORD SEASONS at the TIVOLI. He will have with him EVIE HAYES—"The Velvet Voice of the Air"—SCOTT SANDERS—the quaint Scottish Humorist—BENNY CHAVEZ—The Mystic Man from Mexico. JOHNNY HYMEN, N.Y. Topical Tit Bits. PAUL SPEAR, The Sensational Twisting Twister and a new Cavalcade of International Stars.

PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

★★ WE ARE NOT ALONE

Paul Muni, Jane Bryan. (Warners.)

PAUL MUNI brings to the screen James Hilton's quiet, moving, and yet curiously purposeless tragedy of a small English provincial town.

You won't get any fireworks from Muni. He stays steadfastly inside the character of the little doctor who befriends an Austrian dancer, takes her into his home to look after his child—and then finds himself and her on trial for their lives.

Jane Bryan, as the Austrian dancer, plain, shy, and childlike in her brief happiness, does a most beautiful job.

The pair are accused of murder, when Muni's wife, Flora Robson, dies from poison. This neurotic and nagging woman is excellently played by Flora Robson—and the small, highly-strung son is a poignant child, one Raymond Severn.

Again, you won't get any passionate love-story nor any black villains. Flora Robson excites pity. The doctor and the dancer are idealistic innocents.

The small-town gossip which brings about the tragedy is oddly under-emphasised; the mistake which causes three deaths seems harshly unnecessary. It is as if James Hilton set out to be deliberately harrowing—he has certainly succeeded.—Century; showing.

★★ THREE WALTZES

Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay. (French production.)

THIS French musical, light, gay, and charming, swings between three generations—and three moods.

It tells the love-story of an actress and a marquis in the Paris of 1867. Here are romance, tenderness—and heartbreak.

Then her daughter and his son meet in the saucy Paris of 1900. Here are frivolity, ambition, and parting.

To her granddaughter—a famous film star—and his grandson—an insurance agent!—comes a love story of a different kind, with high comedy—and a happy ending.

The film is exquisitely deft in its blending of song and speech, of melody and mockery. Renowned French actress Yvonne Printemps and actor Pierre Fresnay handle the triple roles. Yvonne is fascinating, both in her comedy, her song, and her variations in the three personalities.

Oscar Strauss wrote the lilting music of the original operetta from which the film is taken. — Savoy; showing.

★★ HONEYMOON IN BALI

Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray. (Paramount.)

HERE'S a racy and appealing romance, lit with laughs, and played by vivid personalities.

Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll take the lead—and you'll think of them in that order. Fred gives a really satisfying performance as a masterful young man from Bali with old-fashioned ideas on marriage. He puts the case for love, but leaves his lady to make her choice.

Madeleine Carroll, brilliantly gowned, spectacularly behatted, is a little too mannered in the role of the girl who loves but who does want to keep on with her glittering career after she marries.

Romance for this pair begins in New York, continues in Nassau, and takes them to Bali. But the climax comes in New York.

En romance route they team up with a cute four-year-old, Carolyn Lee, who provides much of the comedy.

There is dangerous feminine competition for Madeleine—from Osa Massen, Danish newcomer to the screen, who violently pursues Fred right through the picture. Against Madeleine's maturing charm, Osa seems all the more girlishly attractive.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ BEWARE SPOOKS

Joe E. Brown, Mary Carlisle (Columbia.)

JUST another slapstick comedy for Joe E. Brown, cast as a newly-wed policeman, pursuing a bank robber and a murderer on his wedding day.

He is a shy bridegroom—sheer disaster as a "cop." He makes incredible blunders, but finally wins his sergeant's badge from a soothed police inspector.

He trails a bank robber into the "Spook House" of a Fun Fair, finds a dead body, locates a murderer-gangster whom he let slip earlier in the day. Then the murderer and Joe have half an hour together in the "Spook House," chasing each other with knives.

Mary Carlisle is the little bride, who sheds tears but remains good-tempered.—Capitol; showing.

★ ON THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE

Ralph Richardson, Diana Wynyard. (Gaumont-British.)

GRUESOME, but absorbing, drama of a man who murders on an impulse and meets the inevitable consequences of his crime.

Most of the time during the film's screening you will sit on the edge of your seat with your heart in your mouth—waiting for what you know must happen. Only occasionally does the film lag.

Ralph Richardson, the barber—a cut above his customers—in a sordid London street, near the dockyards, steals £100—then strangles the Scrooge-like shopkeeper, who blackmails him.

He is an amateur in crime. His actions are unpremeditated, and all the police have to do is to wear his resistance to confession down.

This is a study in crime and punishment, sympathetically but unemotionally handled by Richardson and Diana Wynyard as his wife. Richardson is human and believable. Miss Wynyard speaks with a Cockney accent, draws her hair back, and still manages to look the perfect lady.—Victory; showing.

★ THE OUTSIDER

Mary Maguire, George Sanders. (Universal.)

THIS is a charming and moving romantic drama, built round the efforts of a "quack" to cure a girl, pronounced a hopeless cripple by her father and other eminent surgeons.

Australian Mary Maguire, looking wistful and lovely in a series of negligees and house coats, plays the crippled girl.

Against her father's wishes she goes to live in the home of this "quack" Ragatzy (George Sanders). She suffers twelve months' painful treatment on the Ragatzy Rack for love of Peter Murray Hill, her disinterested fiance.

The picturesque character of Ragatzy, charming braggart, and publicity hunter, adds interest to this slight story.

Sanders plays the role with an attractive accent and clever restraint. And he makes a delightful lover.—Lyceum; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **The Wizard of Oz.** Judy Garland, Frank Morgan in dazzling musical fantasy in technicolor. Liberty, 11th week.

★★★ **Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.** James Stewart, Jean Arthur, grand in brilliant comedy drama of American politics. State, 3rd week.

★★★ **Ninotchka.** Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas in sparkling modern comedy. St. James, 2nd week.

★★ **Eternally Yours.** Loretta Young, David Niven in gay comedy-romance. Plaza, 3rd week.

★★ **Hollywood Cavalcade.** Alice Faye, Don Ameche in fascinating drama of the movie industry. Regent, 2nd week.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

THEATRE ROYAL
J. C. Williamson's Theatres Present
COL. W. DE BASIL'S
BALLET
From Covent Garden.
Nightly at 8. Mat. Wed & Sat. 2.
Plans Paling's and Theatre. Day Sales, Hiller's (next Theatre).

IT'S SLEEK.. IT'S CHARMING..

IT'S **Polished Loveliness**

What a delight to see your hair gleaming with the new fashionable sheen, neat, smooth as silk. You can always get rid of the dull, dry after-effects of a 'perm' with Amami Brilliantine. Remember, too, that Amami Brilliantine restores natural colour. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Amami Products, please write to:

Geo. Ripley & Co., Pty., Ltd., Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.

AMAMI Brilliantine

"Why I use New VEET to remove hair"

★ *New 'Veet'* ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

★ *New 'Veet'* leaves the skin soft and velvety-smooth, without a trace of ugly bristly stubble like the razor leaves.

★ *New 'Veet'* is a dainty, white cream, sweetly-scented, clean and delightfully pleasant to use.

★ *New 'Veet' weakens growth*—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow back faster and coarser. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

KIDNEYS CAUSE OF MANY BACKACHES

Flush Out 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes

It is surprising how quickly many sufferers relieve nagging backache since they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be clogged kidneys.

Medical authorities agree that your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which strain the waste and acids from the blood. A healthy person should pass 3 pints a day and get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If your kidneys don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous, causing nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. It may lay you up for many months.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS . . . used successfully the world over by millions of people suffering with backache and other kidney disorders. They give quick relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

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FLIES Carry Disease

This baby must be PROTECTED so we're back to FLY-TOX

Fly infection is too serious to take a gamble on—babies are too precious for that! So we're back to Fly-Tox. Cheap, inferior sprays are not economical—they don't kill — we've tried them. Fly-Tox is a proved spray—it KILLS all insects, and so keeps the home free from dreadad fly infection. For your own protection get—

Back to.. FLY-TOX IT KILLS all INSECTS

S3.39.

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid is guaranteed to banish any form of Pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaculoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.***

Women Also Serve

Girls prove transport skill

MISS WENDY NEWTON, who topped transport examinations in Sydney.

MISS NANCY GILBERT (left) and Miss Barbara Forward, of South Australia.

AUSTRALIA is building up a most efficient army of trained women for transport services. Here are individual achievements that point to the high standard being attained.

MISS WENDY NEWTON, of Bondi, obtained 100 per cent. in the examination in motor mechanics conducted by the N.R.M.A. in Sydney in association with the National Emergency Services.

There were 418 candidates in this examination, all of whom had taken the N.R.M.A. lectures to equip themselves to do wartime transport work.

Miss Newton, who topped the list of results, is a Queensland girl and a Bachelor of Arts from Sydney University. She is twenty-six.

"I hope that my 100 per cent. will help me if there are any women chosen to go abroad as ambulance or truck drivers," said Miss Newton. "I am terribly keen to go overseas to serve."

Miss Newton was in England for the Coronation and did a lot of touring in her small car.

"Then I had to sit helplessly on the road and wait for a kindly driver if anything went wrong," she admitted, "but that's all changed now."

The examiners were amazed at the high standard of the candidates' papers. Miss Doris Lucy Wallent, of Waverton, was awarded 99 per cent., and several obtained between 80 and 90 per cent.

Barely 6 per cent. failed, although the examination followed a course of only 12 two-hour lectures.

MISS NANCY GILBERT and Miss Barbara Forward, South Australian Red Cross Transport drivers, can change a car wheel in the remarkably fast time of 7 minutes.

They recently won certificates for this in a Red Cross competition.

In the 7 minutes they jacked the car, took the wheel off, bowled it 40 yards, put it on again, and let the jack down. The wheel was tested by a mechanic and pronounced absolutely correct.

Miss Gilbert and Miss Forward are the smallest girls in the 10th Detachment of the Red Cross Motor Transport Service.

They have a wonderful team-work system. Dark-haired Barbara Forward works the jack while Nancy Gilbert bends over the wheel to remove the nuts.

Miss Forward and Miss Gilbert have been training with the Transport Service only since October. They are still doing their mechanical course, and are studying for their examination in this, to be held at any time now.

Book of soldiers' woollies

A BOOK of knitting instructions for making woollens for the fighting forces has been compiled and published by the Handicrafts and Home Industries Committee of the Country Women's Association in Victoria.

It was compiled by a sub-committee formed of four members of the C.W.A.: Mrs. E. E. Purphy, Miss Owen, Miss E. H. Butchart, and Miss De Lancy Forth.

Every article was made to test the instructions before printing. The designs include pullovers, socks, Balaclava caps, neck muffs and gloves.

Instructions for spinning and weaving are also given. Miss Butchart, who is an expert spinner and weaver, gave her valuable knowledge to the book.

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Three smart girls keep busy

THREE clever Adelaide sisters, Beryl, Fay, and Betty Lonnen, have in turn won the Bonython Gold Medal for being dux of the Adelaide Technical High School.

They are now tackling war work with the same zest.

Betty, the youngest girl, who has just won her gold medal, is sewing and knitting at home.

Fay, gold medallist of 1935, works for the War Service Guild of an insurance firm, and has knitted dozens of pairs of socks, as well as being one of the best helpers in the guild's money-making activities.

Beryl, who won the gold medal in 1931, knits industriously in between her work as city representative for her father's firm.

National service by 96,000 youngsters

RED CROSS work is not confined to grown-ups. In Victoria alone 96,000 young people are busily engaged in doing their share of national service as members of the Junior Red Cross movement.

Just before the outbreak of war there were 1860 circles throughout Victoria in State and public schools, and since the war 70 more schools have joined up. Membership is 1/- a year.

There is great activity among the girls with knitting needles and in making bandages.

The boy members are also doing their part by raising money to buy materials for the girls to make. Those good at carpentry will make crutches, bedside tables, and so on.

Chairman of Junior Red Cross in Victoria is Dr. I. Younger Ross.

Dr. Younger Ross

Dr. Younger Ross had just graduated in Scotland when the last war broke out, and served as a doctor at a hospital for Belgian wounded in Kent, and at a Red Cross hospital in Scotland.

She married and came to Australia, and with the late Mrs. J. J. Hemphall started the Victorian Baby Health Centres. For this work she was awarded an O.B.E.

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Wives of Anzacs found new auxiliary

THE Gallipoli Legion War Auxiliary is one of the most recently formed bands of war workers in Sydney.

It has adopted one unit to work for—the 2/1st Field Regiment—and hopes to add to its numbers relatives and friends of the men of that unit.

"There are 600 men, otherwise 1200 feet, to be provided with socks," said Mrs. G. Budd, who has undertaken secretaryship of the group.

The auxiliary is backed by the Legion of Anzacs. All the original members are wives or daughters of Anzacs

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On her way to offer services

WITH the desire to do war work on the overseas front, Miss Freda (Pat) Redman, of Brisbane, is on the high seas to offer her services. She had two years' experience in the last war doing transport emergency work.

Miss Redman is a member of the Royal Queensland Aero Club, and has her pilot's A licence.

She is also a trained masseuse, so, if not needed for transport or aviation, she will offer her services in that capacity.

PAIN that kept her in bed

Terrible, dragging, Spasms so Bad She Missed a Day from Work Every Month.

Discover for yourself the different—quicker, more complete and more lasting relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little MYZONE tablets.

When your poor back feels as though it is being drawn to the front — when you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness . . . let MYZONE's marvellous *actevin* (anti-spasm) *compound* bring you blessed comfort, and a pleasant, quick, complete relief such as you've never known with anything else.

"It's remarkable how MYZONE banishes that languid, despondent feeling! It is science's greatest gift to women!"

Just take a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. Try MYZONE with your very next "pain." Notice how there is no doping effect.

2/- box. All Chemists.

NOW I FEEL 20 YEARS YOUNGER!

Lumbago, constipation and kidney trouble had put years on this lady once. Then she discovered how to deal with them, quickly, certainly.

"I used to suffer from lumbago, constipation and kidney trouble, and used to dread the thought of going outside the door. Now, ever since I have taken the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen Salts, I feel much better, and am able to go out to work. Even my husband says I am seeing my better days, and I feel—and look—about 20 years old, although my age is over 40."—Mrs. M.L.

You, too, can have New Zest for Life!

Start tipping a pinch of Kruschen into your tea, or into a glass of hot water first thing every morning. Within one week, you'll have vim and vigour that everyone will envy. Sluggishness goes. You get that "Kruschen feeling" which has brought joy to millions. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at Chemists and Stores, price 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

LEARN THE SECRET OF KRUSCHEN

"It's the Little Daily Dose that does it."

MEN RESPOND TO NATURAL, ROSY LIPS

Give your lips the soft, alluring color that best suits your complexion. Use Tangee, the lipstick that changes from orange in the stick to a warm blush-rose on you. Smooth it on a second time and it becomes a rosy-red. For a still more vivid shade use Tangee Theatrical.

Made with a special cream base Tangee goes on smoother, stays on longer—keeps your lips soft, tempting, naturally kissable. Discover your natural beauty—try Tangee tonight.

World's Most Famous Lipstick TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Australian Agents:—TURNLEYS, MELBOURNE and SYDNEY

Asthma Mucus Dissolved 1st. Day

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the strangling mucus is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smoke, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and be entirely free from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your Chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Ends Asthma ◆ Bronchitis ◆ Hay Fever

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NURSES SAILING WITH THE A.I.F.

• One hundred and fifty-three nurses and masseuses will go abroad with the 2nd A.I.F. On this and following pages are 141 of them.

MATRON C. A. FALL, an Englishwoman who has been here 19 years, and has nursed in N.S.W. hospitals, will be in charge of 1st Australian Base Hospital . . . Her mother was a war nurse.

MATRON SAGE, of Victoria, will be in charge of 2nd Australian Base Hospital, ranks equally with Matron Fall.

Nurse Edna Dean (Q.)

Nurse Phyllis Miller (Q.)

Sister Ivy Thompson (Q.)

Nurse Heather Stewart (Q.)

Nurse Jean Dickson (Q.)

Sister Iris Hoey (Q.) —Poulsen.

Nurse E. N. Doig (Q.)

Nurse Vera Harland (Q.)

Nurse F. E. Harvey (Q.)

Nurse Lex Reid (Q.)

Nurse V. Hely-Wilson (Q.)

Nurse Ann Marks (Q.)

Nurse Lorna Keys (Q.)

Sister Vida Knudsen (Q.)

Sister Ethel Hanrahan (Q.) —Poulsen.

Sister Florence Peterson (Q.) —Dorothy Coleman.

Nurse Dorothy Coleman (Q.)

Nurse Margaret Lindsay (Vic.)

Sister Grace Mudge (Vic.)

Nurse Ros Waycott (Vic.) —Broothorn.

Nurse Haidee Metzner (Vic.)

Nurse E. Sulzberger (Vic.) —Broothorn.

Nurse Vera Ley (Vic.) —Ruskin.

Nurse Winifred Kelly (Vic.)

Nurse Eleanor Logan (Vic.)

Nurse Helen D'Alton (Vic.) —Burlington.

Nurse Dorothy Scholes (Vic.) —Austin Murcott.

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Nurse
E. O'Keefe
(Vic.)

Nurse
Eileen Jones
(Vic.)
—Broothorn.

Nurse
Margaret Walsh
(Vic.)
—Broothorn.

Sister
Marjorie Vasey
(Vic.)
—Spencer Shier.

Sister
Dorothy Vines
(Vic.)
—Ronald Esler

Nurse
Dulcie Newing
(Vic.)
—Broothorn.

Nurse
Dorothy Mills
(Vic.)
—Broothorn.

Nurse
Beatrice Kelly
(Vic.)
—Munts

Sister
Margaret Hanna
(Vic.)

Nurse
Beryl Vary
(Vic.)
—Broothorn.

Nurse
Enid Baker
(Vic.)
—Broothorn.

Nurse
Ethel Bowe
(Vic.)

Sister
Sheila Kirk
(Vic.)

Nurse
Anna Whiteside
(Vic.)

Nurse
Nancy Wilson
(Vic.)

Nurse
Dorothy Fahle
(Vic.)

Nurse
Margaret Hanson
(Vic.)

Nurse
Margaret Josephs
(Vic.)

Nurse
Madge Newnham
(Vic.)

Sister
Emily McNicoll
(Vic.)

Nurse
Una A. Melville
(Vic.)

Sister
Margaret Oddie
(Vic.)

Nurse
Elizabeth Forrest
(Vic.)

Sister
Margaret Tisdall
(Vic.)

Nurse
Margaret Cuthbert
(Vic.)
—Mendelssohn.

Sister
Dora Burchill
(Vic.)

Nurse
Nona Johnson
(Vic.)
—Dickinson-Monteath.

Sister
Edna Scruby
(S.A.)

Nurse
Constance Roberts
(S.A.)
—Darian Smith.

Nurse
Melva Brown
(S.A.)
—Darian Smith.

Sister
Ruth Treliving
(S.A.)

Sister
Zelma Huppatz
(S.A.)

Sister
O. A. Kestel
(S.A.)
—Bodwen Thomas.

Nurse
Mavis Riggs
(S.A.)

Nurse
Mary Male
(S.A.)

Nurse
Lesley Beddome
(S.A.)
—Mayfair

Nurse
Elizabeth Smythe
(S.A.)

Nurse
L. V. M. Garrett
(S.A.)
—Dickinson-Monteath.

Nurse
Mary Dunn
(S.A.)

Nurse
E. M. Roberts
(W.A.)

Nurse
I. L. Whitfield
(W.A.)

Nurse
R. I. Membery
(W.A.)

Nurse
E. Youd
(W.A.)

Nurse
M. L. Dunman
(W.A.)

Nurse
E. M. Goff
(W.A.)

Sister
D. M. Burgess
(W.A.)

Nurse
K. H. Barnes
(W.A.)

Nurse
R. I. Warner
(W.A.)

Sister
M. Stephens
(Tas.)
—Burgess Wall.

Sister
Susan Haines
(Tas.)

Nurse
Winifred Beckett
(Tas.)
—Lateen-Moore.

Nurse
E. Ratcliff
(Tas.)

Nurse
Eunice Wasley
(Tas.)

Nurse
Barbara Chesterman
(Tas.)
—Monte Luke

Nurse
Marjorie Smith
(Tas.)

Nurse
A. L. Bornett
(Tas.)

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MORE AUSTRALIAN NURSES FOR ABROAD

Nurse M. E. Kiel (N.S.W.) | Sister M. M. Edmonds (N.S.W.) | Nurse G. N. Cocks (N.S.W.) | Nurse M. F. Looker (N.S.W.) | Nurse K. M. Hardcastle (N.S.W.) | Nurse D. Inglis (N.S.W.) | Nurse C. MacFarlane (N.S.W.) | Nurse B. J. Paige (N.S.W.)

Nurse S. J. Thumpston (N.S.W.) | Sister G. Farthing (N.S.W.) | Nurse M. I. Prosser (N.S.W.) | Nurse J. T. F. Bromell (N.S.W.) | Sister A. M. Shepherd (N.S.W.) | Nurse R. A. Joseph (N.S.W.) | Nurse M. Wallis (N.S.W.) | Nurse C. Clark (N.S.W.)

Nurse S. Fletcher (N.S.W.) | Nurse M. J. Prindable (N.S.W.) | Nurse G. B. Marshall (N.S.W.) | Nurse E. Swanson (N.S.W.) | Nurse J. M. Pettigrew (N.S.W.) | Nurse E. Heathcote (N.S.W.) | Nurse L. Guthrie (N.S.W.) | Nurse J. Clancy (N.S.W.)

Nurse D. Walker (N.S.W.) | Nurse O. M. Quin (N.S.W.) | Nurse B. Knight (N.S.W.) | Nurse J. Green (N.S.W.) | Sister H. Harris (N.S.W.) | Nurse N. C. Hill (N.S.W.) | Nurse P. Tarrant (N.S.W.) | Sister J. I. Mudge (N.S.W.)

Sister U. M. Golden (N.S.W.) | Sister M. O. Wheeler (N.S.W.) | Sister R. A. Hanscombe (N.S.W.) | Nurse R. E. Bowen (N.S.W.) | Nurse P. L. Simpkins (N.S.W.) | Nurse F. Thomas (N.S.W.) | Nurse D. H. Hughes (N.S.W.) | Sister F. M. E. Dowdle (N.S.W.)

Nurse C. A. McLeod (N.S.W.) | Nurse I. M. B. McIntosh (N.S.W.) | Nurse M. C. McEntee (N.S.W.) | Nurse I. Grady (N.S.W.) | Nurse R. B. Oldham (N.S.W.) | Nurse G. K. Cumming (N.S.W.) | Nurse H. M. Smith (N.S.W.) | Sister T. M. Cunningham (N.S.W.)

Masseuse Marjorie Fernbach (Vic.) —Broothorn. | Masseuse Helen A. Todd (Vic.) —Broothorn. | Masseuse Helene Forster (Vic.) —Broothorn. | Masseuse Cynthia Duigan (Vic.) —Dickinson-Menteath. | Masseuse S. Ogilvie (N.S.W.) | Masseuse J. McLean (N.S.W.) | Masseuse A. L. McGarrity (N.S.W.) | Masseuse Jean Black (N.S.W.)

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

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"ARE you ill?" she inquired.

"No," said Oliver.

She surveyed him critically. "Do you sometimes, perhaps, think you are a cow?"

"No," said Oliver, and to clinch it added another, and louder, "No!"

"No," she said, "you don't look squirrelly. Wait! I have it. You're a zoologist at the college. You're practicaing mating calls."

To end the catechism Oliver nodded.

"I'll tell Dad," said the girl. "He likes men who take their jobs seriously. So," she added, "do I."

Oliver said nothing. He wanted to bolt. And yet, somehow, he didn't want to.

"Going back to the college?" the girl asked.

"Yes."

"I'll walk back with you," she said. "I'm none too sure of the way."

They scrambled down the slope.

"I'm an advance scout for Dad," she said. "I came on ahead of him to look the place over and get his house in running order."

Oliver stalked along silently by her side. He had a disquieting suspicion that he was squirrelly, whether he looked it or not. How else explain the exigent impulse that swept over him to seize this total stranger, crush her to him, and kiss her till she liked it?

The girl was chattering on in amiable, friendly fashion.

"I do hope you and the others here will like Dad. He's not a bad old cucumber when you get used to him. But when his ears start to twitch, look out for storms."

AT the moment, the infatuated Oliver did not see how the eccentricities of her father's ears concerned him, but he found out presently when they stopped at the door of a sedate Georgian mansion on the town's most elite street.

"Thanks for the walk," the girl said. "Guess I should take it every morning. Fine for the figure. Be seeing you."

She flitted into the house. Now Oliver knew who she was. For he knew that this was the house that had been taken by the incoming president, Nicholas Porter Potter.

The week that followed was fraught with bright ecstasy and dark despair. On five divine mornings he met Minerva Potter, by a series of elaborately planned accidents, as she swung along the trails up Moonrise Mountain.

At their fifth meeting she invited him to tea at her house. He went. But MacKillop had discovered her, too, and turned up, all aplomb and persiflage. Oliver retreated to a corner.

"Too bad you won't be here next Saturday," said MacKillop. "Witlow is going to deliver one of his celebrated orations."

Oliver murmured that he had some rush work to do, and seeped away.

Saturday came—and there was Oliver at the speaker's table. Behind him stood the gift clock, muffled in muslin, ready to be unveiled by the twitch of a string, as a dramatic finale to Oliver's remarks.

Oliver, fortified by the example of Kenneth Bellingham, ate his way through the banquet. He was a picture of composure when MacKillop, the toastmaster, introduced him. Slowly Oliver unfolded his six feet three and acknowledged the patter of applause with a civil leer.

"Ladies and gentlemen! As I sat here, sad at the departure of our beloved confrere, yet glad at his success, I was reminded of a little story Mark Twain loved to tell. It seems there were two Irishmen—"

That is what should have come from him. It didn't. Instead there issued from some cavern deep within him a distinct:

"Moo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-."

The astonishment of his auditors was as nothing compared with Oliver's.

He clapped his hand over his traitorous mouth. It was the hand that held the unveiling string. The clock burst from its cocoon like a premature butterfly. Lights and faces swirled dizzily before Oliver's eyes. In his mind there was a worse blur. His speech had left him.

He began to sway. He surmised he was going to faint, and started on a zig-zag dash in the general direction of fresh air.

The clock teetered drunkenly for a second or so, then pitched forward. The purpose of the meeting was achieved in simple, direct fashion, for Dr. Dwight Lubbock received his memento squarely across his ample abdomen, and the festivities ended in a tangle of springs, wheels, pendulum and ex-president.

Man of a Few Words

Continued from Page 5

What kept the Foreign Legion from having a new recruit was the fact that spring vacation started the day after Oliver's debacle, and gave him ten days away from the scene of his shame in which to put blowout patches on his punctured morale. He decided not to return to college, but to seek employment as keeper of an off-coast lighthouse. However, the first day of the new term found him back in his old rooms.

He was surprised, when he stole across the lawns, that nobody mooed at him, unaware that his tragedy had been dismissed as a comic mishap, and that it was generally accepted in academic circles that his behaviour at the banquet was due to a sudden attack of ptomaine or, possibly, pip. Moreover, the tongues thereabouts were too busy wagging about a whale to have time for a minnow. Nicholas Porter Potter had swum into their sea, spouting.

In his inaugural address, "he pointed out in his own polysyllabic way that theirs was an old college and it was beginning to show its age.

He intimated that Alma Mater needed to have her face lifted and that he was the doctor to do it. There was an excellent chance, he said, that a certain generous friend would bestow on the college a very substantial gift in the near future. He had been working on her, and she was almost up to the point where she was willing to sign on the dotted line.

They knew he referred to Cora Cooper Watt, Class '98, a woman in all ways remarkable. No list of the Ten Greatest Living American Women was complete without her name. The legend that she once fought a crocodile for the sheer fun of it is doubtless apocryphal; but her fight for women's rights is history. She led causes with one hand and made money with the other.

At the end of his address, Nicholas Porter Potter was loudly cheered.

It was an insidious, fancy-turning spring. It steered Oliver Witlow's feet one morning toward Moonrise Mountain.

He acted surprised when he met Minerva, taking her constitutional.

"I've missed you, Oliver," she said. They walked on together.

Two hundred yards of silence. Then:

"Oliver, will you come to dinner Monday?"

"Yes. Thanks."

"Dad wants to see you . . . Seven-thirty. Black tie."

They walked on.

"Now Oliver, stop looking as scared," said Minerva. "Dad has no shotgun."

The allusion escaped Oliver.

"I happen to know," she remarked, "that Dad is considering you for a piece of work that may lead to a professorship."

"Gee!" said Oliver.

"You rate it. From what I hear, you do most of the work around this kindergarten. You ought to stop the modest violet act and turn tiger lily. Well, you might thank me for boosting you to Dad."

"Oh, I do," said Oliver, fervently.

. . . . . .

Dinner done, Oliver was herded into the library by his host. Nicholas Porter Potter came straight to the point.

"You are to deliver the annual Susan B. Anthony Lecture to the Confederation of Club Women of America at their convention here in June," he announced. "You're an unknown quantity, Witlow. But my daughter, who is far from a fool, speaks of you highly; and Professor MacKillop assures me that when the faculty wants a spokesman it thinks first of you."

Oliver made a mental note to murder MacKillop.

"Between us," said Potter, "much good of a — grumph-ha — practical nature may result from your talk. There will be some two thousand ladies present, many of them philanthropically inclined, and the chairman of the convention is our good friend, Mrs. Clara Cooper Watt. Confidentially, Mrs. Watt has almost decided to present the college with five million dollars. I hope to announce the gift on Commencement Day. Have you ever met Mrs. Watt?"

"No, sir."

"A wonderful woman, Witlow, and a proud one. Her viewpoint is intensely feministic. It would be well to remember that in preparing your lecture. May I suggest a topic?"

"Yes, sir."

Please turn to Page 36

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, February 7.—Special Session—"Roaming the Wide-Range."

THURSDAY, February 8.—June Marsden—Astrology for Boys and Girls.

FRIDAY, February 9.—Cities and their Orchestras—Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, February 10.—"Music in the News."

SUNDAY, February 11.—June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars. Astrology for Business Folk. Stars' effect on personality.

MONDAY, February 12.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, February 13.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

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HARRY DEARTH, who conducts "Melody Riddles" at Station 2GB.

Radio quiz with music as setting

RADIO has brought back some old games in new guises, and people are liking them.

Spelling-bees and guessing competitions are disguised as "English Jackpots" and "Mathematical Jackpots." Forfeits finds its counterpart in "Tongue-twister Jackpots," while musical charades have reappeared as "Melody Riddles."

This latter session is now heard from 2GB and from stations throughout the Commonwealth every Thursday night at 8.30.

The idea behind "Melody Riddles" is this: Listeners are asked to submit comedy sketches, 1½ minutes in length, which incorporate in the dialogue the title of a popular song.

Each broadcast five of these sketches are dramatised by famous Australian radio artists, before a studio audience of 100 guests. From the audience ten contestants are chosen, and they listen to the five sketches played, and each has a chance of detecting the song title hidden in the dialogue.

"It sounds simple," says Harry Dearth, who has compered the session since its inception, "but it requires quick-wittedness to detect such a line as 'I Love You Truly' when it is skilfully woven into the text of a comic love sketch.

"Each week the sketches and playlets submitted total over the 600 mark, and fresh talent is coming on all the time.

Plenty of talent

"MANY of the contestants display decided talent, and their suggestions are presented in 'Melody Riddles' with very little alteration."

Each broadcast £10 is distributed in prize-money. One pound each is given the authors of the five successful sketches, and £1 each to the five people who name the song correctly.

The number of sketches submitted dealing with any particular song provides a barometer of song popularity.

Along comes such a hit as "South of the Border," and thousands of competitors submit comedy ideas which vary from Mexico to the Murray River in their locale.

Some imagine that where there's a border there must be a landlady, and frame their sketches in a domestic mood. "Roll Out the Barrel" gags also enjoyed a great literary vogue, and many competitors took the prevailing heatwaves as an inevitable corrollary to the barrel song. In fact, the barometer of current song popularity coincides with the height of the entries received each week by the "Melody Riddles" judges.

The universal popularity of this form of entertainment was recently proved when the show was given as an entertainment to the troops at Warwick Farm.

Apparently the boys are well informed on topical musical numbers, as the riddles were solved even more quickly than in the case with normal studio audiences.

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SALE PRICE - - - - - - 5/6

ME3.—(Above.) The new petticoat influence, with fine lace on bodice, sleeves & hem of skirt that can be detached. In Pompadour Lilac, Antoinette Blue, Dusty Rose, and Black. SSW, SW, W.
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ME6—GAILY COLOURED PRINTED CHAMOIS ELASTIC WAISTED JUMPER SUIT. Direct from New York's World Fair. White grounds with Green, Blue, and Clover. SSW, SW, & W. Usually 25/-
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SALE SPECIAL - - - - - 13/11 LESS 10%

2.—(At Left.) TAILORED KABE SILK FROCK. Bodice finely pin-tucked and buttoned to waist. White Peter Pan collar. In Almond Green, Saxe Blue, Pink. Lengths: 24, 27, 30 ins. (No Pink in length 30 inches.)
Usual Value - - - - 8/11
SALE SPECIAL - - - - - 5/11 LESS 10%
(PLEASE MAKE SECOND CHOICE)

10.—(At Left.) Charming TOPCOAT FOR SUMMER WEAR!... Fashioned of good quality ALL WOOL GEORGETTE, featuring horizontal pleated pockets, with welted seams from pockets to hem. Sizes: XSSW, SSW, SW, W, SOS, & OS. Colours: Black, Navy, Grey, also a few in Nigger Brown.
Regular Value - 37/6
SALE PRICE - - 29/11
LESS 10%

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Man of a Few Words

Continued from Page 34

"MILESTONES on the Road to Sex-Equality," declaimed Nicholas Porter Potter. "Or, perhaps, Womanhood Emancipated. If you could contrive to refer to Mrs. Watt as 'a new Lincoln,' I'd consider it a personal favor."

Oliver dismally ogled the rug. He wet his arid lips. "I'll do my best," he said.

"Thank you," said Nicholas Porter Potter. "Shall we join the ladies?"

It was to join the ladies, in convention assembled, that Oliver set forth that June night. His tranquillity was real. He had found a way out of his dilemma, or, rather, Minerva had pointed it out to him.

At her insistence he had called on her and read her his lecture.

"It's wonderful," declared Minerva. "It'll wow Cora and her pals."

"If I remember it," muttered Oliver.

"Why not read it?"

"Gee!" cried Oliver. "Gee! I never thought of that."

She was only inches away from him on the sofa, within easy pouncing distance. He drew in his breath.

"Minerva," he said, huskily.

"Yes, Oliver?" Her eyes were inviting.

"There's a ladybird on your neck," he said. He got to his feet. "Well, good night," he said. "Time I was in bed."

"Good night," said Minerva frigidly.

He went right home and wrote out a ten-page proposal, and learned it. Next time he meant to be prepared.

So it came to the night when Oliver must get that beastly lecture off his chest. That is where it was, literally, for the manuscript reposed in the inside pocket of his dinner coat. Almost jauntily, he advanced on the auditorium.

As he passed the Potter residence, MacKillop came swinging along.

"Sorry I must miss your performance," said MacKillop. "But I'm making a speech myself to-night."

He waved a hand toward the Potter house. "To an audience of one," he said. "Suppose I wish you luck and you wish me luck?"

Oliver gave him a glare that was pure potassium cyanide, and plodded on his way.

He was on the platform, embedded in a mass of badge-decked ladies, before the full significance of MacKillop's words hit him. He had muffed his chance with Minerva, and there he sat, losing her, while a chunky lady with a mop of white hair and a hard, humorous face was sounding off about somebody she described as "a brilliant young scholar and orator, and an able champion of our cause." It dawned on Oliver that this was Mrs. Watt and that she meant him.

Mrs. Watt trumpeted his name. The ladies applauded. Oliver thrust his hand into his bosom to make sure his speech was there. It was.

Slowly he stepped to the reading desk, spread out the manuscript, cleared his throat, and made ready to take off. His eyes ran along the first line: "The pancreas, or sweetbread, is an organ, or gland, in the human body, situated just south of——"

Oliver frowned and compressed his lips. He saw, with horrid clarity, that he had left his lecture at home and brought a physiology paper, and not even a passing one, at that. He stood for a moment, rocking on his heels, his eyes glassy. Suddenly his lips began to move and form words.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Honored Judges, My Worthy Opponents."

His voice was not his own. It was a boy's voice which began sentences basso profundo and ended them high falsetto.

"The subject of our debate this evening is: Resolved, that women should be given the vote. I take the negative."

He paused to refill his lungs. There was a distinct stir in the audience. He went on:

"I'm against votes for women because running things is a man's work, and if we let women run things they'd only make a mess of it. I guess you've all been reading the papers about these suffragists, like this Mrs. Watt, running round and hollering that women should ought to have a say in the guvment. These women, if you can call them such, claim that they are as smart as us men, and could run the guvment as well as us, or, maybe, better. Well, that makes me laugh."

It seemed to make others laugh, too. On the platform behind him, Oliver heard a sound that might have been a contralto chuckle. There were sounds in front of him, too; whispers, a ripple of titters, and from the balcony a boo or two. But Oliver was wound up tight, and had the ladies bayed like wolves he would have gone right on unwinding.

"If these feminists would stay home and study history instead of gadding around, they'd know that this great and glorious country of ours was started by men, and has been run all right by men. Let me ask you, was George Washington, the father of his country, a woman?

"I just wish this Mrs. Watt was here to-night. I'd say to her, I'd say, 'Mrs. Watt, why do you want to wear the pants?'"

A long lady in the third row cried, "Hear, hear!" That set off a barrage of whoops and chortles. It drowned out Oliver, who was going on doggedly. Mrs. Watt banged with her gavel.

"Order, ladies, please," she shouted. "Don't you want to hear the rest?"

There were loud and enthusiastic cries of "Yes, yes." "Go on." "More, more."

Oliver kept right on going.

"I'd just like to ask this Mrs. Watt and the rest of her kind, what will happen to the American home when all the womenfolks spend all their time hanging around the polling booths? Who will wash the dishes, darn the socks and rock the cradles?"

As per rehearsal, he paused for dramatic effect. He got an effect, but it was not dramatic. The laughter started again. In some parts of the hall it was almost hysterical. It took some vigorous gavel-pounding by Mrs. Watt to get the ladies approximately quiet. Oliver resumed his philippic.

"LASTLY," he concluded, "I am glad to say that the vast majority of American women are still womanly enough to be glad to be wives and mothers and so forth and so on, and stay home and mind their children and their own business.

"Mark my words, ladies and gentlemen, twenty-five years from now the Women's Suffrage issue will be as dead as a smoked herring. In years to come when we look back at to-night's debate, we will laugh at ourselves for getting all serious and excited about such a foolish question. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mrs. Watt. I thank you."

Oliver finished with a quick, angular bow. There was that instant of silence that follows the fall of a curtain. In it he snapped out of his hypnotic state and realised what he had done, and sensed that in immediate retreat lay his only hope of escaping annihilation at the hands of two thousand outraged club ladies. He forced himself to walk with slow, stiff dignity to the wings. The storm broke behind him. But he was already through the stage door, and sprinting away from the babble and hubbub.

He did not stop running until he reached the Potter house. He did not ring the bell but flung open the front door and exploded into the drawing-room. MacKillop was there, leaning his muscular frame against the mantel, and mentioning some of his merits to Minerva.

"What the devil do you mean, busting in like this?" he bellowed at Oliver.

"Beat it!" said Oliver in a low growl.

MacKillop advanced on him, belligerently.

"Will you get out, or shall I throw you out?" he demanded.

"Neither," said Oliver, and hit him on his cleft chin. The mathematician described a parabola and came to rest on a bearskin rug. Oliver dragged him to the front door and rolled him into the street. Then he strode back into the drawing-room.

Minerva had risen from her chair. She seemed more curious than alarmed.

"What's got into you, Oliver?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "Something's got out of me. And I have something to say to you."

The proposal he had prepared was at the tip of his tongue. He knew now that he would not have the slightest difficulty remembering and saying it.

"Ready?" he said.

"Shoot."

She came close to him.

"Oh, confound words," he said, and took her in his arms.

She was still there when the front door opened. They did not hear it. They were not aware that Nicholas Porter Potter had entered until he tapped Oliver on the shoulder like a referee signalling two boxers to stop clinching. Oliver unwound himself. He met the president's eyes defiantly.

"I was kissing your daughter," he said.

"My dear fellow, if Minerva doesn't mind, I don't," said Potter. He was bland, almost genial.

"Don't you?" faltered Oliver.

"Not at all," said Potter. "On the contrary."

Outside the house a car door was slammed.

"Ah, that must be Mrs. Watt," said Potter.

"Good night, all," said Oliver, and made for the door. He bumped into Cora Cooper Watt and bounced off her facade.

"Oh, there you are, Professor Witlow," she said.

He backed away.

"Go ahead. Start something," he challenged, hoarsely.

She had turned to fling off her purple velvet evening cloak, and did not hear him.

"I haven't laughed so much in years," she said. "It was a beautiful burlesque."

"What was?" said Oliver.

"Your speech, of course," said Mrs. Watt. "We all loved it. Didn't we, Dr. Potter?"

"Indeed, yes," said Nicholas Porter Potter. "It was a most refreshing way of showing the stupidity Mrs. Watt and her associates had to contend with. Well done, my boy."

He beamed paternally at Oliver.

"It did these old ears good to hear that fatuous drool again," said Mrs. Watt. "People actually talked like that twenty-five years ago. Yours was a perfect imitation, Professor. How did you ever happen to hit on it?"

"Oh," said Oliver, "it just came to me."

(Copyright.)

HOLIDAYS

The roar of the surf for Australian me,
The warmth of the sand and the blue of the sea,
The joyous abandon of long summer days
When plastered in oil on the beach I can laze,
Then back to the office my doings to tell,
And over them all cast my holiday spell.
But . . . Oh, how I'm dreading the smart of my back
When the office boy gives me that welcoming smack.

—*Elsie Pearson.*

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY A WOMAN WHO *KNOWS* — TO WOMEN WHO MAY STILL BE WONDERING

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OF LAKEMBA

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★ New and attractive recipes . . . Listen in to the "Banish Drudgery" session, 10.15 a.m. Monday to Friday . . . 2GB!

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SOME DAY YOU'LL BE THANKFUL FOR HAVING DETTOL TO APPLY

THE SMALLEST SCRATCH IS AN OPEN ROAD TO GERMS

The tiniest break in the skin is a wide-open door to the germs of septic infection. There is only one way to prevent their invasion—they must be killed *at once*.

Dettol, the modern antiseptic, can be applied immediately: directions on every bottle. This highly efficient antiseptic—three times more effective than pure carbolic acid—is gentle and tender on human tissues. It is not poisonous. It will not stain. It is even pleasant to smell.

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DARK HAIR is always Loveliest after . . . .

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You cannot know how truly lovely your hair can be until you have used this amazing shampoo. Try it tonight. Its 6 secret ingredients beautify your hair, give it the sparkling gleam of lights on satin. Your hair becomes beautiful, healthy and "alive." You will see the look of amazement on the face of your sweetheart once you become a "Brunitex Brunette!"

BRUNITEX Soapless SHAMPOO

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

Famous authors write for Queen's Red Cross book

"Provincial Lady" returns as voluntary war worker

The fifty British authors and artists who contributed to "The Queen's Book of the Red Cross" have done a splendid job.

In the foreword to the book Her Majesty pays a tribute to them. Drama, poetry, and humor enliven the book.

THE writers include Hugh Walpole, Cecil Roberts, John Masefield, Daphne du Maurier, A. A. Milne, L. A. G. Strong, Gracie Fields, A. E. W. Mason, Ian Hay.

E. M. Delafield is represented by her irrepressible Povincial Lady, who is shortly to return in a new book, "Provincial Lady in Wartime."

She records her reactions to the high-powered activity of a women's war work organisation to which she modestly offers her services. This is what happens:

October 1st. Serena undertakes to introduce me to Commandant of neighboring A.R.P. organisation . . . She is dark, rather good-looking young woman wearing outsize in slacks and leather jacket, using immensely long black cigarette-holder, and writing at wooden trestle-table piled with papers.

Serena—voice sunk to quite unnaturally timid murmur—explains that I am very anxious to make myself of use in any way whatever while waiting to be summoned by Ministry of Information . . .

Commandant goes on writing rapidly and utters without looking up for a moment — which I think highly offensive.

Utterance is to the effect that there are no paid jobs going.

Oh, says Serena, sounding shocked, we never thought of anything like that. This is to be voluntary work, and anything in the world, and at any hour.

Commandant — still writing — strikes a bell sharply.

It has been said that the canteen wants an extra hand, suggests Serena, now almost inaudible.

Bell is answered by charming-looking elderly lady wearing overall and armlet-badge inscribed "Messenger," which seems to me unsuitable.

Commandant — tone very peremptory indeed — orders her to bring the canteen time-sheet.

Grey - haired messenger flies away like the wind.

Commandant continues to write—says "damn" once, under her breath, as though attacked by a sudden doubt whether war will stop exactly as and when she has ordained—and drops cigarette-ash all over the table.

Serena looks at me and profanely winks enormous eye.

Bell is once more banged—am prepared to wager it will be broken before week is out at this rate. It is this time answered by smart-looking person in blue trousers and sports shirt and admirable make-up.

Am overcome with astonishment when she inquires of Commandant in brusque, official tones: Isn't it time you had some lunch, darling?

Commandant for the first time raises her eyes and answers: No, darling, she can't possibly bother with lunch, but she wants a Staff car instantly, to go out to Wimbledon for her. It's urgent.

Serena looks hopeful but remains modestly silent while Commandant and darling rustle through quantities of lists and swear vigorously.

Darling eventually turns to Serena and asks curtly: Who is on the Staff car? Serena indicates that she herself is scheduled for it, is asked why she didn't say so, and commanded to get car out instantly and dash to Wimbledon.

Am deeply impressed by this call to action, but disappointed when Commandant instructs her to go straight to No. 478 Mottisfont Road, Wimbledon, and ask for clean handkerchief, which Commandant forgot to bring this morning.

She is to come straight back, as quickly as possible, with the handkerchief. Has she, adds the Commandant suspiciously, quite understood?

Commandant and darling embark on earnest argument concerning Commandant's next meal, which turns out to be lunch, although time now five o'clock in the afternoon.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S portrait by Cecil Beaton, which appears in "The Queen's Book of the Red Cross."

She must, says darling, absolutely must have something. She has been here since nine o'clock, and during that time what has she had? One cup of coffee and a tomato. It isn't enough on which to do a heavy day's work.

Commandant—writing again resumed and eyes again on paper—asserts that it's all she wants. She hasn't time for more. Does darling realise that there's a war on, and not a minute to spare?

Decide that if I am to be here indefinitely I may as well sit down, and do so.

Elderly messenger gives me a terrified, but I think admiring, look. Evidently this display of initiative quite unusual, and am, in fact, rather struck by it myself . . .

Darling asks me coldly if I want anything, and on my replying that I have offered my services to canteen tells me to go at once to Mrs. Peacock. Elderly messenger creeps out with me.

One-thirty a.m. Return from canteen after evening of activity which has given me agreeable illusion that I am now wholly indispensable to the Allies in the conduct of the war.

"The Queen's Book of the Red Cross" (Hodder and Stoughton). Our copy from the publishers.

E. M. DELAFIELD, from whose new book, "Provincial Lady in Wartime," an extract is printed in the Red Cross Book.

Charming and beautiful women all over the world choose Listerine Tooth Paste because it imparts sparkling whiteness to teeth and also because it is free from harmful grit, coarse abrasives, and soap and is the *only* dentifrice that contains the active element of Listerine Antiseptic itself.

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To Glorious Health!

Depression, backache, body pains and kidney trouble, that was the Great War's legacy to Nurse A. R. F.* To-day, thanks to De Witt's Pills, it's a different story. Read this letter:—

"I left England after the war, having done a great deal of nursing. As a result I suffered years of backache, depression and all the symptoms of kidney trouble. I obtained no lasting relief until I started taking De Witt's Pills. The first dose did me good—now I am in perfect health."

* Name withheld—medical etiquette.

You, too, can end the depression, pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble just as quickly. Start with De Witt's Pills to-day. Relief from the first dose is followed by permanent benefit. Then YOU will begin to enjoy life. Body pains and backache will go. Vigour and vitality will return and you will feel and look years younger. No matter how ill you may be . . . . no matter how long you have suffered, you can get back health and strength by taking

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. From all chemists, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

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HOW AND WHERE TO GET YOUR GIFTS

At the Vita-Brits Gift Showroom in your City (see addresses on right) all the gifts are clearly displayed and marked with their exchange values for the Vita-Brits Gift Seals described below. By bringing the necessary number of Gift Seals to your local Showroom you can take immediate delivery of the gift you prefer.

SAVE THE SEALS FROM THE PACKET FLAPS . . . These are printed on the end flaps of Vita-Brits packets. Large packets (24 ozs.) carry a large Seal. Small packets (12 ozs.) carry a small Seal. In exchange values for Gifts, three small seals equal one large seal.

IF YOU LIVE OUT OF TOWN you can have your Gift forwarded to you by sending in the necessary Gift Seals to your local Showroom together with (1) Your name and address; (2) Detail of Gift you prefer; (3) Necessary postage and packing charge.

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SYDNEY: Vita-Brits Showrooms, 263 Castlereagh Street (opposite Mark Foys), Sydney.
NEWCASTLE: The Coupon Gift Centre, Hunter Street, (opposite Civic Station), Newcastle.
CESSNOCK: The Coupon Gift Centre, Vincent Street, Cessnock.
WOLLONGONG: The Coupon Gift Centre, Crown Street, Wollongong.
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MELBOURNE: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 123 Swanston Street, Melbourne (in Basement of Robur Tearooms), Box 2796Y, G.P.O.
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THIS IS THE SEAL
You will find this seal on the end flap of every packet of Vita-Brits. Start saving your seals now!

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Real Life Stories

Young girl and stockman saved lives in wreck

Rode horses in wild surf

I was a ten-year-old passenger on the Georgette when she sprang a leak many years ago when 180 miles from Fremantle.

THE captain beached the vessel, but a large stretch of angry surf lay between us and the shore.

A boat was lowered with eight people aboard, including my mother and baby sister. There was a leak in the tiny craft. Its occupants were drowned before our eyes.

Another lifeboat was lowered filled with women and kiddies, myself included. No sooner had it left the side of the ship than it capsized.

Some of us managed to cling to the upturned boat. No assistance came from the ship. In the heavy seas that were running it was impossible to launch a boat.

Suddenly our attention was attracted to the figures of a girl and a man on the top of the cliff.

They were, we discovered later, Grace Bussel, the sixteen-year-old daughter of an English settler, and a native stockman.

The girl, followed by the faithful stockman, urged her horse down the almost perpendicular cliff. Had either horse stumbled, its rider would have plunged to death.

Reaching the beach the girl rode into the boiling surf and forced her mount to swim the several hundred yards separating the shore and the lifeboat.

Taking two children in her arms, and with another hanging on to the saddle, she swam the horse back to the beach. The stockman loaded a few more kiddies, including myself, on to his horse, and followed his mistress.

"Some of us managed to cling to the upturned boat."

Trip after trip this brave girl made until everyone had been rescued. Then, drenched to the skin and utterly exhausted, she rode the twelve miles to her home and brought help.

The Royal Humane Society presented both her and the stockman with the society's medal for bravery.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. F. Page, c/o Mrs. A. Flynn, Chiswick St., Enfield, N.S.W.

SHORT and SNAPPY

FIRE COULD WAIT

I WAS riding my motor-bike along a street in a country town when the fire alarm sounded. A member of the voluntary brigade came running along, so I offered him a lift to the scene of the fire.

As I opened out at full speed, the fireman became nervous and exclaimed, "Not so fast son, the fire can wait."

10/6 to Alton Browne, James St., Woolooiwin, Brisbane.

SCOTT DIDN'T DO IT

ABOUT the time of the Melbourne Centenary Air Race from England to Australia, a friend's young son was playing the gramophone and broke his father's favorite record. His mother told him to go and throw it in the rubbish bin and say nothing about it. A couple of days later the father remarked at the tea-table, "I see Scott broke the record." The youngster looked uncomfortable for a moment, then, "No, Daddy, Scott didn't break it, I did." People named Scott sometimes borrowed records.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Connaughton, 16 Gladstone St., Collie, W.A.

NEW STYLE EGG

WHEN a hospital trainee, I was detailed to prepare the supper at midnight. It happened to be boiled eggs, and only white eggs were procurable. As the sister on duty would not eat a white egg, we decided to paint the egg with iodine, boil it and await the result.

Sister came in, gave one glance at the egg, perched in the egg cup, saw it was brown, and ate the supper. Whenever we were on night duty, sister always had her brown egg.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Peerless, Holland Park, Brisbane.

SCIENTIFIC SHOPPING

A SHOPPER I knew, who had four sons and lived in a town where there were four butchers, when requiring smallgoods sent one boy to each of the four shops for half a pound of whatever was wanted. A friend, hearing her give the same order to each of the sons, asked why she did not get it from the one shop.

"Oh, I like to patronise them all," was the answer. "Besides, I get more this way—a butcher couldn't very well cut a chop or a sausage in two."

2/6 to Miss Eileen Headland, 23 Hanna St., Benalla, Vic.

TAMED ANGRY MOTHER

A SCHOOLTEACHER friend of mine transferred to a new district was told a woman in the new district had led former teachers a terrible dance. He had been at the school only a few weeks when he found it necessary to punish the lady's daughter.

She called at the school ready to tear him limb from limb, but she went away ready to eat out of his hand.

"How did you manage it?" he was asked.

"Oh, I just told her to leave the child to me and I'd guarantee that she'd turn out as fine a woman as her mother," he said with a grin.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Small, River Ave., Ryde, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

ENOUGH TO LAST

BEFORE electricity came to our town we used gas. Our meter was one of the old-fashioned type, set in a box, and kept locked. Mary had just arrived from the country and watched with interest when the man came to check up. Shortly after his departure I heard her say to my two small boys, "Come away from that box at once. The man has only left enough gas to last us until he comes again."

10/6 to Mrs. J. F. Walker, Cintra St., East Ipswich, Qld.

BAD LUCK, GOOD LUCK

I STEPPED off the footpath in Martin Place, which had just been top-dressed with tar and sand. The tar squelched up the sole of my shoe. When I went to wipe my shoe, I found a folded £1 note sticking to the bottom.

2/6 to Kate Kennedy, Deewhy Rd., North Curl Curl, N.S.W.

On Swaying Bridge

WHILE my husband was managing a coconut plantation in Papua, we were returning from visiting a village. I was feeling pleased that I could keep ahead of my husband even for a time, following the guide.

We came to a creek spanned by a native bridge of cane, the first I had seen. The native went over easily. I thought I could do the same, but near the centre of the swaying affair I lost my nerve and could not move. There was nothing but the narrow open cane-work footing to hold.

When my husband arrived he directed the guide to come slowly back so as not to sway the bridge too much, and hold my arm. Step by step I managed it with the guide's help.

2/6 to Mrs. M. E. Catt, Merinda St., Greenslopes, Qld.

This pearl wasn't

AT Shark Bay pearling settlement, West Australia, the shell, after being shipped from the boats, is stacked in heaps upon the shore, where it is opened.

At one heap I noticed three blacks leaving at dinner-time. I seized a knife and, prising open a shell, inserted an artificial pearl, as large as a small marble, which I had procured from a girl at the Pearlers' Rest Hotel.

It was not long before a blackfellow came upon it. His eyes bulged, and letting out a yell, followed by two other blacks, he ran towards the house of the pearler.

The captain squashed the sham pearl between his fingers. Later, to commemorate my joke, he gave me a fine pearl blister.

2/6 to A. Vander, Well St., Brighton, Vic.

Locked in chest

WHEN I was thirteen, my grandfather went for a cruise to China and Japan, and brought back a carved camphor-wood chest. The day it arrived, my mother began to clean it. I climbed inside it, and let my mother close the lid while she continued to clean it.

After a few seconds I called to my mother to let me out. She tried vainly to raise the lid. It had locked itself. To complicate matters, the key was inside in a small compartment in the opposite end of the chest to my head.

I wriggled feverishly and finally managed, with difficulty, to turn round inside. I succeeded in forcing the lid up to make a small crack through which I pushed the key.

2/6 to T. G. Whalley, Nambour, North Coast Line, Qld.

STOP WEARING GLASSES

and regain NORMAL VISION

Those suffering with impaired eyesight CAN NOW, WITH EYE CULTURE, DISCARD GLASSES FOREVER. You can restore perfect vision, yourself, in your own home, by EYE CULTURE'S Simple, Natural, Harmless, Effective Treatment.

NO GLASSES, NO OPERATION, NO EYE DROPS, NO DRUGS!

Just a course of Eye Culture which removes all congestion from the strained, weakened eye muscles, then by simple exercise those muscles are strengthened until they function normally, and the eyes regain their natural sight, beauty, and tone.

If you suffer from NEAR SIGHT, FAR SIGHT, OLD SIGHT, ASTIGMATISM, SQUINT, SORE, TIRED or STRAINED eyes, GLARE or other eye troubles, you need Eye Culture to help you, whatever your age or however long the eyes have been troubling you.

A grateful user of Eye Culture wrote us saying . . . "I am very pleased to be able to tell you that my eyes are now perfectly well. I did not write before because I was taking another position with additional eye strain of negative retouching and colouring and I wished to test them thoroughly." WHAT A TEST FOR EYE CULTURE!

Write today—you are under no obligation, and get our expert knowledge by which you can preserve and improve your eyesight without the use of glasses, even though you may have worn them for very many years.

Write NOW, enclosing a 3d. stamped envelope, mentioning your eye trouble, for our Free Booklet, "Perfect Eyesight without Glasses" to "Eye Culture," No. 1, 397 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

EYE CULTURE

When natural blonde hair grows dull, charm and personality fade. You become "one of the crowd." No longer do men look twice. Sta-Blond not only prevents blonde hair from darkening, but brings back the natural shimmering beauty to fair hair that has gone brownish—mousy. Its Vitel nourishes the roots—banishes dandruff. Contains no dyes or injurious bleaches. Economical too—2 shampoos in every packet. Stay fair with STA-BLOND — get a packet TO-DAY.

ENGLISH PRODUCT

STA-BLOND
The BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

RELIEVE IRRITATING BITES

Soothe away the tormenting itch of bites and reduce the ugly swelling with soothing Rexona Ointment. If the bite has been scratched, Rexona's special medications will prevent infection and quickly heal the broken skin.

Keep your skin always healthy and free from blemishes by washing it only with Rexona Soap, which contains the same healing medications as Rexona Ointment.

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She was Nervy, Despondent

Always Tired and Run-down

"I always felt dead tired," states Mrs. E.L. of Waanyarra, Vic. "The least bit of work seemed a great trouble, and I would get despondent over nothing at all. I was very nervous and run-down.

"Immediately I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I felt the benefit, for I became stronger and took more interest in life. Now, after a few bottles, my nerves have recovered and I feel so entirely different. I have lost the despondent, weary feeling and gained plenty of energy. Housework is now no trouble."

When your nerves become tired and worn out, and weariness, worry, depression, headaches cause wretched days and nights, you need the world-famous Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to revitalise your system throughout with new rich red blood. People who take these pills say they are wonderfully beneficial for the whole system. Begin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without delay, if you are nervous, run-down, and need new strength and vigour. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.***

ITCHING FEET and TOES may be dreaded SURFER'S FOOT

If the skin between your toes is red and itchy or has turned dead-white, moist and pulpy, it may be Surfer's Foot. If neglected you will carry this infection wherever you go barefoot and you may infect your family and friends. Treat this stubborn infection with Iodex, which kills the fungus and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues. Used by doctors all over the world.

At all Chemists PRICE 2/-

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 6

WITH a start, Doctor Armstrong woke up. It was morning. Sunlight was pouring into the room.

And someone was leaning over him, shaking him. It was Rogers. Rogers, with a white face, saying: "Doctor—doctor!"

Doctor Armstrong woke up completely. He sat up in bed. He said sharply: "What is it?"

"It's the wife, doctor. I can't get her to wake. And—and she don't look right to me!"

Doctor Armstrong was quick and efficient. He wrapped himself in his dressing-gown and followed Rogers.

He bent over the bed where the woman was lying peacefully on her side. He lifted the cold hand, raised the eyelid. It was some few minutes before he straightened himself and turned from the bed.

Rogers whispered: "Is she—is she——" He passed a tongue over dry lips.

Armstrong nodded. "Yes, she's gone."

His eyes rested thoughtfully on the man before him. Then they went to the table by the bed, to the washstand, then back to the sleeping woman.

Rogers said: "Was it—was it—'er 'eart, doctor?"

Doctor Armstrong was a minute or two before replying. Then he said: "What was her health like normally?"

Rogers said: "She was a bit rheumaticky."

"Any doctor been attending her recently?"

"Doctor?" Rogers stared. "Not been to a doctor for years—neither of us."

"You'd no reason to believe she auffered from heart trouble?"

"No, doctor. I never knew of anything."

Armstrong said: "Did she sleep well?"

Now Rogers' eyes evaded his. The man's hands came together and turned and twisted uneasily. He muttered: "She didn't sleep extra well, no."

The doctor said sharply: "Did she take things to make her sleep?"

Rogers stared at him, surprised. "Take things? To make her sleep? Not that I knew of. I'm sure she didn't."

Armstrong went over to the washstand.

There were a certain number of bottles on it. Hair lotion, lavender water, cascara, glycerine and cucumber for the hands, a mouthwash, tooth paste.

Rogers helped by pulling out the drawers of the dressing-table. From there they moved on to the chest of drawers. But there was no sign of sleeping draughts or tablets.

Rogers said: "She didn't have nothing last night, sir, except what you gave her."

. . . . .

When the gong sounded for breakfast at nine o'clock, it found everyone up and awaiting the summons. General Macarthur and the judge had been pacing the terrace outside, exchanging desultory comments on the political situation. Vera Claythorne and Philip Lombard had been up to the summit of the island behind the house. There they had discovered William Henry Blore, standing staring at the mainland.

He said: "No sign of that motor-boat yet. I've been watching for it."

Vera said, smiling: "Devon's a sleepy county. Things are usually late."

Philip Lombard was looking the other way out to sea. He said abruptly: "What d'you think of the weather?"

Glancing up at the sky, Blore remarked: "Looks all right to me."

Lombard pursed up his mouth into a whistle. He said: "It will come on to blow before the day's out."

Blore said: "Squally, eh?"

From below them came the boom of a gong.

Philip Lombard said: "Breakfast? Well, I could do with some."

As they went down the steep slope, Blore said to Lombard in a ruminating voice: "You know, it beats me why that young fellow wanted to do himself in! I've been worrying about it all night."

Vera Claythorne was a little ahead. Lombard hung back slightly. He said: "Got any alternative theory?"

"I'd want some proof. Motive, to begin with. Well off, I should say."

Emily Brent came out of the drawing-room window to meet them. She said sharply: "Is the boat coming?"

"Not yet," said Vera.

THEY went in to breakfast. There was a vast dish of eggs and bacon on the sideboard, and tea and coffee.

Rogers held the door open for them to pass in, then shut it from the outside.

Emily Brent said: "That man looks ill this morning."

Doctor Armstrong, who was standing by the window, cleared his throat. He said: "You must excuse any — er — shortcomings this morning. Rogers has had to do the best he can for breakfast single-handed. Mrs. Rogers has—er—not been able to carry on this morning."

Emily Brent said sharply: "What's the matter with the woman?"

Dr. Armstrong said easily: "Let us start our breakfast. The eggs will be cold. Afterwards, there are several matters that I want to discuss with you all."

They took the hint. Plates were filled, coffee and tea were poured. The meal began.

Discussion of the island was, by mutual consent, tabooed. They spoke instead in a desultory fashion of current events. The news from abroad, events in the world of sport.

Then, when plates were cleared, Doctor Armstrong moved back his chair a little, cleared his throat importantly, and spoke. He said: "I thought it better to wait until you had had your breakfast before telling you of a sad piece of news. Mrs. Rogers died in her sleep."

There were startled and shocked ejaculations.

Vera exclaimed, "How awful! Two deaths on this island since we arrived!"

Mr. Justice Wargrave, his eyes narrowed, said in his small, precise, clear voice: "H'm—very remarkable. What was the cause of death?"

Armstrong shrugged his shoulders. "Impossible to say offhand."

"There must be an autopsy?"

"I certainly couldn't give a certificate. I have no knowledge whatever of the woman's state of health."

Vera said: "She was a very nervous-looking creature. And she had a shock last night. It might have been heart failure, I suppose?"

Doctor Armstrong said dryly: "Her heart certainly failed to beat, but what caused it to fail is the question."

One word fell from Emily Brent. It fell hard and clear into the listening group. "Conscience!" she said.

ARMSTRONG turned to her. "What exactly do you mean by that, Miss Brent?"

Emily Brent, her lips tight and hard, said: "You all heard. She was accused, together with her husband, of having deliberately murdered her former employer, an old lady."

"And you think——?"

Emily Brent said: "I think that that accusation was true. You all saw her last night. She broke down completely and fainted. The shock of having her wickedness brought home to her was too much for her. She literally died of fear."

Doctor Armstrong shook his head doubtfully. "It is a possible theory," he said. "One cannot adopt it without more exact knowledge of her state of health. If there was cardiac weakness——"

Emily Brent said quietly: "Call it, if you prefer, an act of God."

Everyone looked shocked. Mr. Blore said uneasily: "That's carrying things a bit far, Miss Brent."

She looked at them with shining eyes. Her chin went up. She said: "You regard it as impossible that a sinner should be struck down by the wrath of God! I do not!"

The judge stroked his chin. He murmured in a slightly ironic voice: "My dear lady, in my experience of ill-doing, providence leaves the work of conviction and chastisement to us mortals—and the process is often fraught with difficulties. There are no short cuts."

Emily Brent shrugged her shoulders.

Blore said sharply: "What did she have to eat and drink last night after she went up to bed?"

Armstrong said: "Nothing."

"She didn't take anything? A cup of tea? A drink of water? I'll bet you she had a cup of tea. That sort always does."

"Rogers assures me that she had nothing whatsoever."

"Ah," said Blore. "But he might say so!"

His tone was so significant that the doctor looked at him sharply.

Philip Lombard said: "So that's your idea?"

Blore said aggressively: "Well, why not? We all heard that accusation last night. May be sheer moonshine—just plain lunacy! On the other hand, it may not. Allow, for the moment, that it's true. Rogers and his missis polished off that old lady. Well, where does that get you? They've been feeling quite safe and happy about it——"

Vera interrupted. In a low voice, she said: "No, I don't think Mrs. Rogers ever felt safe."

Blore looked slightly annoyed at the interruption. "Just like a woman," his glance said.

He resumed: "That's as may be. Anyway, there's no active danger to them, as far as they know. Then, last night, some unknown lunatic spills the beans. What happens? The woman cracks; she goes to pieces. Notice how her husband hung over her as she was coming round. Not all husbandly solicitude! Not on your life! He was like a cat on hot bricks. Scared out of his life as to what she might say.

Please turn to Page 42

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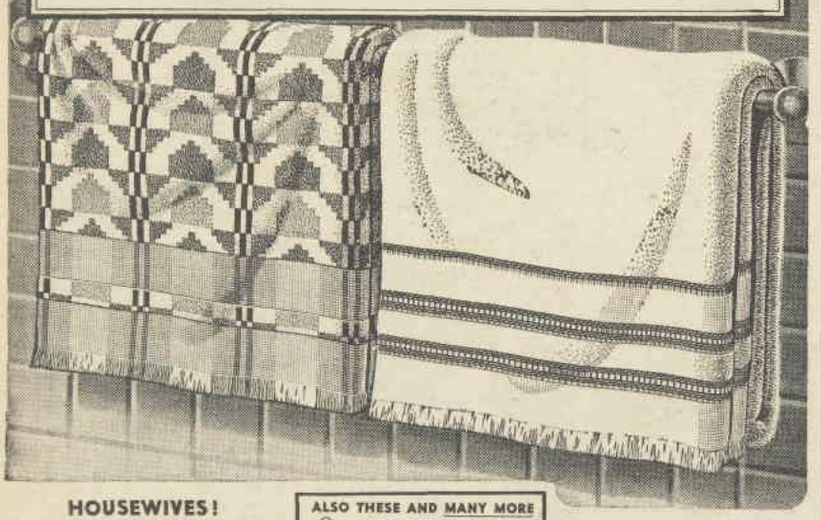

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Seaweed reducing treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases, and having only health giving and tonic properties, cannot derange the system like some treatments do. It will not affect the heart and can have no ill-effects and on getting down to normal weight desired, one does not immediately put on weight again as in the case of reduction by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Len O. Sizer, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collie, W.A., who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties over many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Tabs at 4/6 plus 3d. post for 3 weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these, the formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream acts by absorption—4/6 jar, post 6d. The Seaweed slimming Bath Balls are used as well (for drastic reduction), 2/- each, 10/6 for 8 pkts., post 1/6. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Testimonials from all over Commonwealth. Write him.***

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have just brought to a successful end their sensational adventure in quest of a millionaire's stolen jewels and bonds and the thief, the Kid Glove Kid, known as the slickest crook on earth. With the jewels restored and the guilty man in prison, Mandrake and Lothar seem destined for a quiet life. But . . . NOW READ ON:

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I will say! "THIS BIOCEL CREAM IS MARVELLOUS!"

It nourishes the skin

My doctor told me that Biocel in this particular cream is obtained from carefully selected young animals. It goes down deep into the skin and supplies it with the very nourishment it needs to make it firm, fresh and young. It was discovered by a great Vienna University Professor. It is now combined with Crème Tokalon Biocel in just the right proportions to nourish the skin tissues. Use this crème at night and use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing), in the morning. In three days it will put you on the road to get rid of your complexion blemishes and flabby sagging facial muscles. In tests made at the University of Vienna Hospital by Prof. Dr. Stejskal on women from 55 to 72 years of age, lines disappeared in six weeks' time. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

SICK KIDNEYS CAN BE CURED

For more than sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been proving to grateful users in almost every country that disorders of kidneys and liver definitely can be cured. There was a time, perhaps, three generations ago, when one might have been sceptical of the large claims made for Warner's Safe Cure. That time is now past. Scepticism has been drowned in a flood of thankful, voluntary testimonials — tangible, Black-and-white evidence that Warner's Safe Cure does not only give relief, but actually cures once and for all, disorders of these extremely important organs.

A typical letter came recently from a lady in Birdwood, S.A. She writes: "I have much pleasure in writing you regarding your Warner's Safe Cure. I had been suffering from liver and kidney trouble, and tried all sorts of medicine without much relief. I couldn't sleep at night until a friend of mine told me about Warner's Safe Cure, which I tried. I am pleased to say I am now free of all my trouble and can sleep well at night. I can heartily recommend Warner's Safe Cure to anyone suffering from my complaint."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, biliousness, sleeplessness, etc., are only a few of the many dangerous symptoms that may occur when the body is flooded with harmful poisons from deranged kidneys or liver. The prompt application of a proven remedy is most essential to prevent these symptoms becoming chronic.

Warner's Safe Cure has been thoroughly tried and proven by more than sixty years of constant use. It has been found the cheapest effective remedy by three grateful generations. Warner's Safe Cure may be had at all chemists and stores.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.***

Dorothy Dix says:

"Every girl needs a true perspiration check that her bath can't render ineffective, that won't fail her at the most inopportune moments."

Only by checking perspiration (and doctors agree that checking perspiration in small areas like the underarm is a perfectly safe practice) can you be sure your deodorant gives you immunity from the damage of perspiration.

Not even the best dry cleaning will remove that disagreeable odour if you have allowed it to get into the fabric around the armholes of your dresses. You may think it isn't there but when you wear the dress again, the warmth of your body will renew that stale odour and others will notice it if you do not.

Guard against this threat to your wellbeing by using Odorono the perspiration corrective that was formulated by a doctor and which has been proved safe by hundreds of thousands of women throughout the world.

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 40

"AND there's the position for you! They've done a murder and got away with it. But if the whole thing's going to be raked up, what's going to happen? Ten to one, the woman will give the show away. She hasn't got the nerve to stand up and brazen it out. She's a living danger to her husband. He's all right. He'll lie with a straight face till kingdom come, but he can't be sure of her! And if she goes to pieces his neck's in danger! So he slips something into a cup of tea and makes sure that her mouth is shut permanently."

Armstrong said slowly: "There was no empty cup by her bedside—there was nothing there at all. I looked."

Blore snorted. "Of course there wouldn't be! First thing he'd do when she'd drunk it would be to take that cup and saucer away and wash it up carefully."

There was a pause. Then General Macarthur said doubtfully: "It may be so. But I should hardly think it possible that a man would do that—to his wife."

Blore gave a short laugh. He said: "When a man's neck's in danger, he doesn't stop to think too much about sentiment."

There was a pause. Before anyone could speak, the door opened and Rogers came in.

He said, looking from one to the other: "Is there anything more I can get you? I'm sorry there was so little toast, but we've run right out of bread. The new bread hasn't come over from the mainland yet."

Mr. Justice Wargrave stirred a little in his chair. He asked: "What time does the motorboat usually come over?"

"Between seven and eight, sir. Sometimes it's a bit after eight. Don't know what Fred Narracott can be doing this morning. If he's ill he'd send his brother."

Philip Lombard said: "What's the time now?"

"Ten minutes to ten, sir."

Lombard's eyebrows rose. He nodded slowly to himself.

Rogers waited a minute or two.

General Macarthur spoke suddenly and explosively: "Sorry to hear about your wife, Rogers. Doctor's just been telling us."

Rogers inclined his head. "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

He took up the empty bacon dish and went out. One by one the guests left the room.

On the terrace outside, Philip Lombard said: "About this motorboat——"

Blore nodded his head. He said: "I know what you're thinking, Mr. Lombard. I've asked myself the same question. Motorboat ought to have been here nigh on two hours ago. It hasn't come. Why?"

"Found the answer?" asked Lombard.

"It's not an accident—that's what I say. It's part and parcel of the whole business. It's all bound up together."

PHILIP LOMBARD said: "It won't come, you think?"

A voice spoke behind him—a testy impatient voice. "The motorboat's not coming."

Blore turned his square shoulder slightly and viewed the last speaker thoughtfully. "You think not, too, general?"

General Macarthur said sharply: "Of course it won't come. We're counting on the motorboat to take us off the island. That's the meaning of the whole business. We're not going to leave the island. None of us will ever leave. It's the end, you see—the end of everything." He hesitated, then he said in a low, strange voice: "That's peace—real peace. To come to the end—not to have to go on. Yes, peace."

He turned abruptly and walked away. Along the terrace, then down the slope towards the sea, obliquely to the end of the island, where loose rocks went out into the water. He walked a little unsteadily, like a man who was only half awake.

Blore said: "There goes another one who's barmy! Looks as though it'll end with the whole lot going that way."

Philip Lombard said: "I don't fancy you will, Blore."

The ex-inspector laughed. "It would take a lot to send me off my head." He added dryly: "And I don't think you'll be going that way either, Mr. Lombard."

Philip Lombard said: "I feel quite sane at the minute, thank you."

Doctor Armstrong came out onto the terrace. He stood there, hesitating. To his left were Blore and Lombard. To his right was Wargrave, slowly pacing up and down, his head bent down. Armstrong, after a moment of indecision, turned towards the latter.

But at that moment Rogers came quickly out of the house. "Could I have a word with you, sir, please?"

Armstrong turned. He was startled at what he saw. Rogers' face was working. Its color was greyish-green. His hands shook. It was such a contrast to his restraint of a few minutes ago that Armstrong was quite taken aback.

"Please, sir, if I could have a word with you. Inside, sir."

The doctor turned back and re-entered the house with the frenzied butler.

He said: "What's the matter, man? Pull yourself together."

"In here, sir; come in here."

He opened the dining-room door. The doctor passed in. Rogers followed him and shut the door behind him.

"Well," said Armstrong, "what is it?"

The muscles of Rogers' throat were working. He was swallowing. He jerked out: "There's things going on, sir, that I don't understand."

Armstrong said sharply: "Things? What things?"

"You'll think I'm crazy, sir. You'll say it isn't anything. But it's got to be explained, sir. It's got to be explained. Because it doesn't make any sense."

"Well, man, tell me what it is. Don't go on talking in riddles."

Rogers swallowed again. He said: "It's those little figures, sir. In the middle of the table. The little china figures. Ten of them, there were. I'll swear to that—ten of them."

Armstrong said: "Yes, ten. We counted them last night at dinner."

Rogers came nearer. "That's just it, sir. Last night, when I was clearing up, there wasn't but nine, sir. I noticed it and thought it queer. But that's all I thought. And now, sir, this morning. I didn't notice when I laid the breakfast. I was upset and all that. But now, sir, when I came to clear away. See for yourself if you don't believe me. There's only eight, sir! Only eight! It doesn't make sense, does it? Only eight!"

. . . . . .

After breakfast, Emily Brent had suggested to Vera Claythorne that they should walk up to the summit again and watch for the boat. Vera had acquiesced.

The wind had freshened. Small white crests were appearing on the sea. There were no fishing boats out, and no sign of the motorboat. The actual village of Sticklehaven could not be seen, only the hill above it, a jutting-out cliff of red rock concealed the actual little bay.

Emily Brent said: "The man who brought us out yesterday seemed a dependable sort of person. It is really very odd that he should be so late this morning."

Vera did not answer. She was fighting down a rising feeling of panic.

She said to herself angrily: You must keep cool. This isn't like you. You've always had excellent nerves.

Aloud, she said, after a minute or two: "I wish he would come. I—I want to get away."

Emily Brent said dryly, "I've no doubt we all do."

Vera said: "It's all so extraordinary. There seems no—no meaning in it all."

The elderly woman beside her said briskly: "I'm very annoyed with myself for being so easily taken in. Really, that letter is absurd, when one comes to examine it. But I had no doubts at the time—none at all."

Vera murmured mechanically: "I suppose not."

"One takes things for granted too much," said Emily Brent.

Vera drew a deep, shuddering breath. She said: "Do you really think—what you said at breakfast?"

"Be a little more precise, my dear. To what in particular are you referring?"

VERA said in a low voice: "Do you really think that Rogers and his wife did away with that old lady?"

Emily Brent gazed thoughtfully out to sea. Then she said: "Personally, I am quite sure of it. What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think."

Emily Brent said: "Everything goes to support the idea. The way the woman fainted. And the man dropped the coffee tray, remember? Then the way he spoke about it—it didn't ring true. Oh, yes, I'm afraid they did it."

Vera said: "The way she looked—scared of her own shadow! I've never seen a woman look so frightened. She must have been always haunted by it."

Miss Brent murmured: "I remember a text that hung in my nursery as a child. 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' It's very true, that. 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'"

Vera scrambled to her feet. She said: "But, Miss Brent—Miss Brent, in that case——"

"Yes, my dear?"

"The others? What about the others?"

"I don't quite understand you."

"All the other accusations—they—they weren't true? But if it's true about the Rogers'——" She stopped, unable to make her chaotic thought clear.

Emily Brent's brow, which had been frowning perplexedly, cleared. She said: "Ah, I understand you now. Well, there is that Mr. Lombard. He admits to having abandoned twenty men to their deaths."

"They were only natives."

Emily Brent said simply: "Black or white, they are our brothers."

Vera thought: Our black brothers—our black brothers. Oh, I'm going to laugh. I'm hysterical. I'm not myself.

EMILY BRENT continued, thoughtfully, "Of course, some of the other accusations were very far-fetched and ridiculous. Against the judge, for instance, who was only doing his duty in his public capacity. And the ex-Scotland Yard man. My own case, too." She paused, and then went on: "Naturally, considering the circumstances, I was not going to say anything last night. It was not a fit subject to discuss before gentlemen."

"No?"

Vera listened with interest. Miss Brent continued, serenely, "Beatrice Taylor was in service with me. Not a nice girl—as I found out too late. I was very much deceived in her. She had nice manners and was very clean and willing. I was very pleased with her. Of course, all that was the sheerest hypocrisy! It was some time before I found out that she was what they call 'in trouble.'" She paused, her delicate nose wrinkling itself in distaste. "It was a great shock to me. Her parents were decent folk, too, who had brought her up very strictly. I'm glad to say they did not condone her behaviour."

Vera said, staring at Miss Brent: "What happened?"

"Naturally, I did not keep her an hour under my roof. No one shall ever say that I condoned immorality."

Vera said in a lower voice: "What happened—to her?"

Miss Brent said: "The abandoned creature, not content with having one sin on her conscience, committed a still graver sin. She took her own life."

Vera whispered, horror-struck: "She killed herself?"

"Yes, she threw herself into the river."

Vera shivered. She stared at the calm, delicate profile of Miss Brent. She said: "What did you feel like when you knew she'd done that? Weren't you sorry? Didn't you blame yourself?"

Emily Brent drew herself up. "I? I had nothing with which to reproach myself."

Vera said: "But if your—hardness—drove her to it."

Emily Brent said sharply, "Her own action—her own sin—that was what drove her to it. If she had behaved like a decent, modest young woman, none of this would have happened."

She turned her face to Vera. There was no self-reproach, no uneasiness in those eyes. They were hard and self-righteous. Emily Brent sat on the summit of Nigger Island, encased in her own armor of virtue. The little elderly spinster was no longer slightly ridiculous to Vera. Suddenly, she was terrible.

To be continued

A Day is Born

A mountain top
Encased in purple mist,
Where bound with chains
Of rapture and delight
I stood and watched
The passing of the night.
As slowly rising
Shafts of golden light
Pierced the clear heavens
With their radiance bright,
A day was born,
And with it died the night.

—*Marie Jackson.*

Take my advice says Miss Osman

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THE HOMEMAKER

February 10, 1940 The Australian Women's Weekly First Page

YOUR HAIR and its COLOR

WHEN grey hairs begin to appear so fast that it's no longer possible to pull them out, what should you do about it? Go grey gracefully . . . or resort to coloring . . .?

By JANETTE

PERHAPS it will comfort you to know when you glimpse your first grey hairs in the mirror that that awful feeling you have in the pit of your stomach is not unique.

A few million other women have had it, at the sight of their first grey hairs.

What practically every woman does with her very first ones is pull them out.

There is no harm in pulling out first grey hairs, for there is no scientific basis for the tradition that two will spring from the root from which you pulled one.

Nobody really knows why the hair turns grey.

IN THIS picture Alice Faye, Fox star, has her hair bleached a platinum blonde. Notice, in comparison with the picture of the same girl on the right, how much older and harder the unnatural hair color makes the face appear.

HERE THE HAIR in a soft natural tone gives a soft and very youthful appearance to the face—a contrast to the photograph of the same girl on the left.

NO GREY HAIRS yet for this young lovely, but should any appear—and she is on the look-out for them—she will touch them up with a "hair stick."

Scientists have never been able to find out why—nor to offer any remedy.

When grey hairs begin appearing in such numbers that you can't pull them out without risk of denuding your pate, what next can you do? "Hair sticks" offer a second useful and practical expedient.

These are crayon-like pencils, which come in a wide range of hair shades and can be used to stroke coloring on the hair where the grey streaks show.

Lots of women use these for greying temples. And many women use them between applications of hair dye, to hide the new growth of hair that comes in grey or white.

Hair sticks do not pretend to color the hair permanently; you use them every day or so, like a crayon, over the greying patches.

Then what? When grey hairs are scattered in such numbers that you can't pencil them out of sight, what can you do next? You either relax and let your hair turn grey—or you determine to recolor it. Only you can know which you want to do.

Suppose you decide to color your hair. How shall you do it?

Recoloring should only be done by an expert hairdresser.

It is a delicate process. It takes knowledge; experience in the action of the preparation to be used; skill in judging the quality and characteristics of hair; and practical technique in applying the preparation evenly.

It is no job for an amateur under any consideration whatever.

If you want results that are natural-looking, take your grey hairs to a good hairdresser. Insist on knowing what kind of coloring is to be used on your hair.

Insist on having a cut strand of your hair colored first, so you can see what the results are to be.

Insist on having a little of the dye applied to your skin, behind your ear, for example, to be sure you are not one of the occasional people who are dangerously sensitive to substances present in some hair dyes. Find out what sort of dye is to be used and make sure it is perfectly safe in every way.

The true vegetable colorings in common use are henna and camomile. Pure vegetable henna will stain pure grey or white hair a carroty red.

On dark or mixed hair, the color is correspondingly darker, of course. On deep brown or black hair, the effect is a rich auburn glint.

Henna is a herb which actually benefits the hair, giving it softness and sheen. But the henna stain is not lasting; it wears off, and so has to be applied again at intervals.

Pure camomile, another herb, gives gloss and brilliance of color to light hair; it restores brightness to drab or fading light shades of hair. Its bleaching property is negligible, so on dark hair it is useful only to give softness and sheen.

The addition of peroxide to camomile gives the mixture real bleaching action, especially when used repeatedly over a period of time.

Metallic hair dyes are solutions of copper, silver, bismuth, or lead, which in effect plate the hair with a metallic coating of color, infinitesimally thin, of course.

Various preparations

MANY hair coloring preparations combine henna or sage or camomile with metallic solutions, thus uniting the warm tones of the vegetable colorings with the permanent qualities of the metallic salts.

The modern synthetic dyes give the most complete range of hair colorings. With them both the shades and the timing of the application can be controlled with skill and nicety.

Don't hold to the idea that you must make your hair the same color as it was when you were a girl.

While your hair was fading, finally becoming grey, your skin lost some of its intensity of coloring, too.

So that even if your complexion is fresh and clear, it is almost sure to be less vivid than it was. Even the irises of your eyes have probably become subdued.

If you recolor your hair with a strong, decided color, you show up the faded tones of your skin and eyes, make them look older by contrast.

That's why some women are disappointed in their hopes of what coloring the hair would do to youthify their appearance. It is also why hair colored this way looks artificial.

An expert hair artist will usually urge you to color your hair in a neutral tint—a dusty blonde, a mousy drab, a muted brown.

Such tones will hide the grey and yet avoid a too-sharp contrast with a dullish skin tone.

JUDGE A WOMAN BY THE WAY SHE WASHES HER HAIR

She, in this day, whose hair betrays a secret carelessness, not only forfeits admiration — but frequently courts unfavourable comment . . .!

IF you notice a girl with dry, dull, hard-to-manage, or "dandruffy" hair you may depend she is not particular in avoiding the use of skin soap on her hair . . . for the "burning" chemical action of soap *alkali* spoils nice hair!

To prove that your hair can be as soft, *silky-clean*, and lustrous as any . . . try Colinated, new-style, quick-rinsing "cocoanut foam" Shampoo that everyone's talking about!

BLONDES—Preserve natural light gold lustre. Prevent "alkali streaks."

BRUNETTES—Discover thrilling new highlights!

For Colinated double-active cocoanut bubbles dissolve every trace of dust, dandruff, oily-film or scalp acid . . . And leave your hair with a magic new sheen you never noticed before!

Make your very next shampoo a real "beauty" wash!

★ A bottle lasts months. Any Chemist or Store.

Colinated Shampoo

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With spring come the

GOLDEN DAFFODILS

JUST now spring seems far, far away. But soon the gardener must think of this season, get out his daffodil bulbs, clean them up and have them ready for planting in a few weeks.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

A CATALOGUE I received from an English daffodil firm recently reminded me that the time for planting the glorious flowering bulbs was only about a month or six weeks distant.

Although planting time is still in the distance, you can prepare now to grow more daffodils, and those who can afford to import a few choice varieties will be well advised to do so. My friend overseas informs me that his planting area has been strictly limited by the British Government, and he has been told that one-third of his bulb farm will be required for potato-growing next English spring.

So far in Australia no limitations have been imposed on flower crops, therefore we have a great chance of being able to breed up new varieties, and, in time, make ourselves independent, to a great extent, of overseas supplies.

Although commercial men do most of this work in Australia, a fine opportunity offers for really enthusiastic amateurs who possess botanical knowledge to make the production of new types a payable little sideline.

The cooler parts of the Commonwealth, where no severe winter is experienced, and where the summer has a uniformly low average temperature, are ideal for daffodil culture.

We should be able to grow millions of them every year, and to bring the flowers down in price within the reach of everybody, instead of paying the equivalent of twopence each, as we do to-day.

Daffodil bulbs are still far too highly-priced for the average gardener, and that is why the blooms realise famine rates in springtime.

From a thousand bulbs bought about 10 years ago a friend of mine has raised several hundred thousand plump ones, and is increasing them every year.

DAFFODILS, the bright yellow trumpet type, and some fragrant jonquils. Daffodil-growing, especially with new varieties, can be a profitable money-making sideline for the amateur gardener.

This has been done only by giving the bulbs a change of soil every two or three years.

This man's garden has very heavy clay soil, and he finds that the bulbs "run out" or degenerate after about three years.

He then lifts them, gives them their usual seasonal rest of several months, and plants them in a specially prepared sandy bed, and they recover vigor and flower yield in a remarkable way in two seasons.

Peat, which he gets from a mountainside somewhere in Victoria, is incorporated in the heavy soil he uses, and the sandy soil is built up in fertility by the addition of well-decayed horse manure.

Important factors

THE bulbs are always planted a uniform width and depth, as he finds that these factors are most important.

In his ornamental beds a trowel of the Slim Jim type is used. This little implement is long and narrow and has a blunt, well-rounded nose.

He dibbles a hole with the trowel, taking out the soil to a depth of five to six inches, according to the size of the bulb.

The bulbs are then pressed well downwards until they reach the bottom, and good quality, well-sieved soil is then placed on top and pressed down firmly all round.

The clumps comprise about a dozen bulbs and they are spaced 6ins. apart. This gives him a chance of placing neat little stakes in position to hold up the foliage of varieties that sometimes get a trifle top-heavy.

The soil is frequently fertilised with a very unorthodox mixture comprising 4 parts of sulphate of ammonia, 8 parts of superphosphate and 10 parts of sulphate of potash.

This is scattered at the rate of a double handful to the square yard, and lightly forked in about a week before the bulbs are planted.

The fact that this man has scooped the pool for years at various flower shows indicates that there is nothing much wrong with the fertiliser, despite the heavy application of sulphate of ammonia, which some experts consider is death to daffodils.

Good drainage is another factor that this expert considers has much to do with the condition of his bulbs.

His soil being mostly heavy, he makes it as friable as possible by the addition of peat, gravel and sand, and pays considerable attention to the cultivation of the heavy area.

A rubble drain is also run near the beds to take off surplus water, and he tells me that never yet has he lost a bulb as a result of disease induced by too much moisture.

He also goes over his beds every season and "rogues" them, removing any bulb that appears runty, imperfect, or discolored.

The result of this attention is that his bulbs are almost 100 per cent. true to name and type, and he never sends anything out that is not clean and healthy.

Although these details may seem superfluous to the amateur, they should serve to show that care, even in the backyard garden, is necessary to assure that daffodils will not "slip back" or degenerate, a condition that amateurs often write to me about.

The symptoms of this condition consist almost solely of failure to flower, but it might be mentioned that failure to lift the bulbs and give them a rest has much to do with the condition.

And now let me suggest a few varieties worthy of the attention of the amateur. I give first place to King Alfred, which is a fine bloom. Then I suggest Emperor, Van Waveren's Giant, Weardale Perfection, Great Warley, Glory of Sassenheim, and Spring Glory.

They are easily the best of the bright yellow trumpets, and rarely fail to give pleasure to the novice who is looking for size, color, and fragrance.

If planting daffodils in pots for interior decoration, place bits of broken pots, bits of dead turf and a few bits of charcoal at the bottom for drainage, and add some bonemeal or dust to the light, loamy soil used.

"He's NOT a weakling—he's a victim of Faulty Elimination!"

Sometimes it's tough to be a kid—to want to be big and strong and brave like other boys, yet find yourself timid — perhaps afraid of the dark.

But there's a reason for that weakness . . . and usually that reason is Faulty Elimination. For how can any fellow hope to be strong and healthy while Nature herself is at fault?

Faulty Elimination (or *incomplete* bowel action) is all the more worrying because it is so hard to detect. So if you are in any doubt about your child, put him at once on a regular course of genuine Laxettes. Laxettes are a mild chocolate aperient that gently but surely assists Nature in fulfilling her most essential duty. A course of Laxettes soon removes from the system all traces of that dangerous food waste which forms the basis of trouble arising from Faulty Elimination, yet does it so gently that the child suffers no ill-effects of purging, griping or discomfort. Buy a tin of Laxettes today. You'll find they are as certain as they are safe. *Insist on genuine Laxettes*—genuine only in a tin. . Stocked by all chemists and stores in two sizes. STANDARD SIZE 1/6 TRIAL SIZE 6d.

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LAXETTES Correct Faulty Elimination

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"JELLEX" PLUM JELLY. *½ lb. stewed whole plums, 1 pkt. Raspberry "JelleX".* Dissolve "JelleX" in half pint hot water. Add plum syrup to make one pint in all. Arrange fruit in mould and pour in liquid. Chill and serve with cream.

Now in this
BRIGHT NEW PACK
ONE PACKET MAKES
A FULL PINT JELLY

TOP QUALITY
at a popular price!

"JELLEX" PEACH BUBBLES. *Quantity of sliced peaches, 1 pkt. Lime "JelleX".* Dissolve "JelleX" in hot water to make 1 pint. When thickening beat with fork to give a bubbly effect and add sliced peaches. Place in jelly glasses, chill. Garnish with crushed nuts.

"JELLEX" SANDWICH. *1 pkt. Strawberry "JelleX", 1 pkt. Lime "JelleX", 1 pkt. Orange "JelleX", ½ pint thin cream.* Dissolve strawberry and lime "JelleX" in hot water to make one pint each, pour into inch high cake tins. Dissolve Orange "JelleX" in ½ pint hot water. When cool stir in ½ pint thin cream. Pour into similar size cake tin. When all three layers are set firm, turn out of tin and place orange cream layer in centre. Cut in slices with knife dipped in hot water.

"JELLEX" BANANA MARSHMALLOW. *6 Bananas, ½ lb. Vanilla Marshmallows, 1 pkt. Lemon "JelleX".* Dissolve "JelleX" in hot water to make 1 pint. Pour over sliced bananas and marshmallows. Stir before "JelleX" sets to arrange ingredients. Chill and serve with fresh sponge cake.

Cut out these recipes for reference.

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Attractive Australian Home

IN SPANISH STYLE

A PATIO garden, a sun-deck and loggia on top of the garage, bougainvillea-covered pergola, walled terraces, multi-colored roofing tiles and cream-textured walls are some of the features that give this home its picturesque charm.

By Our Home Decorator

A REVIVAL in Spanish domestic architecture was set in motion a few years ago by a French architect whose designs made the world aware of the charms of Spanish patio gardens.

In Paris, South Africa, America from New York to California, he exploited Spanish types of homes until they are now quite familiar in those places.

Spanish architecture is gaining great popularity in this country, as it is especially suitable to Australian conditions.

A very charming example is the home shown on this page, designed by Mr. S. N. Rickard for Naval Lieutenant Letch at Roseville. It is designed with a patio still in course of erection when the photograph was taken.

A patio is an enclosed garden. It is something like a room enclosed by four walls but open to the sky. Some of the walls may also form the walls of rooms of the house; others are high, vine-clad walls separating the patio from the outside world if the view is not attractive, or are low walls broken by arches when the view is worth looking at.

Sometimes the patio garden is a string of two, three, or even twenty gardens linked by walls and arches. There may be trees in pots, flowering shrubs, fragrant flowers in profusion, and a thin palm or two rearing a tufted top to the sky.

Always the patio is tiled or paved and has a drinking fountain or pool of water in the centre area. Such a garden is a cool enclosure that makes an ideal outdoor living-room in a country where the climate is temperate.

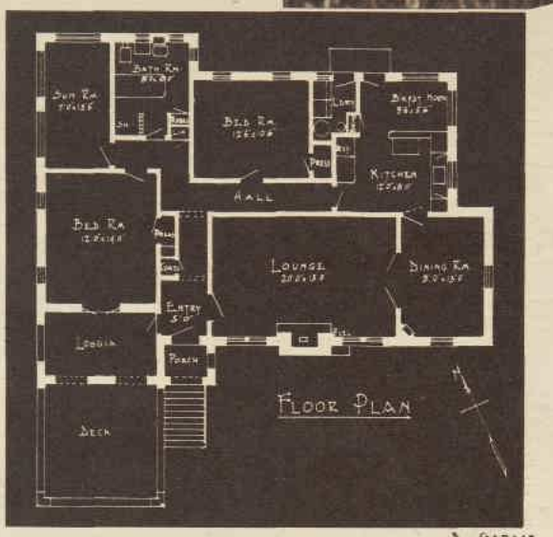
These Spanish patio gardens grew up in Spain from earliest times. The structure of the Greek and Roman courtyards was improved by the loveliness of Arabian and Persian gardens brought in by Arab conquerors. The Arabs were passionate gardeners, they collected antiques of marble, columns, carved stones, and lovely vases. They were artisans in wrought-iron, colored tiles, and ceramics of all kinds, which were put in their beloved scented gardens.

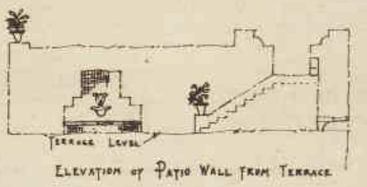
It is not necessary that we should copy every twist and turn of the patio. To get the spirit of it is sufficient, and this we can do easily in Australia with our abundance of flowering shrubs and gorgeous flowers and judicious use of tiles and paving. It is argued that the plain white walls, emptiness, and simplicity of the Spanish garden with decoration of geometric tiles fits in with the angles and skyscraper lines of modern art.

ABOVE: Exterior of the house built in Spanish style. White walls contrast with multi-colored roofing tiles, while three Moorish-like arches open on to a sun-deck above the garage. When this photograph was taken the patio was still in course of construction.

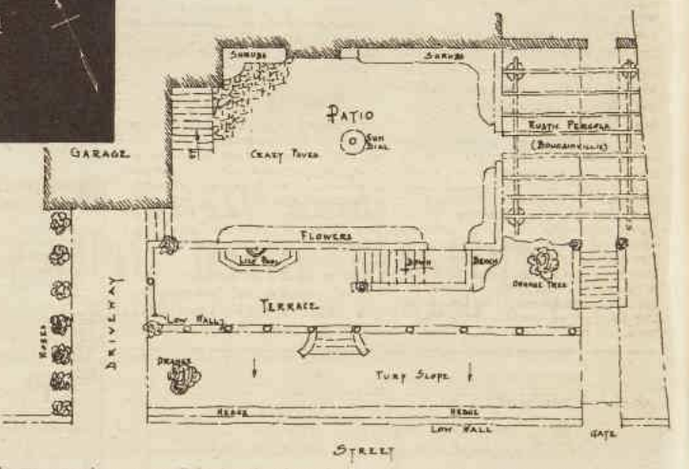
LEFT: Ground plan showing lay-out of the house. There is a large lounge opening into a dining-room, two bedrooms, kitchen, and breakfast nook, sun-room, loggia, and sun-deck.

BELOW: Elevation of patio wall from terrace showing steps lead-up to patio, and drinking fountain and lily pool set into the wall.





Elevation of Patio Wall from Terrace



RIGHT: Lay-out of patio garden, terrace garden, and pergola. Patio is finished with crazy paving, pergola is to be covered with bougainvillea and the terrace will be set with lawns and flower beds.

One story

THE house shown here is long and narrow, with 50 feet frontage and depth of 30 feet—one story only. It has flat roof and parapet wall. A garage jutting out from one side and a rustic pergola on the other are enclosed to form a patio by a wall on the front. (See plan.)

The grounds are laid out with a terrace and turf slope down to the hedge and low wall on the street level. Tiles for the patio take the form of crazy paving made from sandstone rocks in the district, and a sundial takes the place of a centre palm or well.

There is space for shrubs and flower beds. The plain side of the high wall is broken by a drinking fountain with tile background and lily pool. (See elevation of patio wall from terrace.)

The pergola is planned to have a covering of bougainvillea or wistaria. Typical garden shrubs and trees used in Spain and applicable to Australia are orange and mandarin trees, magnolia, slender palms, crepe myrtle, oleander, pomegranate, peach, olive and almond trees, box and cypress, lemon verbena, sweet basil, roses, phlox, zinnias, geraniums, Michaelmas daisies and dahlias, with aspidistra as pot-plants and bougainvillea as a vine.

The house has a south-west aspect so that bedrooms get the morning and afternoon sun and the sun-room gets morning, midday, and afternoon sun. All the exterior walls are Spanish texture colored a light cream, with window-sashes in deeper cream and window or door frames in Dutch-blue.

There are interesting lintels above the casement windows of the lounge-room; these are burnt hardwood charred in the fire to contrast with the cream stucco of the walls. Wrought-iron railings also finish off the windows.

The front wall of the house has a pleasing decoration formed by groups of circular holes made by the ends of pipes which are used instead of air bricks.

An ornamental feature of this wall is the chimney. It has shingle-tiled shoulders and a tiny roof of red, blue, green, and glazed red tiles.

At the base of this chimney is a small square door through which logs can be pushed into the open fireplace of the lounge-room on the other side.

Colored tiles

THERE is a lean-to roof effect of the same colored tiles over the entrance. The front door is a walnut panel with iron peep-grill window and hammered iron hinges and handle. It appears at the head of a flight of steps through an arched porch.

A loggia opening beside the front door and cleverly planned over the garage roof is approached through arches. Garage doors and loggia ceiling have a kind of "rotten stone" finish, while the sun-room has a green-tinted fibre board ceiling.

The furnishing and interior decoration are carried out in yellows red, and black relieved by Dutch-blue—characteristic of Spanish interiors.

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RAW APPLES *save babies' lives*

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . By a Doctor

PATIENT: Doctor, I'm very anxious about my baby. For the last two days he has had a mild attack of diarrhoea, and I know how dangerous this complaint can be for small children. What ought I do for him?

Doctor: The recognised treatment for diarrhoea now is what is known as the "raw apple" treatment. Briefly it is this: As soon as your baby shows symptoms of diarrhoea stop all ordinary food, especially milk. Then feed him on finely-grated raw apple. Give no other food, except water in between times.

For young babies, the juice from the apple pulp should be squeezed through fine butter muslin, or a mechanical fruit-juice extractor used, and then given in a bottle with water and glucose. Older children can take the pulp from a spoon.

Rules for treatment

YOUNG babies should have about six apples in twenty-four hours. For older children, we advise from twelve to twenty according to age.

Give the child nothing but apple for 24 hours. Then during the next couple of days work him back gradually to his ordinary diet and decrease the apple.

A breast-fed baby may be put back on to his ordinary food usually after one day of the apple treatment, but with an artificially-fed baby it often has to be continued for three or four days.

Summer diarrhoea is one of the dread complaints of infancy, for it has been responsible for an enormous number of infant deaths. But, fortunately, a study of our vital statistics for the last few years shows that it is not to be dreaded nearly as much now as formerly. The spread of Infant Welfare work and the greater knowledge available to mothers concerning the care of their children have greatly decreased the number of deaths from diarrhoea.

DURING THE HOT summer months it is essential to guard babies carefully against any infection. Above is a picture of Baby Copelen, darling of Hollywood, who made his film debut with RKO star Ginger Rogers. Wise parents keep a constant vigil during studio hours.

Special precautions should be taken to protect children during the hot summer months.

First make every effort to breast feed your baby for nine months, and do not wean him till the hot weather is over, if it is at all possible.

Nine out of ten cases of summer diarrhoea occur in artificially-fed babies, and the breast-fed do not get is so severely. It is worth noting that the death-rate from diarrhoea among artificially-fed babies is ten or eleven times that among breast-fed babies. Cow's milk for an artificially-fed baby or for an older child should always be obtained from a reliable source—fresh, twice a day. If possible, get tested pasteurised milk.

The decrease in food value during pasteurisation is so small as to be negligible, when compared with the advantage of guaranteed safety from infection.

Prevent infection

OF course, it is equally important to prevent infection of the milk in your home by keeping it always cold and covered. For the baby's sake you must keep all your food protected from both flies and dust. And that goes for baby, too. Keep him under a mosquito net when asleep, and never at any time let him have a "dummy."

The dummy is a great source of attraction to flies, as it becomes moist with saliva, and then, when it falls out of the baby's mouth, it becomes a resting place for the ever-watchful fly, which leaves a few thousand bacteria on it before it flies away.

The best safeguard you can give your baby against summer illnesses is extra special attention to all the usual rules for his health. Feed him regularly, and give him nothing between meals but water or fruit juice. A baby is thirsty in hot weather, but is not so hungry as in cold weather. Give him plenty of boiled water to drink. Keep him in the fresh air as much as possible; insist on long and regular hours of sleep and rest; and don't overclothe him on hot days.

The irritated bowel of the sickly, underfed infant, of the fat overfed, or the overclothed is fertile soil for the growth of the bacteria of diarrhoea, while the normal healthy baby with regular habits may resist the disease to a great extent.

If, in spite of these precautions, your baby **does** contract diarrhoea, you have the "raw apple" treatment I've just told you about. Should you go to the country or to any place where raw apple may not be obtainable, it would be wise to take a tin of dried apple powder against emergency. This powder, as a matter of fact, is the best form in which to give apple to any infant under twelve months. You can obtain it from your chemist.

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense.

"By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy, and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."***

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Eczema
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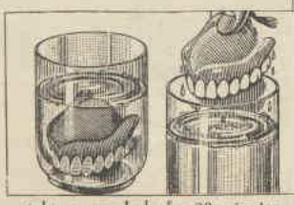
Steradent cleans dentures thoroughly and easily



The thorough way to clean dentures is the easiest way. It entails nothing but leaving them in a glass of water in which 'Steradent' has been dissolved (see directions on the tin). Do this overnight, or regularly for 20 minutes while you dress. The dentures emerge stainless, sterilized and fresh. 'Steradent' is obtainable from all chemists in 2/- and 3/6 tins.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 2d. in stamps for trial supply to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 2515 B.B., G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

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REGD. TRADE MARK

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Aquarians should plan carefully for marriage

IT is wise for Aquarians who are contemplating marriage, as well as those already wed, to give thought to themselves, their unusual characteristics, and their chances of happiness in marriage if they persist in going their own sweet way instead of striving to make the union mutually satisfactory.

In the first place, the Aquarian just considering marriage should choose his partner wisely, giving preference to those prospective mates whose birth places them under the signs of Gemini (May 22 to June 22), or Libra (September 23 to October 24), for the best results of all.

But also those with birthdays under the signs of Sagittarius (November 22 to December 22), Aries (March 21 to April 21), and their own sign of the zodiac, Aquarius (January 20 to February 19). And lastly, those with birthdays within one month of their own.

The Aquarian will find that as a regular thing the Geminian can pick up his thoughts and ideas quickly and sympathetically, and can help him to round out the rough spots and reduce the difficult corners.

Sometimes the Aquarian has good ideas but cannot express them properly; at other times his ideas are too far-fetched for the present age, and need the quick mentality of the Geminian to show the faults and how to correct them.

THE Aquarian mated (in either a business or marriage relationship) with a Libran will usually find life very agreeable, the Libran having a tendency to respect his ideas and let him have full say in the matter, seldom bothering to interfere.

Partnered with one of his own sign he can experience one or other of the two sides of the Aquarian nature, and this can prove a help or a hindrance, as the case may be, and according to the side of that nature which the Aquarian himself is expressing most strongly.

Two Aquarians expressing the more cautious, moody and restless side of the nature can be worse than one. But by the same token two Aquarians expressing only the dreamy, radical, excitable and cranky side of the nature can create chaos.

Black and Cyclamen

THIS rakishly tip-tilted black straw was styled by Rose Valois. For additional nonsense there's a trim of brilliant cyclamen and green velvet ribbons.

Antimacassars back...

Says Australian designer

From MARY ST. CLAIRE by Air Mail from London

"Antimacassars and aspidistras have returned to favor in modern furnishing schemes . . . London's designers, most up to date in the world, have pronounced them tops for 1940."

THIS interesting news was told me by Miss Rose Cummings, Australian-born interior decorator, who is one of the first five of New York's home planners.

"We are going to bring back flowered wallpapers, chintz hangings, patterned carpets, and all the accessories of the English Victorian period.

"But not in the Victorian manner. The Victorian's ideas of furnishings are not ours. We are going to snatch their highlights and improve them so that there is harmony and artistry in the scheme.

"Victorian furniture is beautiful. It is so fine that one can build a whole room around just one Victorian piece. But it has to have a serene setting. Too much design, such as the Victorians indulged in, disturbs the eye."

Miss Cummings was born in Gundagai and spent her childhood in the New South Wales countryside. She was in New York when the Great War broke out. She did war-work, and when the Armistice was signed decided life was too dull without an occupation.

To Australians, some of Miss Cummings' ideas may sound a little extreme.

For instance: "The bathroom is the most important room in the house," she declares.

For a member of the Woolworth clan in America Miss Cummings planned a bathroom which cost £2500.

It was designed in a pervenche-blue scheme, with a fine rubber floor on which lay a Chinese carpet of periwinkle-blue. The walls were papered with antique Chinese wallpaper, and the hanging curtains were of a fine, bluey-pink fabric. Mirrors encased the bathtub and the dressing-table.

"My own bathroom caused a sensation in New York," Miss Cummings said.

"I lined the bath with mirrors, then, between the mirror and the outer rim of the bath I sank a long, thin drain. It was filled with soil, and in it I grew exotic flowers."

New York society gazed upon this departure from the conventional and at first pronounced it "frivolous." But after a while Miss Cummings received orders for similar ones.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It can prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Quite fair for you on February 12, 13 and 14. Make your own opportunities if such do not come your way unsought.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Be patient yet a while longer, for your stars are still unfriendly and are likely to reward impatience or lack of wisdom with strong blows of adversity. February 14 (night), 15 and 16 need caution.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Don't waste your chances at this time, for the stars are battling on your side of the fence. Go after the things you want. Seek advancement or favors, make changes or removals, sign documents, and strive for happiness. Especially on February 17.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Merely plan ahead at this time, for your stars are on the way. Have things in readiness to begin those ventures you have in mind. Concentrate on routine matters on February 10 and 11.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Your troubles are not quite over, so avoid rashness and worries, losses, partings, opposition or disappointments at this time by being patient and cautious. Especially on February 14 (night), 15 and 16.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Get all important matters under way, for difficulties and losses can follow your actions in the near future. Matters must be in good order before that time arrives. February 15 and 16 just fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Step on the gas at this time. Stars are favoring most of you. Begin new enterprises, make changes, seek promotion, ask favors. In short, try to get ahead. February 12, 13 and 14 poor, but February 17 good.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Continue to live cautiously just now, for you will be your own worst enemy if you grow rash, careless or impatient. Don't argue, start new ventures or be aggressive. Try to allow for enforced delays or difficulties. Especially on February 14 (night), 15 and 16.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): The planetary influences are quite fair for you this week, especially on February 12, 13 and 14, so get all important or urgent matters well in hand without any delay.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Just days for most of you this week.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Go ahead with your plans, for your chances of very fair success are good. Seek promotion or other benefits, make changes, start new ventures. Make the most of February 17, February 18 and 19 poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Take things normally, finalising routine work and planning ahead for ventures or changes and benefits in the near future. This week just fair. February 10 and 11 best, but weak.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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The Australian Women's Weekly

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Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

The Case of MARCIA B—

CASE: No.7878

NAME: Marcia B——, AGE: 24

OCCUPATION: Typiste.

SYMPTOMS: Irregular bowel action. Signs of chronic indigestion. Frequent headaches. Nervousness. Blotchy complexion. Sleeps badly. Lack of energy.

DIAGNOSIS: Constipation. Marked evidence of absorption of toxins (poisons) into bloodstream—gradually undermining whole system.

TREATMENT: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION IMMEDIATELY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

Nyal Figsen is *NOT* a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and *naturally* — without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even delicate people. Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets, 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

YOUR CHEMIST ALSO RECOMMENDS NYAL ESTERIN FOR HEADACHES, 1/3

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Miss Precious Minutes

● Follow the handy hints given by Miss Precious Minutes each week, and you will find she will save you time and money. Why not get a scrap book in which to keep her helpful advice week by week?

FOR that aggravating ladder in your stocking, dab a little nail enamel on the run until you have time to mend it, when a touch of polish-remover will take out the enamel.

★ ★ ★

CORK table-mats, teapot stands, etc., that have become stained are easily cleaned by scrubbing with the coarse hand-unit with which you clean your saucepan.

★ ★ ★

FOR that obstinate teapot or jug that will drip on your clean tablecloth, take a small piece of sponge about half-inch square and attach it to a length of narrow circular elastic. Make a loop in the elastic to fit over the spout and knot it again in a bigger loop that will fit comfortably round the utensil without slipping. The sponge will catch all drips, and so protect your table linen from stains.

★ ★ ★

TOOTHBRUSHES will keep their bristles firm much longer if thoroughly dried each day. Hang them in a good draught, and if possible in the sunlight. A small hook in the woodwork of the window makes an excellent holder.

★ ★ ★

ALL cooking utensils should be soaked as soon as possible after using. When cleaning, hot water is essential for greasy utensils, but cold water for utensils used for milk and egg dishes.

★ ★ ★

THE failure of doors or windows to open easily usually means that either the woodwork has swollen or the paint has become sticky. The trouble can generally be cured by the use of a scraper, and in some cases sandpaper will do the trick.

★ ★ ★

HOLES in the finger of a glove are easier to mend if you slip a clothes-peg into the finger first.

★ ★ ★

WHEN your tea-towels are wearing thin, you will be able to replace them inexpensively like this: Place two of the worn towels one on top of the other and stitch them together. Make your stitching run crosswise over the two cloths in a kind of quilting pattern. This will make one really good towel out of two old ones.

IF you dip parchment jam covers in fresh milk before covering your jam, the jam will not go mouldy so easily. When pouring the jam into your jars remember to stand the jars on a wet cloth, and there will be no danger of them cracking.

★ ★ ★

BATHS, sinks, and wash-basins become spotlessly white when rubbed with steel-wool and soap.

★ ★ ★

INK stains should not be rubbed. Apply a damp cloth at once so that the ink is absorbed. Drop oxalic acid exactly over the spot, and when it has disappeared treat with ammonia.

★ ★ ★

DELICATE white gloves, especially if decorated with fancy stitchery, can be cleaned by covering them with a paste made of equal parts of fuller's earth and powdered alum. Apply thickly and brush off when dry. Finally rub with finest oatmeal, previously warmed.

★ ★ ★

YOUR old fur coat can be put to good use when it is too shabby to wear any more. Cut all the good parts and join them together to form a square as large as you are able to make it. Then with all wools left over from your jumpers knit a square the same size. Sew both squares together all round, and you have a most useful and pretty rug for motoring.

★ ★ ★

ONE or two cloves added to the water in which spaghetti is boiled make a subtle difference to the flavor.

★ ★ ★

DROOPING flowers will often revive if they are placed in hot water instead of cold.

★ ★ ★

SOMETIMES the caps on milk bottles are so tight that it is very difficult to remove them, and generally milk is spilled in the process of forcing them off. Next time you are in trouble of this sort, just grip the caps with a piece of fine sandpaper. They will come off quite easily then.

★ ★ ★

AS mosquitoes breed in water, spray with paraffin all wet garbage or damp corners in the garden or near the house.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says: When white patches appear on black gloves try this: Pour a few drops of good black ink into two teaspoonfuls of olive oil. Apply the mixture to the white parts with a feather, and then leave the glove to dry in the sun.

SOUR milk should not be thrown away. Save it in a jug and then when your marble mantelpieces begin to dull you can brighten them up by cleaning them with milk applied on a small piece of rag. The milk will also do much to enliven porcelain or elaborate ornaments if you use it to clean them.

★ ★ ★

IN this hot, moist weather many housewives are on the lookout for mildew in damp cupboards. If you put a small box of lime on the floor at the back of the cupboard, it will absorb the damp and do away with any smell or mildew.

★ ★ ★

KALSOMINING is a simple job and very quick if you possess a vacuum-cleaner with a special spray attachment. It does such a professional-looking piece of work, too.

★ ★ ★

WHEN jam-making, wet the string before you tie it round jam-pot covers. The string shrinks when it dries, and makes the jar more airtight.

★ ★ ★

REMEMBER when you are making cakes that any failures through scorching and burning can be prevented by putting a dish of water in the oven with the cakes.

IF your jelly refuses to set, add the juice of a lemon to it. Not only will the jelly set firmly, but the flavor will be improved, too.

★ ★ ★

HAVE you a piece of furniture that is looking shabby? If you have, try this marvellous way of renovating it.

Take two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and mix it with half a pint of lukewarm water. With an old stocking apply the solution to the wood. When the surface has dried, give it a good polish with a soft cloth.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Habits Harmful to the Jaws

THE proper development of the jaws in infancy and early childhood is due to many factors. During this period they are comparatively plastic and can be moulded and modified very easily by certain pressure strains to which they may be subjected.

The development of the lower part of the face is bound up very intimately with the proper growth and development of the jaws, so that it is most important for every parent to see that the proper strains are exerted in the ordinary normal function of the jaws, and that by proper breathing through the nose the best possible developments of jaws and face are obtained.

If it were clearly understood that any deformity of the jaws due to bad habits is reflected in the lower portion of the face, so that there may also be a deformity of expression which later may be a serious handicap and cause much unhappiness to a sensitive child, parents would be more careful to watch for and check any habits that would be detrimental to good jaw-formation. They would also encourage these factors which will strengthen and develop the arches of the jaws and help in good dentition.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and any reader interested may obtain a copy by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers*.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and *bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing*. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552R, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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THESE RECIPES win this week's CASH PRIZES

THIS week recipes for the preparation and cooking of fresh prawns have been awarded first prize of £1.

Other recipes, also worth trying, have been awarded consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

This weekly best recipe competition is open to all our readers. All you have to do to participate is write out your favorite recipe, attach your name and address, and send in to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe, and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

HERE are the best entries for the week selected from our weekly recipe competition — a fascinating contest open to all our readers. So send in your recipes now.

COFFEE DREAM, an unusual and very delicious sweet which you can make with coffee or cocoa flavoring. Turn out of mould, and serve decorated with cream.

ALWAYS POPULAR—prawn cocktails served in individual dishes on beds of lettuce. Recipes for preparing and cooking prawns are given on this page.

PREPARATION AND COOKING OF FRESH PRAWNS

1. Empty live prawns from nets into a large vessel and cover well with fresh cold water. This is necessary to make the prawns disgorge the sand.

2. Have boiling rapidly sufficient unsalted water to cover (a kerosene tin half-filled is quite good). Do not salt the water, as this tends to toughen the prawns.

3. Plunge prawns into the boiling water and cook fast until done. Do not overcook—it makes them tough and indigestible.

4. Test as follows for well-cooked prawns. After 10 minutes' cooking hold one up to the light. When the flesh of the body has contracted so that there is a definite transparency between the top of shell and body the prawns are done.

5. Drain immediately and empty on to sheets of paper which have been heavily sprinkled with ordinary common salt. Shake prawns to and fro in salt until all are flavored.

6. They are ready to eat at once, or to use in made-up dishes, and are crisp and tasty.

Prawn Boats: One cup finely grated cheese, 2 dessertspoons butter, ¼lb. plain flour, 2 egg-yolks, a little lemon juice, salt and cayenne to taste.

Rub butter into flour, add salt and cayenne, then cheese and egg-yolks, mixed with a little lemon juice. Mix together into a smooth paste, roll out thinly, and cover the outside of small, well-greased boat moulds.

Bake upside down in a moderate oven till crisp, then remove carefully from moulds and place pastry on grid to cool.

Filling: Eighteen large cooked prawns, 3 tablespoons thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon each of cream and anchovy flavoring, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 egg, cayenne to taste, parsley to flavor.

Heat the white sauce, chop shelled prawns finely and add to sauce, then add the other flavorings, and stir in the egg-yolk. Chop parsley finely and add to mixture. Beat the egg-white to a stiff froth, add to the mixture, and fill the boats. Garnish each with a prawn head. Serve either hot or cold.

DEVILLED PRAWNS IN POTATO NESTS

Two dozen large cooked prawns, 1 teaspoonful chutney, 1oz. butter, ½ teaspoonful mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 tablespoons thick white sauce, a dust of cayenne pepper, breadcrumbs, salt to taste, chopped parsley, sufficient mashed potatoes to serve four persons.

Shell prawns and cut into small dice. Put white sauce into a saucepan with butter and other flavorings. Heat thoroughly, then add prawns and stand it aside.

Place mashed potatoes on serving dish to form eight hollowed out nests. Fill with prawn mixture, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and brown.

Serve very hot, garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. W. Roberts, Carinya, Entrance North, Tuggerah Lakes, N.S.W.

DATE COFFEE CAKE

Quarter pound butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1 cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, ½ cup dates.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, then milk to which has been added coffee essence, flour and dates. Bake in moderate oven for about 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. N. Ferguson, Aloha, Gulargambone, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

One packet pineapple jelly crystals, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup canned pineapple juice, 1 cup cream, 1 cup finely-chopped canned pineapple.

Make up jelly crystals with water and pineapple juice. Allow to become quite cold but not quite set. Beat in cream and chopped pineapple. Set in glass dish and garnish with pineapple and glace cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Pateman, Hazeldell, Murrumbateman, via Yass, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE BUTTER

One tin pineapple, 1 cup pineapple juice, 2lb. sugar, ½lb. butter, 4 eggs.

Mince the pineapple. Put in a saucepan with the sugar, juice, butter and beaten eggs. Stir over fire until it thickens.

This makes 3½-4lb. The mixture is delicious for sandwiches or fillings.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Arnold, Lilydale, Tas.

COFFEE DREAM

Three eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 dessertspoons powdered gelatine, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1 breakfast cup hot water.

Melt the gelatine in the hot water and stand to cool. Separate the yolks and whites of eggs, and beat the yolks with the sugar until pale and creamy. Beat up the whites to a very stiff froth, then add the yolks, coffee essence, and cooled gelatine mixture, beating all the time. Turn into a mould and leave to set. (Very strong cocoa may be used instead of the coffee essence.)

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. J. B. Wood, Carrolup, Katanning, W.A.

SEEDLESS BLACKBERRY JAM

Equal quantities of blackberries and apples, 1lb. sugar to each pint of puree.

Wash apples and slice without peeling. Cook with just enough water to keep them from burning. When soft, add the blackberries and cook to a pulp. Rub through a sieve. Measure, and add sugar. Cook till it sets.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Walker, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

SPARKLING MOCK CHAMPAGNE

One gallon cold water, 1¾lb. rhubarb, 1¾lb. sugar, 1 lemon, 1½ tablespoons white vinegar.

Cut up rhubarb and lemon, put in basin, add sugar, vinegar and water. Allow to stand for 48 hours, then strain and bottle. Cork tightly and set aside for a fortnight before using. It makes a delicious drink.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. A. Bell, 6 Barcelona St., Box Hill E11, Vic.

SPICED MARBLE CAKE

Half-pound self-raising flour, ½ cup milk, ¼lb. butter, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, ½ teaspoon allspice, ¾ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 tablespoons treacle, salt, vanilla.

Sift flour and salt. Beat butter to a cream, stir in sugar, beat till fluffy. Stir in eggs and then flour alternately with the milk. Beat after each addition to a smooth batter. Divide into two parts. Stir treacle and spices into one part and vanilla into the other. Place a dessertspoon alternately of each mixture into a greased-papered, square tin. Bake in moderate oven for 1½ hours. When cold cover with frosting and sprinkle with red jelly crystals.

Frosting.—Mix 8 heaped dessertspoons icing sugar and 2 of butter, add vanilla and thin with 3 tablespoons of cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. M. Haese, Lyndoch, S.A.

Brenda was such a worry at breakfast. She wouldn't eat a thing, and Mummy didn't know what to do.

Then someone told her about Kellogg's Rice Bubbles that go Snap! Crackle! and Pop! when you pour the milk on.

Brenda couldn't resist that Snap! Crackle! and Pop! of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. "Oh, Mummy, I like this breakfast."

Now Brenda sits down happily to a big bowl of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles every morning. And they're doing her a world of good!

Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are so feathery light and crunchy they go Snap! Crackle! and Pop! as soon as you pour the milk on . . . and kiddies simply can't resist that funny little sound! Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are good for them too—brimming over with energising nourishment.

Kellogg's Rice Bubbles sold at your grocer's—oven fresh in Kellogg's exclusive moisture-resistant packet.

The Sauce with a Secret

Lea & Perrins SAUCE

FAITHFULLY BREWED BY A SECRET PROCESS

THIS perfect Summer drink is captivating the country. No one can resist the cool, refreshing delight of 'Ovaltine' Cold.

And remember, 'Ovaltine' is supremely rich in health-giving and energy-creating nourishment. This is just what you need now. For it is so important to restore quickly and completely the strength and energy you expend so freely. 'Ovaltine' does this as nothing else can. Make 'Ovaltine' your daily beverage.

A. WANDER LIMITED
1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY

Drink delicious

Ovaltine *Mixed* Cold

Prices: 1/9, 2/10, 5/- At all Chemists and Stores

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Lots of delicious cakes from . . .

ONE BASIC MIXTURE

SOME useful standby recipes, too, for tea cakes and sweet loaves that will keep your cake tin well stocked with a supply of dainties for afternoon teas, suppers and school lunches. Add them to your recipe collection.

IF you are one of those extra busy housewives with ever increasing family appetites to appease, then you'll find the basic cake recipe given here a great help.

Memorise the recipe and then it becomes an easy matter to mix up the ingredients at a moment's notice, add your flavorings, and pop the cake into the oven to bake.

Recipes are also given here for tea cakes and nut and fruit loaves. These are always popular and easy to make. And as they keep well they provide a stock of dainties ready for afternoon teas, suppers, or school lunches.

VARIETY OF CAKES all made from one basic mixture. They include shell cakes, tea cakes, chocolate loaf cake, round coconut cake, loaf seed cake, spice and date ring cake.

FOUR-SIX-EIGHT BASIC CAKE MIXTURE

(Many different cakes can be made from this excellent basic mixture)

Cream 4oz. butter with 6oz. castor sugar. Beat in 3 eggs one at a time. Now stir in 8oz. self-raising flour alternately with half a cup of milk. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. A richer cake can be made by adding an extra ounce of butter. A moister cake is obtained by using half self-raising and half plain flour.

Some of the variations are shown in the photographs on this page.

To make various cakes:—

Little Shell Cakes. Flavored with lemon juice and a little grated lemon rind.

Small Tea Cakes. Sultanas and pinch mixed spice added to basic mixture.

Loaf Seed Cake. Add tablespoon caraway seeds to mixture and sprinkle top of cake with seeds before putting into oven.

Chocolate Loaf Cake. Add 2oz. unsweetened or 3oz. sweetened chocolate dissolved in a little of the milk.

Round Coconut Cake. Add ¾ cup desiccated coconut after the flour.

Spice and Date Ring Cake. Sift half teaspoon mixed spice with flour, and with last of the flour add a dozen or so dates chopped small and dredged with flour. Add chopped walnuts, too, if liked. To ice ring cake, melt a tablespoon butter in a little hot black coffee. Put about 1½ cups icing sugar in a basin and mix in the butter and coffee. Beat it well with a knife till smooth and creamy, then spread on the cake.

DUTCH APPLE TEA CAKE

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ cup butter, 2 apples, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift dry ingredients twice. Rub butter into dry ingredients and add milk slowly. Spread in two buttered 7in. sandwich tins. Peel and core apples and cut in wedge-shaped slices. Cover the top of mixture with prepared apples, pressing thin edges into the dough. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Cook in moderate oven 20-25 minutes. When cold, cut in wedge-shaped pieces and butter rather thickly.

TEA CAKE

One tablespoon butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 breakfast cup milk, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 cups flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk very gradually,

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

and lastly the flour, cream of tartar, and bicarbonate soda sifted together three times. Place in large sandwich tin 8in. in diameter or in small patty tins.

CINNAMON TEA CAKE

CAKE: 4 ounces butter, 1¼ cups self-raising flour, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 egg.

Butter a large sandwich tin 8in. in diameter, for a thicker cake use a ½lb. cake tin. Rub butter into flour, add sugar, then beaten egg and milk, mix lightly but well. Place in prepared tin and cover with cinnamon topping.

CINNAMON TOPPING: 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon ground cinnamon, 2 rounded teaspoons butter, 1 teaspoon flour, few drops vanilla.

Mix all dry ingredients together, rub in butter, add vanilla, and when crumbly cover top of tea cake. Press gently into tea cake. Bake in moderate oven ¾ hour.

WALNUT AND WHEATMEAL LOAF

One tablespoon butter, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk, ¾ cup brown sugar, 1 cup sifted flour, 1 cup fine wheatmeal, 2 heaped teaspoons baking powder, ½lb. chopped walnuts, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 level tablespoon golden syrup.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; add wheatmeal, rub in the butter, add sugar and nuts. Warm milk and add golden syrup. Mix well until dissolved. Add beaten egg. Pour onto dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Put in large loaf tin, fill about two-thirds full, put on well-buttered lid. Bake about one hour in a moderate oven.

ALMOND PRUNE LOAF

One cup chopped soft prunes, 2½ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1½ tablespoons butter, ¾ cup sugar, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk, 1oz. almonds.

DATE and spice ring cake is delicious iced with coffee icing. Recipe for making the icing is given on this page.

RAISIN LOAF is delicious buttered cold or toasted. Useful for school and business lunches, too.

GLAZE: 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 dessertspoons water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine.

Cream butter and sugar well together, then add egg. Stir in chopped prunes and half the almonds. Lastly add the sifted flour and baking powder alternately with the milk. Turn into a buttered loaf tin and bake in the middle of a moderately hot oven (375deg. F.) from 40-50 minutes. Mix the sugar, water, and gelatine together; heat to melt gelatine. Brush over loaf immediately it is removed from oven. Sprinkle with remaining almonds.

RAISIN LOAF

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup sugar, ¾ cup seeded raisins, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, a little grated nutmeg.

Sift flour, baking powder, nutmeg and salt. Rub in the butter, add sugar and chopped raisins. Beat the egg and add the milk. Pour into dry ingredients and mix well. Bake in two well-greased loaf tins in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) from 30-40 minutes.

BUTTERMILK LOAF

Two heaped cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup mixed fruit, 1 heaped teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½lb. butter, 1 cup buttermilk, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 1 tablespoon chopped lemon peel.

Cream butter and sugar; add buttermilk and fruit, stir well, add remaining ingredients sifted together. Place in loaf tin and bake in moderate oven about 1 hour.

QUICK DATE CAKE

One-third cup soft butter, 1/3rd cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1¾ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½lb. dates stoned and cut in pieces.

Put ingredients in a bowl and beat all together for 3 minutes, using a wooden cake-spoon. Bake in buttered and floured cake-tin 35 to 40 minutes in moderate oven.

WITH QUICK ENAMEL

Washable, glossy and easy to use, "QUICK" ENAMEL dries perfectly in four hours — with a gleaming surface of deep, rich colour. Ask at your paint or hardware store for "QUICK" ENAMEL.

Also "QUICK" STAIN — "QUICK" SILVER — "QUICK" CLEAR

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A 10-66 PRODUCT TRANSCENDING ALL OTHERS

Mira Plum Jam

Luscious Plums, perfectly sun-ripened and specially blended for flavor, together with purest cane sugar, make this *wonderful* jam the most delicious you have ever tasted.

Treat yourself to-day to a tin of Rosella Mira Plum Jam.

For a change—
Solus Apricot
Raspberry
Black Currant
Orange Marmalade

You can be sure of Rosella

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GIVE YOUR FAMILY

Good Health

FOR 1940

MEALS! - MEALS! - MEALS! Three times daily for 366 days this year of 1940 you will prepare your family's meals! A big responsibility isn't it? — particularly when you consider how much the family's future health and happiness depends upon the food you serve them to-day.

'What we eat to-day works and thinks to-morrow'—true isn't it?

Make certain then that every meal you serve in 1940 contains at least one of the many famous Sanitarium Health Foods. You will then be really helping your family to GOOD HEALTH FOR 1940

SANITARIUM QUICK GIFTS

SAN-BRAN
8 oz., 2 points

PEANUT BUTTER OR PASTE
4 oz., 1 point
8 oz., 2 points
12 oz., 3 points

CERIX PUFFED WHEAT
8 oz., 1 point
16 oz., 2 points

GRANOSE
12 oz., 1 point
24 oz., 3 points

BIXIES
8 oz., 1 point
24 oz., 3 points

WEET-BIX
12 oz., 1 point
24 oz., 3 points

KWIC-BRU
4 oz., 2 points
8 oz., 4 points
16 oz., 8 points

MARMITE
1 oz., 1 point
2 oz., 2 points
4 oz., 4 points
8 oz., 6 points
16 oz., 8 points

CERIX PUFFED RICE
8 oz., 1 point

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE SCORES OF GIFTS FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

Sanitarium QUICK GIFTS

It's so easy to get Sanitarium Quick Gifts; they can be obtained for as few as 6—8—13 points. As there are nine different Sanitarium products carrying coupons that can be combined for any gift, then the more Sanitarium products you use the quicker you can select your gifts. Crockery, cutlery, softgoods, kitchenware, toys, are just a few of the scores of useful gifts from which you can choose.

GET SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS TO-DAY AND SANITARIUM QUICK GIFTS TO-MORROW.

BRIGHTLY COLOURED AUSTRALIAN TOWELS, in blue, green, and red colours, guaranteed fast, size 22 x 44. Postage, etc., 6d.

BRITISH SUPER ADMIRALTY HEAVYWEIGHT WHITE TOWELS, red, green, blue or gold striped border or plain white, size 24 x 48. Postage, etc., 6d.

LARGE AUSTRALIAN TOWELS, guaranteed fast colours, true to size, attractive patterns, green or tango, size 24 x 48 inches. Postage, etc., 6d.

EXTRA LARGE AUSTRALIAN TOWELS, in bright, fast colours, green, gold and tango pattern, size 28 x 54 inches. Postage, etc., 6d.

TURKISH BATH TOWELS, with either following colour ground in 3 colour pattern: Green, tango or blue (state colour required), size 24 x 48 inches. Postage, etc., 6d.

GRADUATED 2 PINT ALUMINIUM MEASURE. Postage, etc., 6d.

ALUMINIUM WHISTLING KETTLE, 3 pint, cool bakelite handle. Postage, etc., 1/6d.

ALUMINIUM SAUCEPAN, 1½ pt., cool bakelite handle. Postage, etc., 6d.

HEAVY GAUGE 9 INCH ALUMINIUM CUTLET PAN, bakelite handle. Postage, etc., 1/6d.

★ IMPORTANT

All previous Gift Schemes operated in connection with Marmite or any other Sanitarium Health Food products, were cancelled as from 30th September, 1939, and have been superseded by the present Quick Gift Scheme.

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

Sanitarium Health Foods are manufactured with the definite aim of helping you to enjoy better health. In their manufacture, the vital health giving elements are preserved so that Sanitarium Health Foods are digested more easily, they provide greater energy and vitality, and they help to build up greater resistance to disease.

If it's a Sanitarium Product it's a GENUINE Health Food.

What to do

All gifts are available at the following addresses:—

SYDNEY 13 Hunter Street.
MELBOURNE York House, Little Collins St., Opp. Australia Arcade.
PERTH 344 Hay Street.
HOBART 43 Elizabeth Street.
LAUNCESTON 82 Charles Street.
NEWCASTLE Cnr. Tudor St. and Parkway Ave., Hamilton.

If you cannot call, send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts.

This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia or Queensland.

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

1-3-3

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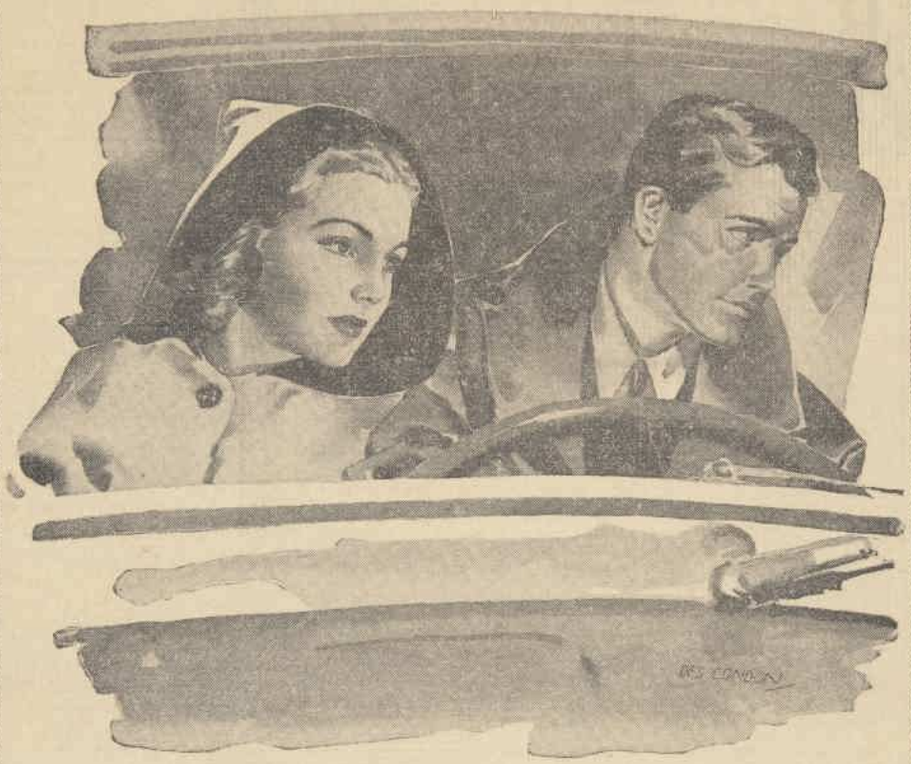
7 FEB 1940
NEW SOUTH WALES

CRUCIBLE



SUPPLEMENT — MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

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By . . . BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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CRUCIBLE

By Ben Ames Williams

BARBARA, dancing with Robb Morrison and more and more distressed by his too obvious devotions, met Helen Frayne's eye as they passed on the floor; and Helen laughed at something her partner had said, in a metallic, mirthless fashion, and avoided Barbara's glance. Barbara looked around for rescue; and Robb said, whispering in her ear:

"Helen's got her eye on me! Let's go outside."

Now this party was Helen Frayne's, at the club in Essex; and Robb was Helen's too, as everyone knew. But to-night—he met Barbara before dinner for the first time—he had made Barbara and himself conspicuous by his attentions. So she was at once uncomfortable and unhappy—and a little afraid of what Helen might do. Helen was nice enough; yet she could be cruel too.

Barbara declined Robb's invitation to promenade; she said: "No, let's not! Robb, find Johnny, will you please? He has my compact in his pocket."

"Come on," he urged. "We'll both go and hunt for him!" He took her cheerfully by the arm.

But she freed herself. "Sh-h! No!" she whispered. "You must go rescue Helen. See! She's stuck with Luke Tydings."

He laughed, shook his head. "Don't want to be a rescuer," he protested, a little thickly. "Just want to dance and dance and dance with you, forever and ever. How about a little punch?"

"No, thanks!" Barbara had accepted one cocktail before dinner, since it was easier to do so than to refuse; but she used that one as a shield, barely tasting it, so that her full glass protected her against persuasions to take another. Not everyone had been so discreet. Robb, for instance, was certainly in no need of another glass of punch. "Do run along," she insisted now, good-humored but insistent; and she turned and gave him a small thrust towards Helen across the floor.

She realised, too late, that Helen was watching them, had seen her do this. Worse, Robb marched straight to Helen, saluted, and said—much too loudly, "Barbara says I must report for duty, Helen!"

So naturally, some people laughed; and Helen was red with anger. Her eyes met Barbara's across the floor.

And that was why Helen deliberately set to work to get Johnny Boyd drunk. For Barbara had come with Johnny, driving down from Boston. She liked him well enough. He was a gay youngster, still at Harvard, gentle and amusing and good fun.

When Barbara sent Robb to Helen, Johnny had disappeared; and someone else danced with Barbara, and before she could escape Helen captured Johnny. They went out of doors somewhere, and Barbara could only wait for them to return; and when they came back again and began to dance together, Barbara saw what had happened. Helen had done her work well. Johnny was first red, then pale, then red again; and his feet were stumbling and uncertain.

She steadied him skilfully, and said, "I've a frightful headache, Johnny! And it's so hot in here; I'm just stifling. Would it spoil your fun if we started home?"

He looked down at her in bemused suspicion, but to her relief gave in, and they left immediately.

Barbara was wondering how to persuade him to let her take the wheel; but when they came to the car he said:

"Thanks for getting me out of that, Barb! I'm drunk. I'm sorry. But—do you mind driving? I don't want to hang you on a telephone pole somewhere."

She said gratefully: "Of course not. I'll drive, but you'll be all right presently. We'll open the windshield, get a lot of air."

When they were under way he slumped beside her and was presently asleep.

She decided to try to bring him back to sobriety again before they came to Boston; and she turned off the main highway down a short spur road that ended above the rocky shore, and stopped the car and tried to wake him up, to make him get out and walk up and down.

But when she shook him, he only roused enough to mumble protests and go back to sleep again. She remembered hearing that you could wake a drunken man by slapping his face, and she tried this; and Johnny muttered to himself, and someone beside the car said harshly: "What's going on here?"

Barbara turned and saw a policeman standing at her elbow, peering in at them. She said, "It's all right, officer. I just want to get him out of the car, get him to walk up and down."

"He's a fine one to get in this shape with a nice girl on his hands. I'll help you cool him down," the policeman decided. He went to the other side of the car and opened the door and said, "Come on, a little fresh air will fix you up all right."

He half-dragged Johnny Boyd out of the car and set him on his feet. Johnny promptly hit him. He flung himself at the officer so violently that the policeman was borne backward and fell, and Johnny swarmed on top of him.

Another car turned down the road, its lights upon them. Barbara was crying, "Please, Johnny!"

But Johnny was violent; the policeman said wearily, "All right, if you want it." His blow landed with a sharp, slapping sound; and Johnny went limply down and Barbara protested unhappily:

"Oh, did you have to do that?"

The officer was apologetic. "Best thing for him, Miss. He'll wake up in the morning with a head, that's all." He added, "But I'll have to take him in!"

"Can't I take him home, please?"

"He's tore my uniform! I'll have some explaining to do. And it might teach him something to wake up in gaol!"

"I'll go with you. I can't leave him."

Someone touched her arm and she whirled and a man said, "Can I help in any way?" There was a moment's silence of surprise. The newcomer explained: "I'm Professor Brace, Harvard Business School. If I can be of service?"

It was the officer who answered him. "You might take the young lady home, Professor," he suggested. "The boy here has had a drop too many. I had to slap him down. He'll sleep it off in the station; but it would be too bad to have a nice girl——"

"But I want to take care of him," Barbara insisted.

Professor Brace said, "You seem sober."

"Of course I am!"

"Then you ought to be sensible. Come along. I'll see you safely home; and the officer will give your gallant young escort a break in court!"

The policeman added his urgencies. "Yes, ma'am, you do that. Drunk and disorderly, five dollars. That's all."

"But he can't go to court in dinner clothes!"

The professor's tone held a grudging approval. "You're a loyal young woman. Suppose we do this. You tell me where he lives. I'll take you home, then bring him some clothes in the morning before he has to go to court. There's no need for you to be mixed up in this. There's nothing you can do that we—the officer and I—can't do better."

And Barbara in the end surrendered; and the officer approving, she and Professor Brace got into his car and drove away. After some silent moments he asked stiffly, "Now, where do you live?"

She told him. "I'm Barbara Sentry," she said.

He nodded. After a moment he said, "Decent of you to want to stand by that young rascal."

"It was up to me. We were at a party and—well, some people got Johnny drunk to get even with me, so I was to blame. I was taking him home, and he was perfectly reasonable till the policeman came along."

"You choose curious company," he suggested. "Why does an intelligent girl like you get herself mixed up in a mess like this?"

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"Don't you ever find yourself in silly messes? You talk as if you were a thousand years old."

"I'm twenty-eight, if that matters."

She said, amused: "And already so serious? I suppose, being a professor, you think you have to be!"

He was silent.

Presently as he swung to the right, he had to check speed for a moment to allow a car coming from the left to proceed in front of them. Professor Brace caught a glimpse of the man at the wheel; and as they followed the other car, Barbara said in quick surprise:

"Why, that's father! That's our car. He must have been down at the office."

"At the office? At this time of night? It's quarter past twelve!"

"He has to go down late sometimes," she explained. "Don't pass him. Let's let him get home before we do. He gives me the dickens when I'm out late."

"Not very effectively, I should say," he commented; but he did slow down, kept half a block behind the other car. And they talked now not so much of Johnny as of each other. It was his turn to make apologies.

"I'll have to admit," he said, "that you played the game! But if you're going to be so loyal, shouldn't you be specially careful in choosing your friends? Loyalty misplaced is pretty treacherous."

"Johnny always has behaved himself before. I don't care much for cocktails and wild parties; but there are certain things you do when you're on the "deb." list, you know. Mother wanted me to have one season of it."

"Big dance, all that sort of thing?" His tone was derisive.

"No, I just had a luncheon at home. Father's and mother's friends, and their families. Last March."

"Well, there's some sense to that."

She laughed faintly. "Oh, we're really a pretty sensible family," she assured him. "Perfectly respectable, honestly." There was amusement in her tones. "Of course, we're in trade. Father and his father and grandfather before him. Fruit and things. Oranges from Florida and all that. I suppose you professors think business is a pity; but at least we're wholesale. That's something, isn't?"

He chuckled. "Everything, I should say." He looked at her directly. "I come from a small mid-Western town," he explained. "Folks were church people. We didn't drink, or—dance much, or play cards. Of course, I know the standards I learned as a youngster are old-fashioned now. But—what have you put in place of them? What are you like? Girls your age, I mean? Yourself, and the girls you know?"

"We're a pretty decent lot," she assured him. "The people ten years older than us did run wild; but the girls I know don't drink too much, and they're level-headed and responsible. My older sister works every day in the hospital. She's going to marry a doctor and be a medical missionary. Mother does a lot of club work, things like that. We're the sort of family that doesn't get into the society columns very much. We don't telephone the editor every time we have people to dinner. But we're all right."

He smiled. "I suppose yours is what we think of as a 'fine old Boston family.' Your father's turning at the next corner. Shall I follow him?"

"Let him go," Barbara directed. "We'll take the next turn. Yes, I suppose we are. I never thought much about it. My sister and I do the usual things. Of course, my brother's in Yale instead of Harvard, but the Sentrys have been Yale for a good many generations. And mother and father——"

"By the way," the professor suggested, why not tell your father about this scrape to-night? I expect he'd like to feel that he had your confidence."

"No, he'd just disapprove and be stern," she said. "He's always been pretty strict with himself, and with us too. He keeps telling me how girls behaved when he was young!"

"It wasn't a bad way to behave!"

She laughed. "I'll bet as many girl were kissed in buggies then as in automobiles now. Turn here. Our house is two blocks ahead." And then she exclaimed: "That must be father just turning into our drive! He drove awfully slowly, didn't he? Switch off your lights. Stop in the street, and we'll wait till he has gone to bed."

They stopped in front of the house, hidden behind a high hedge, and Professor Brace stilled the engine. In the sudden silence they heard steps on gravel.

"He's coming back from the garage," she whispered; and a moment later: "There! He's opened the front door!" Light shone out, then was dark as the door closed again. "We'll wait till he's gone upstairs," she directed. "Do you mind?"

He did not mind. He asked where Johnny lived, how to get clothes to take him for his appearance in court in the morning. She gave him the number of Johnny's dormitory room. "But probably one of his room-mates will do it," she suggested. Then an upstairs light came on.

"There!" she said. "Father's undressing. He must have gone to the kitchen for something before he went upstairs." And when presently the light went out, "Now he's in bed." She opened the car door. "You've really been awfully kind. Thanks a lot." She extended her hand.

He said: "See here, Miss Sentry. May I drop in, one of these days? I'd like to know you better."

"Do come. Sunday evening?"

"Thanks. Count on me. Good-night!"

Their hands clasped. He started the car and drove away; and Barbara, walking for silence' sake on the turf beside the gravel drive, went toward the house.

She wondered why her father had been downtown so late to-night; wondered what time it was; looked at her watch.

It was a quarter to one.

MRS. SENTRY, Barbara's mother, roused when her husband turned on the light in their bedroom and got into his bed beside hers. She did not fully wake; just asked drowsily, "Everything all right, Arthur?"

"Of course! Perfect!"

"What time is it?"

"Quarter past eleven," he said, and she heard the rustling of the paper as he began to read.

When Nellie knocked on the door at seven next morning, Mrs. Sentry had been some time awake, planning her day. The dressmaker in the forenoon, lunch at Mrs. Furness' to hear Miss Glen speak, dinner at home this evening.

Mr. Sentry did not rouse at Nellie's knock; and Mrs. Sentry saw that he lay on his side, his back toward her; and she noticed with a faint jealous resentment of his continual youthfulness that his tumbled dark hair was not yet thin even on the top of his head.

They had been married almost thirty years. The children, babies so short a time ago, were young men and women now. Mary, so like Mrs. Sentry herself, absorbed in her work at the hospital, taking it with a severe seriousness. Phil, a junior at New Haven, closer to Mrs. Sentry than either of his sisters, apt to tease her about her pride, her high head. Barbara . . . Mrs. Sentry reflected now that Barbara, the youngest, was almost like a stranger in the family. Only between Barb and Phil, both with a gift for laughter, was there close abiding sympathy.

She rose, leaving Arthur in bed; but while she was dressing, she heard him stirring, and called, "Thought you might want to sleep."

He said, "No," rather curtly.

"Do well last night? Have a good game?"

"Didn't hold any cards." The Thursday night bridge was in the nature of a tournament, four rubbers being played after dinner. He referred to this as he explained now: "They finished us off by half past ten. I hung around for a few minutes, and then came along home." He added: "And I forgot your package from Butler's, Ellen. They delivered it about four o'clock, but I left it on my desk at the office."

"It doesn't matter," she said. "To-day will do." She repeated, "It doesn't matter at all," and she wondered why she went to such pains to reassure him, realised that there was something like apprehension in his tone, as though he were afraid what she would say. She asked hurriedly, "Whom did you play with?"

"Dean Hare," he said. "Against Carl Bettle and Bob Flood."

She came into his dressing-room, herself ready for the day, and watched him knot his tie, brush his hair, trim his moustache. "What a time you have with that, don't you?" she said, amused at his intensity as he leaned close to the mirror.

He nodded, and put on coat and vest, stowed odds and ends in his pockets, said, "Well, ready?"

She felt tautness in him, a need for reassurance. "You look about twenty-five," she told him dutifully. "Not a day older than Mary. You make me feel as though I had four children instead of three!" He smiled; and she thought she had succeeded in putting him in better humor for the day. She had always administered praise to him like a medicine, skilfully.

Mary was at the table when Mr. and Mrs. Sentry entered the dining-room; she rose punctiliously to greet them. She was a tall, lovely girl, her cheeks a little hollowed so that her cheekbones and the line of her jaw showed firmly; and her eyes were apt to be grave, even when she smiled. She wore this morning a suit of blue-grey homespun, and her father, seeing this, commented:

"Looks as though you're dressed for business."

She nodded. "Yes," she agreed. "I'm going to the hospital." She spent part of every day there as a volunteer, tending convalescent patients, learning something of nursing and medicine in the process. The hospital was Mrs. Sentry's pet charity; but Neil Ray, rather than her mother, was responsible for the fact that Mary's interests were thus directed. Neil was studying medicine, planning to follow his father as a medical missionary in China; and he wanted Mary to marry him.

"I told him," she confessed to her mother the night he proposed to her, "that I was

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no kind of wife for any kind of missionary!" Yet she had thereafter plunged into this work, as though thus she might deserve him. That was months ago. Mrs. Sentry had long since realised that Mary loved the young doctor. She herself disapproved quite heartily. Mary was Boston, belonged in Boston, had a rightful and a suitable place here.

Mrs. Sentry had spoken her mind to Mary, with the frankness upon which she prided herself. But the only result of her advice had been to awaken in Mary a defensive and antagonistic attitude, make her increasingly critical toward them all. Thus she said to Mr. Sentry now:

"And speaking of hospitals, you look as though you ought to be in one, father. Been burning the candle at both ends?"

"Had a bad night," he explained. "Lay awake, fighting to get to sleep, for hours."

"You don't look sleepy," Mary commented, in a dry, professional tone. "You look as though—well, as though your nerves were all shot." She smiled. "Probably liverish," she suggested. "Stick out your tongue!"

Mrs. Sentry said in a dry tone, "Mary, I'm beginning to object to this clinical atmosphere in the home."

"You find so many objectionable things about me lately, don't you, mother!"

Mrs. Sentry poured coffee, and Oscar, who had served them for a dozen years, came with eggs; and Mr. Sentry said: "Oscar, tell Eli he'd better take me in to-day. I'll be ready in five minutes." He began to eat, hurriedly. "Barbara not awake?" he asked.

"Oh, she may sleep till noon. She was probably late getting in. Did you hear her, Mary?"

Mary shook her head. She asked her father, "Can you drop me at the hospital on the way to town?"

"Of course!" he told her. He asked, a little impatiently, "Paper not here yet, Oscar?"

"I think the boy forgot us this morning," the man replied. "Nellie says she saw him go by, but when I looked, just before you came down, the paper wasn't there." He added, "The car is ready, sir."

"All right. Thanks," Mr. Sentry agreed. "Ready, Mary?"

"Soon as I get my hat on." She went into the hall.

He rose, stooped to kiss Mrs. Sentry on the cheek, and she followed them to the door to watch them drive away, in the high-topped old limousine with brass side lamps, and with old Eli, gardener, chauffeur, and general handy man, who had served them through all the years of their marriage, at the wheel. Mrs. Sentry liked old things, things with dignity, about her.

Turning back into the house, she heard a warning hiss, and Barbara peered down at her from the upper hall. Mrs. Sentry said: "Oh, awake, are you? Why didn't you come down to breakfast?"

"Is he gone?" Barbara demanded in a dramatic whisper. "The coast clear?"

"Your father? Of course."

Barbara, with exaggerated caution, on tiptoe, came down the stairs. Mrs. Sentry, thinking proudly how pretty the girl was, smiled at Barbara's pretended stealth and asked:

"What have you been up to now, you imp?"

"I stole his morning paper," Barbara confessed. "See!" She produced it from behind her. "I was watching for the boy, and when he came I slipped down and got it. I even bolted the front door afterward so Oscar wouldn't know."

"Why?" her mother asked in sudden concern. "Barbara! Have you got yourself into the headlines?"

"I was afraid I had!" They were at table now. "But I didn't. There's not even anything about Johnny."

"What happened?"

Barbara drew a deep breath, then plunged into a recital of the whole affair. She ended with details of the part played in it by Professor Brace.

"He's a professor in the Harvard Business School, and he's ever so disapproving and respectable. You'd love him, mother." Her tone was affectionately derisive. "He looked at me just the way you're looking now."

Mrs. Sentry smiled. "I don't mean to—look that way, Barbara. It's just that you young people bewilder me a little, sometimes."

"Poor dear!" Barbara murmured. "That's just what Professor Brace said. That was afterward, while he was bringing me home."

The telephone rang; they heard Oscar go to answer it, and Mrs. Sentry listened half to him, half to Barbara.

"And he lectured me like a Dutch uncle," Barbara explained, "and I told him he talked as if he were a thousand years old, but it turned out that he was only twenty-eight. He's nice, even if he is serious. I suppose, being so young, and a professor and everything, he thinks he has to be."

Mrs. Sentry called to Oscar, "Did they want Mr. Sentry, Oscar?"

The old man came to the door. "Yes, Mrs. Sentry. It was his office. I told them he was on his way."

"Is anything wrong?"

"They seemed anxious to get hold of him."

"I wonder why," Mrs. Sentry reflected. Oscar made no suggestion. "Probably just business," she decided, and spoke to Barbara.

"And Professor Brace brought you home?"

"Yes." A hesitation; then she added: "We sat and talked for a while outside. He's coming on Sunday evening to call!" Her eyes were dancing. "I think he plans to reform me, mother!"

"Well, I hope he does!"

"I hope he tries," Barbara agreed. "I like him. I think it would be rather fun!"

MRS. SENTRY liked to think of herself as extremely busy. She often said, a little complacently, "My days are so full, you know!" This morning, after breakfast and the mail—there was a letter from Phil at New Haven—she consulted with cook, and then for an hour or two she was engaged with Miss Simpkins, the dressmaker who came in by the day.

While she was being fitted, she heard the limousine return, and wondered whether Eli would know why the office had telephoned to Arthur. But Eli was deaf, and—it could have been nothing worth inquiry. Their lives had long since assumed a pattern.

They dined with their friends; their friends dined with them. Arthur had his golf on week-ends, in a foursome of years' standing that included Dean Hare, Judge Ray, and Ernest Waring. The Hares were probably their most intimate friends. Gus Loran, Arthur's partner, did not play golf. Riding was his sport. They exchanged dinners with the Lorans, but not often, because of Mrs. Loran. They were on old and cordial terms with a dozen or a score of families like their own.

When Mrs. Sentry was dressed for the luncheon—Mrs. Keith Urban would call for her—she went to ask whether Barbara would be at home for luncheon. Barbara explained: "No. I'm lunching with Linda, and we're going to a movie, and tea at the Ritz."

Tyres grated on the drive, and Mrs. Sentry said: "Here's Mrs. Urban. Then I'll see you at dinner, Barbara." She went down the stairs.

Luncheon was pleasant, even though Miss Glen—she was an English novelist—did monopolise the conversation. Mrs. Sentry, listening to her lecture afterward, thought Miss Glen interesting but inclined to patronise. She wondered again whether Eli knew why the office had telephoned for Arthur this morning; but Arthur would be home by a little after five to tell her. It was past four now.

Then Miss Glen had finished; and Mrs. Sentry, when she and Mrs. Urban were in the car, said in dry distaste, "Alice feels she's responsible for our cultural life, doesn't she?"

"I like Miss Glen's books," Mrs. Urban confessed.

"They're good enough," Mrs. Sentry agreed. "But it's a pity a woman who can write as well as Miss Glen does should feel called upon to try to talk. I thought her deadly!"

Mrs. Urban subsided meekly. Very few people argued with Mrs. Sentry. She prided herself on speaking her mind, had sometimes a biting tongue; and when she expressed an opinion it was in the tones of an oracle. Mrs. Urban was faintly relieved to drop her presently at her own door.

Mrs. Sentry expected to find Athur already at home; but Oscar said he had not yet arrived. Miss Sentry and Doctor Ray are in the living-room," he explained.

Mary, when Mrs. Sentry joined them, said: "Neil brought me home, and I made him stop for tea."

"Have you rung?" Mrs. Sentry asked. Mary had; and Oscar presently brought in the tray. Mrs. Sentry poured, and she suggested that Neil stay to dinner; but Mary said: "He can't, mother. I'm dining out. At the Lorans."

She saw the older woman's expression of surprise, and said: "Oh, I know, mother. But Mrs. Loran asked me three weeks ago, by telephone; gave me no chance to think up an excuse. What could I do?"

"Nothing," Mrs. Sentry confessed. Mrs. Loran was, of course, a vulgar nobody, whom she herself had always held at a distance. Barbara would simply and honestly have declined this invitation; but Mary's standards were conventional as her mother's.

Neil Ray said now in a jocular tone: "Pshaw, Mary! You know you'll enjoy yourself. Mr. Loran always makes love to you."

"He makes love to everyone when he's had a drink or two."

"Well," he insisted cheerfully, "Endle's good company—they say."

Mary met her mother's eyes. "Mr. Endle's calling for me, mother," she explained defensively. "After all, he's Mrs. Loran's brother, and she suggested it. I couldn't very well refuse."

Mrs. Sentry said, "I suppose not!" She heard the front door open, called, "We're in here, Arthur."

Mr. Sentry came to join them and she saw that he was tired. "Hullo, Ray," he

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said, shaking hands with the other man. "Hullo, Mary." He declined tea. "I'd rather have a cocktail. Shall I ring?"

"Do," Mrs. Sentry assented. She perceived that something had distressed him; but she asked no questions, thinking he might prefer not to speak before Neil Ray. Yet he said at once, "It's been an upsetting day. The office was robbed last night."

"Robbed?" Mrs. Sentry echoed, incredulously. "But there's nothing there to steal! Except oranges!"

"Oh, there's always some money in the safe. Some of the truckmen who peddle their wares pay in cash, you know." He added soberly: "But that's not the worst of it. A girl was killed."

There was an instant's dreadful silence. Mrs. Sentry asked through dry lips: "A girl? One of your employees?"

"No," he said; but he added: "She did work for us for a while last summer, during the vacation season, when we were short-handed. Miss Randall got her from business school. She was only with us about two weeks. Her name was Miss Wines."

Oscar brought cocktails, but Doctor Ray declined one. "I'm on duty to-night," he explained, and rose. "You'll be wanting to dress, Mary," he said. "I'll go along."

Mrs. Sentry thought he felt his presence here an intrusion; but Mary, watching her father, said: "No, stay. We're not dining till eight."

Neil remained standing, uncertainly; and Mrs. Sentry asked, "But how was she killed, Arthur?"

"Shot," he said. "Shot in the back. They found her in the upper hall this morning, outside our offices." And he spoke again to Neil Ray, explaining to him, seeming to find relief in his own words. "Mr. Loran and I have our offices on the top floor, the third floor. It's an old brick building, down in the market district, of course. His office is in front and mine at the back, with a reception-room between. Switchboard, and some typewriter desks.

"Our letters are handled there. Our bookkeeping and so on is done on the second floor, and on the street level the routine business. Of course mostly we sell directly from the refrigerator cars."

"But what was she doing there?" Mary asked; and she added: "I think I met her last summer, father. You remember the day I came down to do some shopping and had lunch with you? She was taking some letters when I came in to get you, and you introduced her. Little, and rather pretty, and innocent looking? I'm sure I met her."

"Probably you did," he agreed. "I don't remember."

Ray said again, "I'll have to be going."

"You needn't hurry, Neil, really," Mary urged.

Mrs. Sentry said, "Mary, don't you see Doctor Ray is embarrassed, wants to get away?" Ray started to protest; but was silent as Oscar brought the "Transcript." Mr. Sentry took it, looked at the front page. "Here it is," he said, and was silent, reading the brief story under its small headline.

"Not much here!" he said; and then explained: "The police think she was one of the robbers. They're looking for a young Italian who has been paying her some attention; a wild youngster whose father is one of our customers. They found a key in her pocketbook that fits the lock on the back door."

He spoke to Ray again. "There are back stairs," he said. "Mr. Loran and I use them on Sundays or when the place isn't open for business. This back door admits to the stairs and our offices. She had this key."

Ray nodded uneasily, and Mr. Sentry went on: "She must have remembered the combination of the safe. It's just an old iron box, bought in my father's time. We never had enough cash on hand to need a real one; and a safe-cracker could have opened this easily enough. But it was opened last night by someone who knew the combination. She probably learned it last summer when she worked for us."

He hesitated, added then, "The police seem to think she let this fellow in, opened the door for him, and opened the safe, and then for some reason they quarrelled and he shot her."

Mary said: "It sounds like the sort of ruthless, reasonless things a cocaine addict might do. Don't you think so, Neil?"

Ray did not answer. Mrs. Sentry said, "Don't be so medical, Mary!" She thought: Mary is playing a part! Pretending! I wonder why. And she added: "The office telephoned, Arthur, just after you left this morning. I suppose it was about this?"

"Yes," he assented. "Miss Randall found her, when she got there at eight o'clock."

"It must have been just a few minutes past when they phoned," she said. "Didn't anyone hear the shot?"

Mr. Sentry shook his head. "No. Or at least they haven't found anyone yet who did," he amended. "You see, she was in the hall on the third floor. The hall has no windows, and there's a brick wall between it and the next building, and if the office doors happened to be closed——" He added, "And of course there aren't many people around on the streets down there till early morning."

Mary said: "The poor girl! I hope they get the man. Father, did she have any family?"

"Not in Boston. She came from Dennis; but she'd been living in a room out in Somerville, in a private home, where the husband was out of a job so they had to take in boarders. She'd had work at odd times, a day here, a week there, filling in; but no steady job.

"The police say she'd been running around with this young Italian; and he was missing to-day. His father claims he's up in Maine buying cider apples, but they haven't located him. And—apparently, there were other men with whom she was acquainted, too."

He shook his head, poured another cocktail, and said, as though thinking aloud: "I suppose she was hard up, and desperate. If we'd had any idea, we might have made a place for her, given her something to do. That's the tragic thing about living in a city. Terrible things happen all around you, perhaps even to people you know; and till they happen you never even suspect."

"No need to make speeches, Arthur!" Mrs. Sentry commented dryly.

"It has disturbed me a lot," he confessed.

Mrs. Sentry said: "Nonsense! It doesn't concern us! It happened in your office, of course; but it might as well have happened anywhere. It doesn't concern us at all!" She was speaking more to herself than to him.

He nodded, said no more. Doctor Ray moved toward Mrs. Sentry to say good-bye. But before he could speak there were voices in the hall, and Mrs. Sentry recognised Barbara's.

Then Barbara and Linda Dane appeared in the wide doorway. Barbara had an afternoon paper in her hand.

WHEN the dressmaker had finished with her that morning, Barbara went home with Linda Dane for luncheon. These two and Phil Sentry—Mary, the older sister, had always held herself aloof from their cheerful exuberances—had since childhood been much together; and now that Phil was at Yale, Barbara and Linda were devoted.

They went after lunch, in Linda's car, to a moving picture theatre; and later they met Bill Cates and Rod Hepburn at the Ritz for tea.

When they came out on Newbury Street afterward, screaming newsboys pushed extras in their faces. Barbara saw a headline:

PRETTY TYPIST SLAIN

One of the boys bawled: "Produce House Murder! Read all about it!" And Bill Cates looked at the paper which the boy held, and said softly, in a startled tone, "Hullo!" He bought a paper, folded it in his hand, said: "Barbara, Linda, come along. Let's get out of this."

They followed him toward Linda's car, and Barbara asked gaily, "What is it, Rod? Why the big mystery?"

But he did not laugh. He opened the paper again and looked at it, and they all looked over his shoulder; and Barbara as she read felt something inside her body contract into a crawling, shuddering knot.

Linda's hand was tight in sympathy and reassurance on her arm, and Bill said, "Gosh, that's rotten!"

Barbara when she spoke did not recognise her own voice. She said, "Give it to me, Bill." She took the paper, read the unbelievable lines again.

"Steady, Barb!" Linda whispered. "It's all right."

Barbara was husky. "I've got to go home, Linda. Mother will need me. She'll be wild. Can we, please?"

"Of course. Here's the car."

On the way home, Linda drove and watched the traffic, and Barbara read the story in the paper, reciting to Linda the essentials.

But she was cold with terror at her own thoughts. When she and Professor Brace were driving home last night, her father had passed them in his car, coming from the direction of the office. The dead girl had been found in the office this morning. Killed when? She could find in the paper no answer to that question, and her eyes blurred so that she could not read.

Linda said: "Don't worry, Barb. It just happened to happen there! It might have happened anywhere."

"Mother will be just sick!" Barbara whispered. "She's so proud, Linda! And she hates newspapers!"

"They'll forget all about it in a day or two."

"And father, too!" Barbara shivered uncontrollably. "Golly, Linda, I'm scared. I wish Phil was home."

"He'll come when he sees the papers. But Barb, it's nothing. A week from now everyone will have forgotten it."

Barbara began to cry without a sound, sitting bolt upright, her eyes streaming, the paper in her hands. "That's it, go on and cry," Linda approved. "Then you'll feel

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better." And when presently they came within a block of the Sentry home she stopped the car. "Now, powder your nose," she directed. "You can't go in looking like a wreck!"

Not till she was satisfied that Barbara had repaired damages did she drive on. Outside the door Barbara pleaded:

"Come in, Linda. Back me up. Mother will be just desperate. I'll play the idiot, till I either make her laugh or make her so mad with me she'll forget this mess. Ready?"

"Well—if you like," Linda said doubtfully.

They went in; they came to the living-room door. But Barbara, when she saw her father here, remembering last night, was shocked and still for a moment, and stammered doubtfully, "Oh, you're home, father!" She saw the "Transcript" in his hands.

Mrs. Sentry said stiffly, "Don't be obvious, Barbara!"

Barbara hesitated; but then she became suddenly animated. "You've seen the papers! I wanted the fun of telling you!" She cried: "Isn't it all thrilling? Mother, don't you think it's the most exciting thing? We came out of the Ritz with Bill Cates and Rod Hepburn and there were two newsboys just screaming and pushing papers into our faces, and Rod saw your name in one of the headlines, father. So we bought the paper. Look!"

She opened the paper, read the headlines aloud: "'Pretty typist slain. Police seek missing lover of dead girl. Robbery and murder'—— Fancy it, right in the family ——"

Her mother said sharply: "Barbara! After all, it's not 'right in the family'!"

"You know what I mean, mother!" Barbara protested. "I mean we're—well, probably we'll all be witnesses at the trial. I know I'll be scared to death. I wonder if he's good-looking. Father, did you ever see him? This Italian?" She came to sit on the arm of his chair. "You don't need to pretend you're all so calm. I'll bet you're as excited as I am, really."

No one spoke for a moment. Then Neil Ray said uncomfortably, "I really must go."

He rose; and Linda cried as though relieved: "Heaven, it's after six o'clock! So must I!"

Mary went with Doctor Ray into the hall. Barbara looked beseechingly at Linda; but Linda shook her head, so Barbara and Linda followed the others. Mrs. Sentry and her husband were left alone.

He twirled the cocktail glass in his hand, looking at it fixedly, not meeting Mrs. Sentry's eyes. She heard the good-byes at the door; heard Mary and Barbara hesitate, and whisper, and start upstairs.

She said to her husband, "Arthur, we must just ignore this!"

"I don't know why it should hit me so hard," he confessed. "But—she looked so little and pitiful, lying there. And of course there were police, and photographers, and reporters around all day. Gus is in New York, so it all fell on me. It wore me down!"

"In New York? Mary's going there to dinner to-night."

"He went over yesterday. Didn't expect to be back till Sunday."

Oscar came to say that dinner was served, and Mrs. Sentry remembered that an afternoon paper was delivered to the kitchen, so the servants already knew; and everyone would know, either to-night or in the morning. All their friends . . .

Mary sat with them while they dined, waiting for Jimmy Endle to call for her. She proposed making excuses, staying at home; but Mrs. Sentry said: "Of course not, Mary! After all, this doesn't touch us! Certainly not any more than it does Mr. and Mrs. Loran, and they're giving the dinner."

Barbara was called to the telephone, and Endle arrived and came in to speak to them while Mary made last preparations. Mrs. Loran's brother, Endle, had somehow made a fortune in the last four or five years, owned a blatantly large motor yacht on which scandalous parties were reported to occur, was perfectly sure of his welcome everywhere; and he clapped Mr. Sentry on the shoulder and said jocosely:

"Well, Sentry, a lot of free advertising, eh? Headlines! Produce House Murder! You and Gus ought to have a flock of sightseers to-morrow. Better lay in a stock of bananas, eh? Sell 'em to people to take home as souvenirs!"

Mary, in the hall, called, "I'm ready, Mr. Endle." They departed.

Mrs. Sentry said icily, "He and Mrs. Loran are alike, aren't they?" And as Barbara returned from the telephone, "Who was it, Barbara?"

"Johnny Boyd!" Barbara was indignant. "He thought last night was a joke, and he thought all this was funny! I shan't ever go out with him again!"

"I suppose it will strike a lot of people as a joke on us," Mr. Sentry agreed. "I'm glad father isn't alive. He was strong on the dignity of the firm." And he reflected: "I'd better run in and reassure mother. Care to come, Ellen?" Old Mrs. Sentry lived in solitary dignity in one of the Back Bay hotels.

"I think not," Mrs. Sentry decided, but when Mrs. Furness phoned presently to ask whether she could bring Miss Glen over—"She's so anxious to talk to Mr. Sentry about this terrible crime!"—Mrs. Sentry said: "I'm sorry. We're going out!" Others would be telephoning. She and Mr. Sentry presently departed in the limousine for town.

Barbara stayed at home. She was reading the story in the paper again when the doorbell rang. Nellie came to say that a young man wished to see her. "He asked for Mr. Sentry," she explained, "and I told him you were the only one at home."

Barbara went into the hall. The young man said, "Miss Sentry?"

"I'm Miss Barbara."

"I'm Dan Fisher," he explained, watching her appreciatively. "I'm a reporter. My editor sent me out to—well, to see if your father had any ideas about this murder. And to get some pictures and so on." He added, "I'm sorry to bother you." And then he grinned and said, "If I were you, I wouldn't even talk to me."

Barbara liked him. "You're a funny reporter," she protested. "I thought they were real sleuths."

"You're thinking of plain-clothes men, policemen," he suggested, chuckling; and he added, surprisingly: "I met you once. You don't remember? You were with Joe Dane in New Haven after the Princeton game two years ago. Joe introduced us."

"Oh! Were you reporting the game?"

"No, I'd been helping coach the Princeton ends. Used to play a little myself. That was before I went into the newspaper game."

She said courteously: "Why, then, we're really old friends! Will you come in? There's no one at home, but father and mother will be back soon."

He hesitated, shook his head. "Thanks," he said, "I don't think I will." And he confessed, a little amused at his own scruples: "Probably a real red-hot reporter would get some pictures out of you, and an interview. If your father were here—— I'll tell you, I may come back later."

She nodded, understanding his forbearance, grateful. I shouldn't know what to say," she admitted.

"If I were you, I wouldn't say anything to reporters," he advised. "Just refer them to your father. I don't mean for any of you to be mysterious about it, of course. That would only make it worse." And he added: "Thanks a lot. Good-night."

Barbara was almost sorry he departed. Her thoughts were terrifying company.

MISS WINES was found dead in the hall outside Mr. Sentry's office at about eight o'clock on Friday morning; a Friday in October. The afternoon papers cried the news; the morning papers on Saturday spread the tale over three or four pages.

Phil Sentry, a junior at Yale, would have slept late that morning. There was to be a football game in the afternoon, and the pre-game celebration the night before had in his case risen to a somewhat fevered pitch.

He had no early class; but Fritz Ruzh, his room-mate, had; and when Fritz returned to the room in mid-forenoon he pulled the bedclothes violently off Phil.

"Wake up, Phil!" he shouted. "You've got your name in the papers!"

Phil blinked sleepily. "What? What's happened? We didn't start anything last night, did we?"

"Read 'em and weep!" Fritz insisted. "All about the murder in high life! Pretty stenographer foully slain! Here, have a look!"

Phil sat up and peered, blinking, at the headlines; he turned the pages and saw photographs of the dead girl, of his father, of Mr. Loran, and of Sentry and Loran's old brick building in the market district. The history of the firm, founded by Phil's great-grandfather, was related; and his father's clubs were listed, and his mother's charities, and the social activities of his sister, although their photographs did not appear.

The names of Loran and Sentry, even though the connection was slight, lent a certain importance to this murder of a pretty stenographer; yet an old newspaper man, though the names might have been meaningless to him, would have guessed from the extent of the spread that there was more to come, that there was a whisper of sensation in the air.

Even Phil sensed this faintly as he glanced through the pages. He stalked into the shower, took it hot and cold, hot and cold till his head cleared, thought how all this would distress his mother, thought of telephoning her reassurances, thought he might send her a wire, thought he might go over home on Sunday, and then remembered the football game and did not want to miss it, and in the end did nothing that day at all.

But he did read the papers more carefully. The police had found the young Italian in Freedom, Maine. He had been able to account for all his recent movements. Other young men, friends of the dead girl, were being questioned. The girl's father, who was a scallop fisherman, had hurried to Boston. His picture appeared; a long-legged, sad, drooping little old man.

The police, Phil read, were investigating the fact that Miss Wines had been mysteriously absent from her lodgings for three days in August last. The twentieth, twenty-

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first, and twenty-second. She had told her landlady that she was going to visit a girl friend in New Hampshire; but this girl—not named—denied that Agnes Wines had visited her, or had even planned to do so.

Much was made of this fact. One of the papers said in so many words that the police were seeking the dead girl's unknown lover, and carried a subsidiary headline:

LOVE CLUE IN PRODUCE HOUSE MURDER

Phil threw the paper aside at last, and finished dressing, and later he forgot the murder for the football game. Yale went into the last quarter trailing by ten points; and when in a feverish fifteen minutes they had fought through to victory, there was not a normal vocal chord left.

There was celebrating that must be done, and Phil did it. What had happened in Boston was forgotten for that evening; but it must have stayed disturbingly in the back of his mind, since though it was three or four o'clock in the morning before he went to bed, he woke soon after ten, and remembered, and opened his door to get the Sunday morning paper in the hall outside.

He read it, read every line in it that concerned Miss Wines. There were only two things really new in the story of the murder. The autopsy had revealed a probable motive for the crime; and the hour when Agnes Wines was killed had been fixed. A night watchman in a warehouse nearby had heard the shot.

He had thought at the time that it was a truck back-firing, probably two or three streets away, because the sound was muffled; but now he was convinced that it was in fact a shot which he had heard. He was sure of the time, having finished his one o'clock rounds just before. Probably five or ten minutes past one, he thought.

Phil was relieved to see that that blaze of publicity which yesterday had focused on his family and on that of Mr. Loran had somewhat abated now. Yet he knew so vividly how they would each react to this ugly experience.

He thought of telephoning them some word of reassurance, but the telephone was unsatisfactory. He felt vaguely that they might need him; that there might be something he could do. And also, an intangible uneasiness oppressed him. There was something in the tone of the newspaper stories that suggested the writers knew more than they wrote. Phil was young enough to want to be assured that everything was all right; he was old enough to want to help and comfort if he could.

He decided to go home for a day or two; to surprise them. He dressed, packed his bag, had breakfast, and took a train for Boston. If he had sent word ahead old Ell would have met him; but since Phil did not do so, there was no one at the station.

A taxi would have taken him quickly home, but as though he had himself been guilty of some misdemeanor he was suddenly reluctant to face them all. To put off the hour of that encounter he walked over to Trinity Place and waited for a suburban train that would deposit him near his home.

It was dusk when, bag in hand, he set out to walk to his home, his feet lagging miserably. Then a car pulled in at the kerb beside him and someone called in a laughing tone: "Carry your bag, Mister? Taxi, Mister?"

It was Linda Dane.

He tossed his bag into the rumble and climbed in beside her.

"Hullo, Lin," he said, gripping her hand. "Gosh, I'm glad to see you!"

"Me too," she agreed. "Where've you been? Where are you going? What are you home for?" She hesitated. "Oh, this beastly thing in the papers, of course. Isn't it rotten! I hope they get whoever did it and just—just skin him alive. But it's a shame you all have to be dragged into it!" She touched his hand. "Never mind. It won't last long. I'll take you home. How's Joe?"

"Fine," Phil told her. "Saw him yesterday."

"Wasn't it wonderful that you won? The game must have been just thrilling." She turned into his street.

"Drive around a while, can you?" he asked. "I don't want to go in yet."

She looked at him quickly. "Phil? Are you in trouble?"

"Oh, no. I just want to——"

They passed his home without stopping and went on. "Where shall I drive?" she asked.

"Around the park, James!" he told her, grinning; and he asked "Lin, how are they all taking it?"

She hesitated. "Pretty hard, I'm afraid."

"How's Barb?"

"I was with her when she first saw the papers. She was scared, Phil. But she's trying to—keep them cheered up now."

"Yes! She would!"

"I went home with her. She hoped you would come."

"I thought I'd better." He said: "You and Barb and I will have to stick together. We always have, haven't we?"

"Always have," she agreed. "Three Musketeers."

He clasped her hand where it lay on the wheel. "You're a good kid, Lin," he said, a little surprised at himself, wondering why he said this, glad he had said it.

"You used to call me a brat!"

"You used to be one," he retorted. "But you're outgrowing it. I've had my eye on you. Oh you play around with the crowd, and you can be the life of the party and all that; but I've noticed you keep your head, too. When the ocean waves dash high, you're the stern and rockbound coast. You'll do to take along!"

She looked straight ahead, smiling faintly. "You need someone to take along, Phil," she said gently. "You're not a very steady craft, yourself, when high seas are running."

"I know. A good time is apt to go to my head. You've brought me down to earth more than once."

She chuckled. "Both feet on the ground?"

"Funny," he reflected, "that you and I have never been—sentimental about each other. I wonder why."

"I wonder," she echoed, eyes on the road. "We're just darned good friends. But whenever I've got anything on my mind I like to talk it over with you."

"Me too," she agreed, and swung into the drive in front of his house. "Here we are, Phil." She stopped the car and looked at him, waiting for him to get out; and he looked at her, and hesitated, and after a moment she laughed softly and asked, "Is this what you're thinking?" And leaned towards him.

He kissed her. "Thanks, Lin," he said. "That helps a lot. I dread going in."

"Poor Phil. Keep your chin up," she bade him. "And—come and see me, 'bye!"

She drove away, and he carried his bag up the steps and—since the door was always locked—rang. Oscar and Nellie were out on Sunday evenings, so it was Barbara who came to the door.

"Phil!" she cried.

She caught him and kissed him. He felt her tremble and held her and whispered:

"Hey, Barb! You're shaking."

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Phil," she murmured. "To-day's been awful!"

Mrs. Sentry called from the dining-room, "Is that you, Phil?" He winked at Barbara reassuringly, and went in. He greeted them all, noted that his grandmother had come to tea.

His mother said, "We're just sitting down." She looked at him searchingly. Phil saw that his father was almost haggard; thought these last two days must have been a strain. "We didn't expect you," his mother added. "Is anything wrong, Phil?"

"Gosh, no," he protested. "I saw the papers, thought you might need me."

"Isn't it exciting, Phil?" Barbara cried.

Mrs. Sentry said sharply, "Barbara! Don't!"

Phil, beginning to eat, said hurriedly: "I've only seen the papers. Is there anything that isn't in them?"

Mrs. Sentry answered him. "No, Phil. At least, nothing that we know. Of course the police are doing everything they can. Inspector Irons was here this afternoon to see your father. Something about the key, wasn't it, Arthur?"

Mr. Sentry nodded. "She had a key to the back door, Phil," he explained. "They found it in her pocketbook. The Inspector wanted to know whether I gave it to her, but I couldn't help him. I suppose she stole it while she was working for us."

Mary asked suspiciously, "Phil, why did you come home?"

"Oh, I'm just celebrating," he assured her. "That was a great game yesterday! The best I ever saw. I'm still hoarse from it."

"You look as though you had celebrated all night!"

He grinned in an irritated fashion. "Since you took up nursing you're keen on symptoms! No wonder doctors' families always have something the matter with them, with someone like you around."

There was a moment's silence; and then Mr. Sentry asked quietly, "Sure, there's nothing wrong, Phil?"

"No, father. I just felt like seeing you all."

And Grandmother Sentry demanded, "Why shouldn't he come home if he wants to, Arthur?"

Mr. Sentry said, "Well, after all, college is his job right now." The doorbell rang, and Barbara went to answer it. "But of course we're glad to see you, Phil."

There were voices in the hall. They watched the door. Then Barbara came back, pale terror in her eyes. "Father, it's Inspector Irons," she said in low tones, "he——"

The Inspector, without waiting, came in past her; and a second man followed him. Mr. Sentry stood up, holding to the back of his chair. The second man stopped at his elbow. Mr. Sentry said, "Good evening, Inspector."

The Inspector said, "Mr. Sentry, I'll ask you to come along with me."

Phil stared at his father, felt his own cheeks stiffen. Mr. Sentry licked his lips. "Where to, Inspector?" he asked, in a hoarse voice. "After all, it's Sunday evening——"

The Inspector hesitated uncomfortably. "I'd rather talk about it at Headquarters," he said. "That will be easier, all around."

Then the other man touched Mr. Sentry's arm.

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FOR a moment the room was still as ice. Then Mr. Sentry nodded, almost with relief; and he said quietly to Mrs. Sentry, "I'll have to go, Ellen." To Phil: "You can take mother back to town when she's ready."

Phil nodded, and looked toward old Mrs. Sentry, and he uttered a low ejaculation. Her head had dropped forward, her chin was resting on her chest, and her eyes were closed. At his exclamation, Mary went quickly toward the older woman, and Mrs. Sentry without moving said, "Barbara, get my smelling salts!" Barbara darted up the stairs.

Inspector Irons spoke to Mr. Sentry; they moved away. Mrs. Sentry tried to follow; but she seemed to stumble, and stopped. Only Phil went with his father out into the hall; and, standing in the open doorway, he saw Mr. Sentry get into the police car, into the rear seat.

Inspector Irons sat on one side of him, the man in plain clothes on the other. There were policemen in uniform in front, and Phil noticed abstractedly the radio antenna, like an old-fashioned buggy whip, projecting above the roof. He thought in a dull way that his father must be crowded in the narrow seat; since the Inspector was a big man, and so was his companion. The car drove away.

When Phil went back into the house, into the dining-room, old Mrs. Sentry was herself again. He asked, "All right, grandmother?"

"All right? Of course I'm all right," she said sharply. "I was all right all the time. I just did it to give you all something to think about. Come into the living-room."

They followed her quietly, not speaking, not daring to speak. The others sat down, but Phil remained standing. His cheeks were still stiff; his lips felt thick and clumsy. Yet—here were four of them, four women, his sisters, his mother, his grandmother. He was the only man; he must do something, say something . . .

He said, groping: "How about a rubber of bridge? You don't want to go home yet, do you, grandmother?"

Old Mrs. Sentry said sharply: "Don't be an idiot, Phil! Don't try to stick your head in the sand. All our heads. Face the fact! They think your father killed that girl!"

Barbara gasped, looking from one to another, her eyes beseeching them to deny this. Mrs. Sentry made an indignant sound; and Phil argued unconvincingly: "Oh, I don't think so! They probably just want some more information or something. Maybe they've arrested someone and want father to identify him."

"Nonsense! I'm too old to fool myself, or to be fooled!"

Barbara's eyes were streaming, yet she made no sound. Mary was red as flame. Mrs. Sentry said resentfully, "But mother, you surely don't believe——"

She stopped, for tyres hissed on gravel, in the drive outside, and while they listened rigidly someone came up the steps and rang the bell. Phil cried in great relief, "There, he's back already!" He went to the door, the two girls on his heels.

But when Phil opened the door he saw a young man he did not know, and the man said: "I'm Professor Brace. Is Miss Sentry at home?"

Phil was bewildered; but then Barbara, drying her eyes, came past him. "Of course!" she said. "I'm sorry, Professor! I'd forgotten you were coming."

She shook hands with him uncertainly. He said, looking at their pale faces, at Barbara's red eyes, "I'm afraid I've come at the wrong time."

No one had asked him to come in. He still stood in the open door. Phil started to speak; but Barbara said, "Oh no!" She put on, quickly, like a mask, a bright vivacity. "Come in," she invited.

He followed doubtfully. In the living-room Barbara said: "This is Professor Brace, mother. You remember I told you about him? How kind he was?"

Mrs. Sentry spoke composedly. "Yes, indeed! Good evening, Professor Brace. Barbara told me you rescued her from some embarrassment." She thought: We must go on in normal ways, as if nothing has happened; and she added: "Mr. Sentry was called out on business; and when you rang, we expected him. That's why you had such a reception committee."

He nodded, perceiving the tension on them all, uncertain what to do or say. Barbara introduced him to her grandmother. He sat down; and the talk ran haltingly, with many silences, till Mary, unable to endure this, presently rose.

"I've letters to write," she said. "If you'll excuse me." She escaped upstairs.

Silence oppressed them, till Barbara, forcing herself to talk, told over again the story of Johnny Boyd's battle with the policeman. But old Mrs. Sentry cut in at last, said sharply: "Stop talking nonsense, Barbara! It's no time for chit-chat! We ought to be finding out——"

Barbara turned to look at her; looked past her, came sharply to her feet, pale and shaken, pointing. "There was a man at the window!" she whispered.

Phil raced through the hall, and Professor Brace followed him. When they opened the front door they faced two men. Something exploded, glaringly, in their faces, and Phil uttered an angry cry, and one of the young men said:

"It's all right, Mr. Sentry! Just a flashlight. We got word of Mr. Sentry's arrest. We're supposed to ask whether you have anything to say. Or perhaps your mother——"

Professor Brace, very still, looked at Phil. Phil demanded hoarsely: "Arrest? Who said so?"

"Inspector Irons."

"It's not true!"

"I'm afraid it is," said the reporter. "He's been booked for murder." And he urged: "Better take it easy, Mr. Sentry. I know how you feel, but there'll be a lot of newspaper men around here in another ten minutes. If you want to say anything——"

"I've a notion to knock your block off!"

The other grinned sympathetically. "I know. Don't blame you. But keep your head, if you're wise." He looked at Professor Brace. "Are you their lawyer?" he asked.

"I'm Professor Brace of the Harvard Business School. But I'm afraid it's too early for the family to have anything to say to reporters."

Phil looked at him in surprise, then gratefully. The reporter nodded. "That's sensible. Be polite, but don't talk. And—take a friendly tip from me. Don't lose your heads, don't say something you'll be sorry for. And—don't take a crack at reporters. We're just doing our job."

He added: "Another thing that will save you some trouble, change your telephone number; get an unlisted number. Then no one can call the house except your friends."

Phil nodded grudgingly. "Thanks," he said, "what's your name?"

"Fisher. Dan Fisher. Any time you can give me a break on the story, I'd appreciate it, of course."

Old Mrs. Sentry called from the living-room, "Phil, who's that?"

"A reporter, grandmother!"

"Well, bring him in here. I want to talk to him."

Then Barbara came into the hall, herself conveyed the invitation. "Mr. Fisher, my grandmother wants to see you, please." And it was she who made the introductions in the living-room. "Mr. Fisher was here the other night, mother," she explained. "He's a Princeton man, and he knows Joe Dana." As though these were credentials.

Her mother nodded idly; and old Mrs. Sentry said, "I heard you say Mr. Sentry had been arrested."

Fisher said quietly, "I don't know that he's been booked yet, but they're holding him."

"They think he killed this girl?" The young man hesitated; and she insisted: "Speak up! We're adults!"

"Yes," he admitted. "I believe they do."

"Why? They must have some reason?"

"Well, you see, the robbery was a fake. Whoever opened the safe knew the combination—or else was an expert safe-cracker. The combination had been changed since Miss Wines worked in the office. Only Mr. Sentry and his partner and Miss Randall knew it. There wasn't enough money in the safe, ever, to make it worth the trouble of opening, not for a—professional!"

"So the girl didn't come there to rob the safe. She came to meet someone. A man brought her; drove her into town, let her out at a corner four or five blocks away at about eleven o'clock. A policeman saw him do it; and the man parked there and talked to the cop while he waited for her. He stayed there till half-past twelve and then decided she had made a fool of him. He told the cop she had promised to be back at twelve."

Fisher hesitated, but no one spoke; and after a moment he went on, "If you've read the papers, you know that the Medical Examiner found a reason why she might have been killed." And he added hurriedly: "She was missing for three days in August. Mr. Sentry was away at the same time. His office had his address, but they tried to get in touch with him during those three days and couldn't."

He finished quickly: "And she had a key to the office that was a duplicate of Mr. Sentry's key. So—Irons took him in for questioning—and the man that made her key recognised Mr. Sentry, identified him, before I left Headquarters."

Barbara, her eyes very wide, started to speak, but Grandmother Sentry said quickly, "Hush, child!" She spoke to Fisher. "I told you we were adults," she reminded him. "Don't mince words. I suppose you're trying to say that the girl was, as my generation used to put it, in trouble; and that the police believe she went somewhere with my son in August; and that they sometimes met in his office, to which he had given her a key; and that they met there the other night and that my son killed her. Is that it?"

Fisher said honestly, "I'm afraid so."

"Why should he kill her?"

"She told the man who brought her to town that she was going to get some money."

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"Blackmail?" The reporter did not speak; and in the silence Barbara hiccoughed like a sob; and the old woman said: "Thank you! Good-evening."

Fisher half-smiled. "I'm supposed to be interviewing you," he confessed. "But——"

"You've too much intelligence to try," the old woman interrupted. "Come in to my hotel and have a cup of tea with me some day, young man. Phil, show him to the door."

The reporter nodded. "I will come," he said, and he added: "If you haven't thought of it, you might call up Mr. Sentry's attorney." He turned toward the door, Phil on his heels. And no one spoke till Phil came back.

He said: "I'll call Dean Hare, shall I, mother?"

She nodded. Professor Brace suggested, "I think that idea of an unlisted telephone is a good one, too."

While Phil was at the phone, old Mrs. Sentry remarked, "Ellen, I think you'd better put me up here to-night."

"I think so, too, mother," Mrs. Sentry agreed.

The two older women, Grandmother Sentry with a word of farewell to Professor Brace, departed. Barbara looked at the professor helplessly.

"I feel—funny!" she confessed. "I keep thinking I ought to cry, but I don't really feel a thing."

"You're still numb," he suggested. "If a person is shot or stabbed, he just thinks at first that someone pushed him! He doesn't realise how badly he's hurt till the first shock is over."

"And of course," she reflected loyally, "I know it's not true! It couldn't be, could it?" Then, as Phil returned, she asked in puzzled tones, "Phil, do you feel sick, or scared, or anything?"

"I just feel sort of dazed," he admitted. "And—small, and helpless. The whole thing is so—impersonal."

"Mother's wonderful!"

"You bet." He added in a low tone: "But did you notice Mary? Her lips were bleeding when she went upstairs, she'd bitten them so!"

Barbara nodded. Then they heard Mrs. Sentry coming downstairs, and Phil and Barbara went to meet her as though to help her.

But she came in strongly, went to a chair, and sat down. Only when she was seated did she slump with weariness. She looked at Professor Brace, her guard for a moment down.

"I feel as though we were all dreaming, insane," she said. "I'm glad you're—a stranger. If you were one of our friends you'd be sympathetic, and—I don't think I could stand that." She added, "At first I didn't feel anything; but now—I'm beginning to!"

Phil on one side, Barbara on the other, pressed close to her, as much seeking comfort as giving it; and Barbara said miserably, "I think the worst part of it is not knowing what has happened, or what is happening!"

Mrs. Sentry nodded. "We can't do anything but wait, I suppose!" Her head lifted. "It's outrageous!" she cried. "We're respectable, decent people. The police, the newspapers——"

No one spoke; and after a moment she said indignantly: "I turned off the lights in mother's room and looked out. There are cars in the street, Phil, and men standing around."

"Reporters, probably."

"I won't have that. Tell them to go away!"

Professor Brace said: "They'll stay, Mrs. Sentry. That's their job, you see."

"Well, it's a thoroughly disreputable job!" The doorbell rang, and she exclaimed, "If that's one of them, don't let him in!"

Phil nodded, and he and Professor Brace went together to the door. A man stood there; reporters grouped behind him, a policeman by his side.

Phil would have closed the door; but the man said: "I'm District Attorney Flood."

Phil hesitated. "Oh, hullo, Mr. Flood," he said. "I'm Phil Sentry. Come in, won't you?"

The District Attorney came in and Phil closed the door, and introduced Professor Brace. "My mother's in the living-room," he explained, and led the other that way.

Mrs. Sentry, without rising—she could not trust her knees—extended her hand. "Good evening. I've heard Arthur speak of you. This is our daughter, Barbara."

The District Attorney bowed. Then he said gravely, "Your husband suggested that I come and—tell you the situation, Mrs. Sentry." He added, "Ex officio, you might say." No one spoke, and he added, "I regret to say that Inspector Irons has booked Mr. Sentry on a charge of murder." He hesitated, explained, "The Inspector tried to find me beforehand; but I was out, and he thought it best to act without delay."

"Didn't he—exceed his authority?" Mrs. Sentry asked in dull tones.

"No," he admitted. "And—I'm bound to say that I should have acted as he did, in his place."

"You mean you would have arrested Arthur?" She seemed to choke, then added coldly, "You imply he—is guilty?"

"I'm afraid there's enough evidence to hold him."

"That's outrageous! Have decent citizens no rights?"

His color rose at her tone. "You must understand that your husband is accused of murder," he retorted. Mrs. Sentry closed her eyes and let her head rest against the back of the chair; and he added, more gently: "But of course, I want to do—everything possible to protect you, to see that you are—annoyed as little as possible. There will be——"

Barbara, who had been in a deep abstraction, cried now as though suddenly remembering: "Oh, wait a minute! Father didn't do it. Father didn't kill her. I know he didn't!"

She leaned forward sharply, and Mrs. Sentry's eyes opened in swift hope. The District Attorney said sympathetically, "I know it must seem incredible to you all, as it does to me! I've known Mr. Sentry——"

"No, no!" Barbara cried. "I don't mean that. I mean, I really do know he didn't. I just realised that he couldn't have. It said in the paper that she was killed a little after one o'clock. A night watchman heard the shot. Don't you remember, Mr. Flood?"

"That was in the paper," he assented. "But——"

She interrupted him. "But father was home before then!" she cried triumphantly. "We saw him! Professor Brace and I came up from Essex through the East Boston Tunnel, and father passed us in his car right outside the entrance. We followed his car, stayed right behind him all the way out here." She appealed to Professor Brace. "You remember, don't you?"

The District Attorney looked at the other man. He asked in a curiously quiet tone, "Is that right, Professor Brace?"

Brace, after a moment, said: "Yes. Yes. That's correct."

"And what time was that?"

"That was before one o'clock!" Barbara said eagerly. "I looked at my watch as I came in the house, and it was a quarter to one. So father couldn't have, don't you see? He was already at home before she was killed!"

The girl's eyes were shining, her cheeks bright with triumph. But Mrs. Sentry, while Barbara spoke, felt all her muscles slowly contract. Her body was like an empty shell, and her ears rang.

She heard, as though at a great distance, District Attorney Flood tell Barbara in an even tone that this was very interesting and would be considered; but more real to her than Mr. Flood's words were other words, spoken that night when Arthur came home from his bridge game, and she half woke to greet him, and asked him, murmuring drowsily, "What time is it?"

And—she remembered with a terrible and conclusive certainty — he had replied, "Quarter past eleven."

But if Barbara told the truth, then Arthur had lied. And if he had lied——

Her thoughts recoiled, refused to answer the hideous, damning question.

. . . . . .

After a night of sleepless agony Mrs. Sentry rose and dressed. The household, the servants, would be excited when they saw the morning papers. She must control the situation. She rang, and when Nellie came, pale and shaking, she asked crisply, "Will you ask Oscar and Emma to come up here, please, and you come with them."

Five minutes later they filed in and faced her. Oscar stood stolidly. Nellie wrung her wretched hands. Big Emma, the cook, was crying openly, her lips mumbling nervous, blubbering sobs.

Mrs. Sentry said, "That's not necessary, Emma!" And she added: "We are all going to have an unpleasant time for a while. Of course I shall not be surprised, or blame any of you, if you wish to leave." She felt grateful for their quick expressions of loyalty. Grateful for the loyalty of servants? Was she already brought so low? "You're quite free to go," she insisted stiffly. "But please understand, if you stay, I shall expect a perfectly normal household—as if nothing had happened."

She hesitated, then went on: "You must, of course, help the police in every possible way, be completely frank, truthful, hide nothing!" It was useless and dangerous to try to drill the servants in lies or denials; and—there was nothing they could really know, or tell. She added: "That is all. I count on you."

Emma wiped her eyes, and they filed out. Later, after she was dressed, Phil came in and said, "'Morning, mother." He kissed her awkwardly, an unaccustomed gesture. "Dean Hare's downstairs. I wasn't sure you were awake."

"Perhaps he will have breakfast with us," Mrs. Sentry suggested. They went downstairs together. Dean Hare was in the living-room, and Mrs. Sentry greeted him almost with a smile.

"Good morning, Dean," she said. "I hoped you would come."

"I came last night, after I left—Arthur," he explained, "but the house was dark. I thought, if you were asleep, better not to wake you; so I didn't ring."

"How is Arthur?"

He said slowly, "Shocked and shaken, but—all right." He added, "I arranged about

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the telephone at once, after Phil called me, so you won't be bothered." He told her the new number. "You can give it to your friends," he said, and continued, "Then I went to him, to Arthur." He hesitated, said thoughtfully, "You know, Bob Flood and Arthur and I played bridge together that night, Thursday night."

Mrs. Sentry started to speak, then said to her son, "Phil, tell Nellie Mr. Hare will have breakfast with us."

"I've had breakfast," the lawyer replied.

"A cup of coffee, at least," Mrs. Sentry insisted. "And you may change your mind. Go on, Phil." Phil went towards the kitchen, and Mrs. Sentry said, in a lower tone, as soon as he was out of hearing: "Yes, Arthur told me. He got home a little after eleven." Phil last night had heard Barbara tell the District Attorney that her father had come home just before one; he must not hear her say this now.

Hare nodded. "Yes, he told me he came straight home; and that of course makes it impossible that—he could have done this. He couldn't have left the club when he did, and—gone to the office, and still got home so soon."

She said, "You don't need to convince me, Dean!" But she was thinking: So Arthur has lied to Dean Hare as he lied to me. I suppose he thinks—hopes—no one saw him come home.

Then Phil returned to say breakfast was ready. They went into the dining-room, sat down. "I must see Arthur to-day," she said.

The lawyer hesitated. "It might be as well to—wait," he advised. "In fact he told me to ask you to wait; that he wouldn't be there long, that it would be unpleasant for you."

"Nonsense! I'm no—timid girl! I shall see him to-day. Will you arrange it?"

Phil said, "I'll go with you, mother."

"No, Phil. Not this time." What she had to say to Arthur none must hear.

Dean Hare said tentatively: "I don't know whether you care to hear the—reasons the police give for the arrest. Of course, the newspapers——"

She thought of Fisher, the reporter; but—let Dean tell her if he wished. She could think while he talked.

She said, "I don't read newspapers!"

Hare nodded. "I suppose not." And, choosing his words, he went on: "You see, the girl had a key to the back door. Inspector Irons came on Sunday morning to ask Arthur where she could have got it, and Arthur suggested that Miss Randall might have given it to her; but Irons found that Miss Randall didn't have a key to the back door herself. There was a new lock put on two or three years ago. Ike Tory, the janitor down there, put it on, and gave Arthur and Gus Loran keys.

"The Inspector took Arthur's key, and he went out to get Gus Loran's. Gus was in New York, went over on Thursday and didn't get back till late last night; but Mrs. Loran found his key book and Irons picked out the key. He found that the key Gus had was different from Arthur's, and from the one in Miss Wines' bag. But hers was a duplicate of Arthur's; and her key seemed pretty new, but Arthur's was older than the other two, more worn.

"The Inspector went back to try the keys. They all worked in the lock. He asked Ike Tory why they were different. It turned out that when Ike put the new lock on, a year or so ago, only two keys came with it; so he took an old key that was something like these, and filed it down himself till it fitted the lock. Ike takes pride in saving money for the firm; did it to save having a new key made. And he gave Arthur the key he made, kept one of the originals himself, and gave the other to Gus Loran."

He hesitated, and Mrs. Sentry said automatically, "I don't see anything in that."

Hare was uncomfortable. "Well, Irons believed," he told her, "that the dead girl's key must have been made from Arthur's, because they matched perfectly, while her key didn't match Loran's; so he had all the locksmiths canvassed, and late yesterday afternoon they found a man who remembered making the key."

He hesitated; but no one spoke, and he concluded: "They brought this chap to Headquarters last night. He picked your father out of a line-up as the man who had the key made."

Mrs. Sentry said nothing; but Phil cried, "Probably the police tipped him who to pick!"

Hare said regretfully: "Well, Arthur admitted last night at Headquarters that he did have the duplicate key made. He said he kept it in his desk in case he lost the other. He thinks Miss Wines must have stolen it."

"Arthur was always losing keys," Mrs. Sentry assented, and realised with a faint shock of terror that she had spoken of her husband in the past tense, and then, with a deeper tremor, that Hare seemed not to have noticed, as though it were natural for her to speak of him so.

She said hurriedly: "I hear the girls coming downstairs. Let's not talk about details, Dean!" Her eyes met his for a moment, held his; and his after a moment were lowered, as though some word had passed between them.

Phil argued, "But just the same——" Then he stopped as Barbara and Mary appeared in the doorway.

"Morning, children," Mrs. Sentry said lightly. "Sleepy-heads!"

Barbara saw Dean Hare; she cried: "Oh, have you seen father, Mr. Hare? When will they let him come home?"

"I'm afraid not right away, Barbara," he confessed. "You know, these things take time."

"But they know he didn't do it!" Barbara insisted.

"Well, of course we know——"

"They know it, too!" the girl urged. "I told Mr. Flood——"

Mrs. Sentry spoke quickly, almost desperately. She knew what Barbara was about to say; that Mr. Sentry had come home on the night of the murder at a quarter to one. But if Barbara said that, Dean Hare would know Arthur had lied to him. She fought instinctively to protect Arthur from that discovery.

"Sit down, Barbara, Mary," she said. "After all, there's breakfast to be eaten, our routine to go on."

Barbara insisted: "But mother, I——"

"Barbara!"

Barbara sat down, puzzled by her mother's manner; and Mrs. Sentry thought, amazed at herself: I'm like an ostrich, hiding my head in the sand, trying to pretend, to blind myself—— She said: "We've got to keep our heads, our sense of proportion. We must go on eating, for instance!"

Mary said in a low tone: "Must we? Pretend nothing has happened? We won't fool anyone but ourselves."

Mrs. Sentry ignored her. She asked the lawyer, in polite and empty tones, as one makes conversation with a strange dinner partner, "How's Olive, Dean?" Olive was Mrs. Hare.

"She wants to come over this afternoon—if you'd like."

"Of course!"

Mary said grimly: "I'm surprised she's willing to. I expect most people——"

The doorbell rang, and Oscar went to answer it. Phil followed him into the hall, then Linda Dane came in with him. "Mother said it was too early for me to come," she confessed quietly. "She's coming a little later, Mrs. Sentry. But I didn't want to wait. I knew you'd be up."

"There's nothing to see!" Mary told her coldly. "We're not a sideshow!"

Mrs. Sentry protested, "Mary!"

But Linda said: "It's all right, Mrs. Sentry. I know how you all must feel; but—I didn't come to be curious, Mary. Please don't feel I'm prying. We've always—at least Barbara and Phil and I have always been such good friends."

Barbara said, "Darling!" And Phil said, "Good kid, Lin!"

Dean Hare rose to go, and he nodded to Phil so that the boy went with him out to the car.

"Phil," he suggested then, "don't let your sisters or your mother go to see your father yet. Not to-day. I shouldn't even go myself, if I were you. In a day or two, yes; but just now he's terribly shocked. It would distress any of you to see him; and I think it would be harder for him to—keep his self-control."

"Gosh! I suppose so," Phil agreed, shakily. He urged, "I want him to know we're—with him, though!"

"I'll tell him," the attorney promised.

But then Mrs. Sentry came to the open door. "Oh, Dean," she called, "will you arrange for me to see Arthur, let me know when I'm to come?"

Hare looked to Phil for support; but Phil said, "I know it will do him good to see mother, Mr. Hare." And the lawyer surrendered.

Then a police car came up the drive. Reporters on duty like guards at the entrance trotted after it. Dan Fisher among them. The police car stopped behind Dean Hare's; but Dan came along to where Phil and the lawyer stood, and he said in a low tone:

"Sentry, if you and Mr. Hare are interested, Flood waited outside last night till Professor Brace came out, and questioned him."

Phil nodded, only half hearing, staring at the police car, from which officers alighted. Fisher asked softly, "Who was the young lady who came in a few minutes ago?"

"One of my sister's friends."

"What's her name?"

Phil hesitated, but Dean Hare said, "Phil, the best rule with reporters is, if they're going to find out anyway, tell them."

Phil nodded ruefully. "I suppose so. She's Linda Dane."

Fisher said, "Oh! I know her brother, Joe." Someone else demanded, "Not engaged to her, are you?" Phil shook his head, coloring with anger, and Inspector Irons alighted from the police car and said to the reporters:

"All right, boys, outside. I'll see that you get anything you ought to have."

They obeyed him, moved away, and Dean Hare asked: "Anything new, Inspector?"

"I want to have a look around inside," the Inspector explained. "If that's all right?"

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"Of course."

"And I might ask some questions. I suppose you'll want to be in on that." He added, as though apologising for his own forbearance, "It's not the way I usually handle things, but the D.A. says to keep you in touch as we go along."

The lawyer nodded. "Thanks." He said: "Mrs. Sentry wants to see Mr. Sentry this morning. I'll be with her. Could you hold off on the questions till this afternoon?"

Irons reflected: "Well, the Grand Jury's sitting, and the D.A.'s idea was to give them the evidence we've got to-morrow." He looked at Hare. "I understand you and Mr. Flood agreed not to arraign him before?"

"Yes."

Irons looked at Phil apologetically. "The D.A. got something last night," he said, "and—I'll want to have all the material I can get for the Grand Jury."

"Of course," the lawyer agreed. "But this afternoon will do to—ask your questions. Suppose I meet you here at two."

Phil, listening, felt himself shiver; his teeth pressed hard together to keep them quiet. There was something in their tones deeply terrifying. He was almost relieved when Dean Hare drove away, and he himself was left with Inspector Irons.

THE other men who had come in the police car approached, and Irons introduced them to Phil. Inspector Hays, Sergeant Kane, Officer Regan.

The Inspector suggested then, "Mr. Sentry, you want to show us around?"

"Glad to," Phil agreed.

"I'd like to have a look at the garage."

Phil led the way, and watched the Inspector note the cars, study the garage. "Chauffeur sleep up above?" he asked. Phil nodded. Old Eli was burning leaves by the tennis court, and they went that way. Irons asked the old man:

"You usually hear a car come in at night, do you?"

Eli said, "Hey?" And Phil explained: "He's pretty deaf. You'll have to talk louder. But he wouldn't hear anything at night. Takes an earthquake to wake him."

Eli demanded querulously, "What you say?"

"All right," said the Inspector. "Let's go in the house."

Indoors, with his mother and sisters looking to him for strength, Phil himself was stronger. His grandmother had come downstairs; they were all in the living-room. Phil explained what the Inspector wished to do, and suggested they stay where they were. Inspector Hays and Sergeant Kane went toward the kitchen. Regan had remained outside. Inspector Irons and Phil went upstairs.

Phil suggested, "If there's anything special you're looking for, I might help you."

"I want to see everything. Whose room is this?"

"Mine," said Phil. The Inspector nodded; he opened the drawers of the dressing-table, the desk, the closet, the recess under the window seat where Phil kept rods and fishing gear.

Phil, looking over the other's shoulder, saw something there; a japanned metal box with a combination lock. And the cover of the box had somehow been forced open!

His thoughts went racing . . . In the summer after his Freshman year, at a ranch in New Mexico, one of the cowboys had given him an old single-action .45 revolver, with cartridge belt and holster; had told him that the weapon had been taken off the body of a man killed in a gun battle, years before. Phil brought it home; but because Mrs. Sentry was afraid of firearms, he never showed it to his mother or his sisters, kept it here in this locked box. Only, he had showed it to his father. His father had known it was here . . .

Irons picked up the box, now empty, and he held it to his face and sniffed at it. The old holster had been heavy with grease and oil. Phil remembered the rich smell.

He heard himself now, saying hurriedly: "That's my old tackle box. Used to keep a couple of reels in it, in leather cases." The Inspector did not turn. "I forgot the combination, had to break it open with a —" He tried to think what tool his father might have used. "With a chisel," he said, and repeated: "Couple of reels, and some bass plugs——"

"Must have been hard on the chisel," the Inspector commented, and turned, the box in his hands, and looked at Phil. Phil saw sympathy and understanding in the older man's eyes, and was sick with fear. Then Sergeant Kane said from the doorway, in an intent tone: "Hays wants you, Inspector. Down in the cellar."

Irons nodded. "Right," he said. With the broken box under his arm, he followed Kane.

Phil followed them. Irons once looked back, as though to bid him stay behind; but he did not speak.

In the cellar, Inspector Hays stood by the furnace. The furnace door was open. The weather had been warm, these last few days unseasonably so; and there had been here no recent fire.

Irons went toward the other Inspector. Hays said quietly, "See if you see what I see."

He turned a flashlight's beam into the fire box of the furnace. Irons stooped to look in. After a moment he stood up.

"Close the door carefully," he said crisply then. "Close the draughts. Any air might make the ashes crumble or muss them up. I'll get Peters and Knobble out here. They can handle it."

Phil touched his arm. "What is it, Inspector?"

Irons looked at him for a moment soberly. Then he took Phil's arm. "Steady, Mr. Sentry," he said. "The folks upstairs will need all you've got."

Phil said chokingly, "Darn you, what is it?"

"Somebody's burned a lot of money in the furnace," the Inspector told him. "You can still read the printing on the ashes of some of the bills."

"What of it?" Phil insisted.

"And there's an envelope, a long one, only half burned, with the firm name on it. Sentry and Loran. Whoever tried to burn it was in a hurry, didn't finish the job."

Phil protested, "But I don't see——"

Irons said quietly, "Someone took some money out of your father's safe, Thursday night. We've been wondering what they did with it. Where it had gone."

FOR the rest of that day Phil was like a man dazed by an actual physical blow. He had, till he saw that rifled metal box in the recess under the window seat, not even contemplated the possibility of his father's guilt.

The Inspector's manner, more than his own senses, drove home to him the shattering realisation. His father was a murderer.

Phil might have been proud of his bearing that morning. When he and Inspector Irons came up from the cellar, Oscar spoke to him, said Mrs. Sentry would like him to drive her to town to see Mr. Sentry; and Phil said "Right!" He could not for a moment face his mother; so he called to her from the hall, "I'll bring the car around."

He went to do so, brought the small car, the one his father always drove. At the front door he blew his horn; and his mother and Barbara presently came out, and Barbara kissed Mrs. Sentry, hugged her tight.

"Give father a big kiss for me," she directed.

Mrs. Sentry pulled the door shut. "Mr. Hare said to come to his office, Phil," she directed.

Her thoughts already cast forward to the interview that lay ahead. She dreaded it so terribly; yet it must be faced, must be gone through.

When after a dazed half hour of preliminaries she found herself waiting for Arthur to be brought to her, she looked at her surroundings with an almost impersonal curiosity. They seemed to her hideous; a small room, a table, two chairs. A grille of slender bars at one window, a smell of disinfectants . . .

She was to see Arthur alone; but the door would be open, and an officer in a position to watch them through the open door. It did not occur to her that the District Attorney's old friendship for Arthur had led him to permit her unusual consideration. Dean Hare had warned her they would be watched; she thought this hard enough.

Arthur came in. A man walked beside him, stopped with him in the doorway, and she heard the click of metal. But she heard it at a great distance, all her senses concentrated in her eyes.

He was so little changed! Except perhaps that *he seemed* tired, and that his eyes were inflamed, he was not changed at all.

He came towards her, rubbing his wrist with his hand. He stopped, facing her. He said, from a little distance: "Well, Ellen! I'm glad you came."

She said: "We must sit down, Dean says, with the table between us, and our hands in sight. On the table, perhaps."

He nodded. "They have to be careful, I suppose." They sat down; and he said, "How are the children, all right?"

"We're—distressed, of course. The policeman is watching us, Arthur."

"I suppose so." His eyes held hers. He said: "Ellen — I'd have done anything possible to—spare you all this. The whole thing is so—incredible. Just a series of miraculous coincidences."

"It is incredible, yes."

"Of course, it will straighten out in a day or two. I had nothing to do with that girl, Ellen. But you know that, of course."

"You've told them so?"

"Of course. Why, Ellen, they say themselves that she was killed about one o'clock, I was home long before that." She felt, almost to her own surprise, a deep compassion in her heart. He said urgently: "You know that, yourself. You were awake when I came home."

She hesitated. "No, Arthur," she amended, "I wasn't awake. I woke up, asked you what time it was."

"Well, *I* told you. It was quarter past eleven."

She tried to speak, but her throat was tight. He tapped the table between them with his fingertips. "Good of you to come," he repeated, and he said: "Gus came last night, late. He came over from New York on the five o'clock and saw an extra at the station, and hurried right up here. It helped

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to see him. You feel pretty much a pariah, in gaol, you know."

Mrs. Sentry smiled dutifully at the feeble humor. "He rang me up this morning," she assented, "just to say we could count on them in every way."

"He's all right," he said; then repeated, "It will all straighten out in a few days."

"I hope so." She spoke after a moment, in a tone curiously humble. "But Arthur—I think we have to be honest with each other. I know what time you came home." He stared at her; and she saw his cheek drawn and pale. She said: "It was quarter to one."

After a long while he spoke, very slowly, in a low tone. He said: "Yes, Ellen. It was quarter to one, half-past twelve, about that, anyway." He asked, "How did you know?"

"Barbara saw you."

"Barbara?" Sudden panic in the word.

"Yes."

His eyes were flickering with rapid thought. His fists clenched on the table; he lifted one and lowered it again, and sweat was on his brow. He said at last, hopelessly: "Well, if they ask her, she must tell them the truth. None of you must lie, Ellen. Tell them the truth."

She asked no question; and after a moment he went on, hurriedly: "This is what happened. I went to the office, after the bridge game broke up, to get that coffee-pot of yours. I'd forgotten it when I left in the afternoon." His lips twisted wretchedly. "She was—she lay there—I don't know how she got there, Ellen, or who killed her. I lost my head. I ought to have called the police, but I was afraid to. I left her there, went home. I thought if no one saw me——"

She said, gently: "You always were afraid of things, Arthur. You found her there dead?"

"Yes."

"Just—lying there?"

"There was someone with her. A man. They had robbed the safe, taken the money. He ran past me in the dark as I came up the stairs." And he said again, in a helpless resignation: "Barbara must tell them the truth if they ask her. None of you must lie." He made a bitter gesture. "It will be hard enough to make them believe the truth—that I lost my head, ran away, left her there."

Mrs. Sentry said: "Barbara has already told them. She told Mr. Flood."

"Told—— Already?" He was white.

"She thought that if Miss Wines was really killed at about one, as the papers said, you couldn't have done it. So she told them you were at home before that, to prove to him that you didn't do it."

"Miss Wines was killed about twelve o'clock," he said, half to himself.

"How do you know?"

He stared at her. "She was killed before that," he amended suddenly. "Before I got there. Bob Flood knows——" He rose in haste. "You'd better go, Ellen," he said. "Tell Dean Hare I must see him right away. You see, I've told them, up to now, that I was at home at eleven-fifteen. I hoped I could—lie it out. But now I may have to tell them the truth."

She rose to face him; she asked softly, "You didn't kill her, Arthur?"

"Of course not! Ellen, don't you believe—"

"You can tell me!"

He hesitated. He said then, in a quickly mustered anger, "I told you, I didn't!" But she had felt his hesitation; she watched him pitifully, and he cried: "What are you waiting for? Go on. Tell Dean Hare——"

And she said, submitting: "Very well, Arthur, I'll tell Dean. I'll do whatever you say."

He turned abruptly toward the door. The policeman came to meet him. She thought he went away almost eagerly, as though glad to escape the question in her eyes.

She waited for a while after he had gone, in that hideous little room, fighting for self-control. Arthur's hesitation had been like confession. His mustered anger at her insistence had been eloquent. She knew now surely that he was guilty.

In the car, Phil asked, "Well, how is he?"

"Oh, he's fine," she said. "Don't worry, Phil, he's fine!" Whatever her own certainty, the children need not know.

WHILE they were at lunch, a little later, Dean Hare telephoned to say that Inspector Irons had decided to postpone his interrogations, so for the afternoon they were free. Mary was to see Neil Ray when he went off duty; and as they finished lunch, Linda came to propose that Phil go for a drive with her.

"I have to go out to those mills in Norwood to get some homespun," she explained, "and I hate to go alone."

Phil looked to his mother for consent. "Go along," she said. "Barbara and grandmother will be here." So Phil went, and found a measure of peace and forgetfulness in being thus with Linda. But when she brought him home, in the late afternoon, he was reluctant to face them all; instead of going directly indoors, he walked around the house.

He heard voices by the muddy stream beyond the pergola and went to look down over the bank. Policemen were there in boats with things like hinged rakes, dragging up debris from the bottom of the stream. One of them saw him and spoke quietly to the others, and they all looked up, silently. Phil went back toward the house, trembling.

He found his mother alone. "Mary's dining with Neil," she explained, "and I sent Barbara in to stay overnight with grandmother. Professor Brace called, drove them in." She smiled reassuringly. "So we'll have dinner together, you and I."

Dinner was served and they went in; and since they might here be overheard they spoke of other things. Phil talked at random, steadily, fighting down his thoughts. And she, as intent to hide her thoughts from Phil as he was to conceal his from her, helped him keep talk alive. But when they left the table and went into the living-room and were alone, silence crushed them; and Phil noisily lighted a fire, and Mrs. Sentry telephoned old Mrs. Sentry's apartment to say good night to Barbara. She reported to Phil, when she left the phone, that Professor Brace had stayed to dinner with them.

The house seemed very big and empty when they went upstairs, and parted for the night.

Later, Mrs. Sentry, still awake, heard Mary come in; but the girl did not come upstairs, so her mother went down, a dressing-gown over her night garments. She found Mary in the living-room, standing by the hearth, her lips bitten red, her hands twisting.

And Mrs. Sentry tried in an awkward way—they were not a demonstrative family—to take the girl in her arms, but Mary said, "Don't, please!"

So Mrs. Sentry sat down. "Shall we talk for a while?" she suggested. "Or are you sleepy?"

"Sleepy!" The word was fierce with scorn.

"How is Neil?"

"Very sensible!"

Mrs. Sentry said, "I knew he would—help you."

"Oh—help? Of course!"

"He didn't, then?"

Mary said: "Don't worry about Neil! We were practically engaged, but I told him tonight we must forget that. That after all this I was hopelessly disqualified to be a missionary's wife, even in China!"

Mrs. Sentry waited. Mary said in a flat voice, passionless as ashes, "He agreed with me."

After a while her mother spoke, tentatively. "I wish I could—hold you in my lap, dear, as I did when you were little and were hurt."

"No, thanks. I'm not little any more."

Mrs. Sentry sighed wearily. "I'm sorry, Mary. Yet—if he couldn't—stand up to this isn't it a good thing to know?"

"No, it isn't!" Mary cried. "What does that matter, if you love a man? What does it matter if he's weak, a sniveling coward, a drunkard, a thief?" Her eyes widened. "Even a murderer," she whispered. "You go on loving him just the same."

Suddenly, seeing the older woman's face, she stopped, said then curtly: "Good night! I'm going to bed." The still room ached when she was gone.

LINDA came in as they finished dinner the next night, and Mrs. Sentry welcomed her, and proposed a rubber of bridge. She clung to Linda's friendly loyalty. Linda agreed; but Barbara would not.

"I'm sorry," she said, trying to smile. "I'm afraid this is my evening for—letting go." Her tones were tremulously brave. "If you don't mind, I think I'll slip off by myself and cry for a while."

She darted away. Phil would have followed her, but Linda said softly: "No, Phil. Let her go!"

They heard Barbara's door close upstairs. Mrs. Sentry rose and they went into the living-room, and talk ran somehow, and a little after nine a car grated on the drive.

It was Mary. She came in without laying aside her hat. Mrs. Sentry realised that the car had not gone away, and she was cold with fear of what Mary would say. The girl was flushed. Mrs. Sentry saw, incredulously, that she had been drinking. When Mary spoke, her tones were louder than usual, harsh, defiant.

She said to Linda, curtly: "This is a family council, Linda." She added carelessly, "Oh, stay if you like, of course."

Phil protested: "Hey, Mary, don't talk like that! What's the matter with you?" He exclaimed, "You're drunk!"

She laughed derisively. "If I'm not it's not for lack of trying."

Mrs. Sentry felt desperately that she must speak, must do something. "Mary, you're not yourself!" she said sternly.

"Myself?" Mary laughed in a shrill way. "Myself? Who am I? Who are you? Who are any of us?" And she said furiously: "Oh, I thought I knew! I thought we were so secure, and settled, and decent, and good." Her laughter rang maddeningly. "Decent? Good? No decent, good people will ever speak to us now."

"Mary!"

Linda urged, "But Mary, your real friends——"

Mary laughed, almost tolerantly. "You're so young, Linda. Maybe you love Phil. And maybe you don't feel as Neil did. Oh, I don't blame him! He couldn't marry a murderer's daughter——"

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Mrs. Sentry whispered something, but Mary said in reckless cruelty: "Oh, he did it, mother! You'll know, sooner or later. Coming back from Southampton last August, I met Isabel Hedges in New York. You don't know her, but she knew father by sight, and she told me she had seen you and him at an hotel in New Jersey; kept exclaiming about how young you looked! Trying to get a rise out of me, but I——"

Mrs. Sentry's ears were ringing as though from a physical blow, so that for a moment she heard nothing. Then Mary's words penetrated her consciousness again.

"Maybe he'll wriggle out of it! The police may not find out about that. But I won't be made to testify about it. I'm going away!"

Mrs. Sentry did not protest. She only murmured, "Where?"

"Yachting in the Caribbean!" Mary added contemptuously, "They can't serve a summons on me there!"

"Yachting?"

"Jimmy Endle's taking me."

"Mr. Endle?"

Mary laughed. "Don't sound so shocked, mother. It's perfectly respectable. We're sailing at midnight. Jimmy's waiting for me outside; and his captain will marry us as soon as we're at sea."

No one spoke. She added, in shaken tones suddenly pitiful, "But—I wanted you to know where I'd gone."

Mrs. Sentry, at last, spoke steadily enough. "You're a grown woman, Mary," she said. "You must do as you decide." She rose. "Try to be happy, dear," she said, and kissed her daughter. "Now may I help you pack?" she asked.

"I'm not taking anything, just going as I am," the girl said. She added, almost appealingly, "Jimmy's outside, mother."

"I'm sorry, Mary. I—can't see him."

Mary nodded in curt defiance. "All right. Then that's all! Good-bye!" She went out into the hall. They heard the front door close. Tyres rolled away.

WHEN Mary was gone, Mrs. Sentry looked at Phil with bleak eyes and at Linda; she turned then, without speaking, to face the hearth where logs were blazing. Phil started towards her, but Linda touched his arm, caught his eye, shook her head. Then they heard someone come softly down the stairs; Barbara, a woolly bathrobe warm and soft over her night garments. She stood in the doorway, her eyes clouded as though she had been asleep; and after a moment she asked:

"Who was that? I thought it was Mary? Where is she?"

Phil saw his mother's shoulders move in a long shudder, as a cold dog shivers to keep warm; she hesitated, spoke then to her son.

"Good night, Phil," she said. "Linda—Good night!" She turned to her daughter. "Barbara, come upstairs. I'll tell you."

Barbara's eyes were wide with shapeless fears; but she did not speak. Only she put her arm around her mother's waist, half-supported her as they moved away.

Phil and Linda were left alone. After a moment he asked hoarsely, "Want to go home?"

She shook her head, her eyes deep. "Not yet. Come, Phil, sit down."

He obeyed her, sat leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, staring at the fire.

Linda shivered, folded her arms as though she were cold. "It just tears me in two, Phil, to see you so hurt!"

He said: "It doesn't really hurt, somehow. I don't realise it yet, I suppose. I wonder if I ever will. It sort of seems as though we were all dreaming or something."

And he said, as though to speak were somehow comforting: "Mary's right. Father—did it, you know. I've known that since the day they came here to search the house." He looked at her miserably. "And now—this thing Mary hinted. That was August, and Miss Wines was away in August! He did it, Linda!"

"Phil, you're giving up too easily!"

"How can I help it?" he protested miserably. "He took her to New Jersey; and he had a key to the office made and gave it to this girl. Probably he used to meet her there——"

She urged: "But Phil, Mary may be wrong! Or the girl who told her may be wrong! And as for the rest of it? Well, suppose someone else planned to kill her and wanted to make it look as though your father did it. They could have stolen the gun, and burned some money in the furnace, and thrown the gun in the river back of the garage——"

He echoed, startled: "In the river? Was the gun in the river? I saw them dragging for something!"

"Yes," she admitted. "The papers say they found it there!" He shivered, and she insisted again, "But Phil, someone else might have done all these things."

"Who?"

"Why—anyone! Oscar, or Eli, or some man that knew the girl, or even Mr. Loran."

"Linda, you're joking!"

"No, I'm not!"

He looked at her squarely. "Honestly, cross your heart, don't you think father did it?"

She tried to speak, said then honestly: "I suppose I do, Phil. I suppose I was just trying to find some way to—comfort you. But Phil, it isn't for us to decide, anyway." And she urged: "And we can't give up. You see, Phil, we're pretty young. You know the way babies are. The least little thing just looks awfully black to them, and they scream as if they were heart-broken. We're sort of like that, probably. Things will straighten out somehow."

"Gosh, I don't see how!"

"And besides, Phil, you've got a job on your hands. Your mother has always been so proud. This is terrible for her, even when she's sure that he's innocent! If she ever thought he wasn't—well, you can see, you have to take care of her. And of Barbara, too, Phil. Barbara's an awfully sweet girl. You mustn't ever let her believe he did it. Phil, it would just kill her."

"I see what you mean. I guess it's up to me, all right."

"You'll have to be awfully good to your mother, Phil." And she said: "The thing you'll all have to do is not think about yourselves very much. Think about each other. You see, Mary just thought about herself, and how unhappy she was, and how her life was wrecked; and she didn't stop to think about the rest of you, and that you needed her."

He nodded soberly.

She suggested: "Maybe you can make your mother think you need her terribly, and make her see that Barbara does too. That will help her."

Phil said, "Barbara's been great, all along, making jokes and being funny and trying to make us laugh, sort of like a puppy putting on an act, trying to get his master to play." He asked: "But what's going to happen now, Linda? What can we do to help father?"

"I don't exactly know," Linda confessed. "Except, of course, you'll get a lawyer for him, and do whatever the lawyer says."

His eyes widened with sudden panic. "Linda, can they make me be a witness against him, about the gun, things like that?"

"I suppose they can."

"I won't do it!" he cried passionately. "None of us will."

"I feel so ignorant," she said helplessly. "I wish I knew more about it. Mr. Loran and Mr. Hare will help you, though."

"Do you know a reporter named Fisher?" he asked. "Barb says he's a friend of Joe's, a Princeton man. Nice chap."

She shook he head. "No, I dont think so." And she said quickly: "Aren't reporters awfully clever, sometimes? Maybe he could help you to find out new evidence or something."

"There's too much evidence already."

"Phil, you mustn't! I don't believe your father did it, Phil, no matter what they say. Someone else might have." And she said in brave reassurance, "You and Barbara and Mr. Fisher and I will all get together and see what we can——"

He said stoutly: "No, Lin, not you! It helps a lot to talk to you, but I can't let you get mixed up in this."

"I'm already in it, Phil! I'm in anything you're in. I always have been, always will be."

He stared at her; and suddenly afraid of what he saw in her eyes, stood up. "I'm going to take you home," he said. He chuckled. "Before I start realising just how big a—help you are."

"I want to be. I don't have to go, yet, Phil."

He said, "Yes you do."

She had walked over from her home not far away. He walked back with her, through the crisp night, a half moon bright through the almost naked branches of the trees.

They came to her home without speaking; and he stopped at the foot of the steps, his head bare.

"Good-night, Lin," he said. "Thanks for coming."

He saw her eyes brimming. "Poor Phil," she whispered. "I wish I could help."

"You have!"

"Oh, more, more!" she whispered, smiling through her tears. "You've no idea, Phil! I want to hold you close, like a baby, and comfort you. You're such a little boy, such a dear boy."

"You're the best friend a fellow ever had."

"More than that, Phil," she insisted. "I love you."

He kissed her, as he might have kissed Barbara, and she clung to him, and he said: "There! I've got to go now. Mother and Barbara are alone."

"I'll walk back with you," she offered.

He chuckled. "That could go on all night," he pointed out; and she said triumphantly:

"There, you did smile! I knew you could. Good-night, Phil."

He walked home straight and strong, thinking how sweet she was. Just a kid, no older than Barbara. When he approached the house he saw a light still in his mother's bedroom; and upstairs he went quietly in to speak to her.

As he opened the bedroom door she signed to him for silence, and he saw Barbara

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asleep in his father's bed, her cheek tear-stained, her soft hair loose around her head, looking very young, like a child. He bent to whisper to his mother, and Mrs. Sentry said very softly, "Don't wake her. She's worn out. She was so furious with Mary, and terrified, and desperate. I had a time with her. So I kept her here beside me. I've been waiting to hear you come upstairs."

"You've got a job on your hands, mother, taking care of Barb and me." He saw her eyes soft at his word, gratefully; and he thought how wise Linda had been. "Mind if I leave our doors open?" he asked. "So I can call to you if I—have bad dreams?"

"Of course not, Phil. Call me if you need me."

"I need you all the time, mother."

She held him close, her arms straining. She surrendered for a moment to her love for him; and she whispered, "Oh, Phil, Phil!" And she said, "But, Phil—we mustn't let Barbara know!"

Barbara stirred in her sleep, murmuring; and Mrs. Sentry released her son, and Phil tiptoed away.

MRS. SENTRY knew in her heart that her husband was guilty.

And Mary knew; and—made the more vulnerable by the very standards which had kept her head so high—the collapse of her life was complete. Defiantly, as a child which is hurt wishes to wound others in turn, she had cast herself away.

And Phil knew; and even Grandmother Sentry had refused to let her love for her son blind her to the probability of his guilt.

Thus of those who had been closest to Mr. Sentry there was left only Barbara, enough a child to have a child's trust and to say despite the world's opinion: "No. He did not do it. No!" She had seen him come home before the hour when Miss Wines was assumed to have been killed. On this peg she hung her loyal faith.

It was Dean Hare who—without intention—shook her. He came to the house next morning to consult Mrs. Sentry about plans for Mr. Sentry's defence.

"You know, of course," he said, "that the Grand Jury voted an indictment? We had to expect that."

"So there will be—a trial?"

"Yes."

"How soon?"

"Well, the State will want time to prepare its case." He looked at her hesitantly. "I want to talk to you about a lawyer," he said. "I thought of Mr. Crowninshield. He's an able trial lawyer, but he has never handled criminal cases. Nevertheless if we could have had him——"

She asked: "You won't be able to do it yourself?" There was no accusation in her tones; only regret. "I had hoped you might. You were Arthur's——" She checked herself, and changed the tense of the verb. "You are Arthur's friend."

"That wouldn't be fair to him," he said. "I do very little trial work, Ellen, and no criminal work at all. You'll want a good trial lawyer, a good criminal lawyer."

"Will you speak to Mr. Crowninshield?"

He coughed. "I'm sorry. I have done so. He is too busy to take the case."

For a moment, silent, she thought: Mr. Crowninshield made excuses, but really he refused because he thinks Arthur is guilty. But her tones were steady, almost casual, as she asked, naming other lawyers among their friends: "Who, then? Mr. Davenport? Mr. Reese?" She knew them both—able, respected men.

"Oh, they don't do trial work. Not in criminal cases."

"You must have someone in mind?"

"I thought of Falkran. He's a good jury lawyer."

"I don't think I ever heard of him," she suggested with a cold politeness. "Isn't there someone of our friends——"

He said slowly: "Well, criminal law is—a field by itself, I'm afraid. But Falkran has been successful in that field." And he proposed, "Suppose I bring him to see you."

"Very well, do."

She heard steps on the stairs, and Barbara came in, hesitant for a moment, then valorously cheerful.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Hare!" she said. "I didn't know you were here. How's father?"

"He sent a lot of messages to you all."

"When can I see him?"

"Soon, now. He'll be in more comfortable quarters."

"Why?" she asked, puzzled.

"They'll move him to the County gaol," Mr. Hare explained.

"Oh!" Her color faded, and she confessed, "I thought for a moment you meant he was coming home."

Mrs. Sentry said: "Not right away, Barbara. You see, he's been indicted."

"I know," she assented. She appealed to Mr. Hare. "Does that mean he has to be tried?"

"Unless the District Attorney declines to prosecute."

Her eyes lighted, her tone quickened. "The District Attorney? Mr. Flood? Does that mean he can let father go?"

Hare shook his head. "He can't do that, Barbara, unless he's sure your father is innocent."

"But father is!" she cried. "And Mr. Flood knows it! I told him! You see, I saw father come home that night, just before one o'clock, and Miss Wines wasn't killed till after one."

Dean Hare looked quickly at Mrs. Sentry, remembering that she had told him Arthur was at home at a quarter past eleven. She shook her head, warning him to silence, beseeching him to protect Barbara's faith in her father; and saw his pupils dilate, and thought: He knows, now, that I know. And she closed her eyes so that he might not read them.

Then Barbara asked insistently: "Isn't that so?"

Hare said reluctantly: "Well, as a matter of fact, Barbara, they're not sure about the time. There's some evidence which suggests that she may have been shot earlier."

Barbara paled; but then she protested, "Just the same, Mr. Flood's a friend of father's!"

"He must do his duty."

Barbara cried desperately, "Well, I don't care!" Her voice broke. "I want my father to come home!"

Dean Hare rose. "I must go," he said, hurriedly. "I'll bring Mr. Falkran to see you, then?"

Mrs. Sentry went with him to the door, leaving Barbara alone in the living-room; and Phil came down the stairs as they stood in the hall, and Mrs. Sentry said: "Go to Barbara, Phil."

He obeyed her; and when the door was closed behind Dean Hare, she stood with her shoulders against it, thinking in an inconsequent fashion, as though this somehow typified all the tragic confusion into which their lives had fallen, that now Arthur would be in the gaol and she did not even know where the gaol was.

Then wearily she turned back into the living-room. Whatever happened, the children needed her.

She found Barbara sitting very still in a big chair there; and the girl's hands clasped the arms of the chair so hard that her knuckles were white. Phil was beside her, whispering some reassurance; but Barbara was like stone, and Phil looked at his mother appealingly, helplessly.

She tried to muster a tone of cheerful confidence. "Well," she said, "it's a relief to be doing something, planning something. Dean——"

Barbara said, "Mother! Are you going to let Mr. Hare be father's lawyer?"

Mrs. Sentry began, "There's a Mr. Falkran——"

But the girl cut in. "Because you mustn't! You mustn't, mother. Mr. Hare thinks father killed her. I know he does!"

Phil said gently: "You're just—strung up, and worried, and tired. Mr. Hare—nobody thinks that, Barbara. They have to have a trial, but not even Mr. Flood——"

Barbara demanded: "Do you believe he did it, Phil?"

"Of course not!"

"Do you, mother?"

Mrs. Sentry even smiled. "Barbara! After all, I'm his wife, you know."

"But—do you?"

"Don't be silly!"

Barbara came storming to her feet, shaking, trembling. She cried pitifully, "Mother, you don't, do you? Please!"

And Mrs. Sentry said, "Of course not, child!"

And Phil said in a great voice: "Barb, darling, we know he didn't do it. He couldn't! We all know that!"

Barbara held his eyes. "Then why haven't we all been to see him, instead of just mother? He'll think we've deserted him."

Mrs. Sentry answered, "Mr. Hare advised——"

The girl cried furiously: "Mr. Hare! Well, I'm going to see father right now! So he'll know that someone——"

But in the end she did not go. It was Phil who persuaded her to stay at home while he and Mrs. Sentry went that afternoon. But she sent her father loving messages.

Phil and Mrs. Sentry did not stay long with Mr. Sentry. Phil was shocked to see the change in his father. The older man's very voice was altered, was husky and hoarse as though from long disuse. And he said little; he thanked them almost humbly for coming; he said over and over, "Ellen, you know I didn't do it?"

And she said, "Of course, Arthur." And she told him Mr. Hare's proposal that Falkran be enlisted as defence counsel.

"He's a good defence lawyer," Mr. Sentry assented. And after that there seemed no more to say.

DEAN HARE, a day or two later, brought Falkran to see Mrs. Sentry and Phil. Phil was not at first favorably impressed. The lawyer was a big man, bald save for a fringe of red hair above his ears, with the wide, loose mouth of the natural orator; and Phil thought he studied the rugs and the furniture with a shrewd appraising eye, and he saw his mother visibly conquer her distaste for the man.

She asked, after introductions were done, "Are you familiar with my husband's case, Mr. Falkran?"

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"I see the newspapers have convicted him."

Her eyes hardened. "You think him guilty?"

Falkran suddenly smiled; and Phil at that smile felt a quick liking and trust for him. The lawyer said, "Mrs. Sentry, no man was ever electrocuted on a newspaper verdict."

Her eyes closed at that word, then opened again as he went on. "If I could have my choice," he said, "I should choose to defend men who have already been convicted in the newspapers. When everyone is convinced a man is guilty, the smallest grain of evidence in his favor has a tremendous effect in provoking doubt of his guilt."

Mrs. Sentry had not surrendered her question. "You think him guilty?" she insisted.

He smiled again. His smile had won many a jury. He said reasonably: "Mrs. Sentry, I haven't even talked with him. I don't know his side of the case at all. I only know the published facts. Mr. Hare has told me nothing. The evidence is damaging, difficult; but there are a thousand explanations that might meet the situation as it appears."

Phil saw that his mother too was being won to liking. She put her question in another way. "If you thought him guilty, would you defend him?"

Falkran smiled again. "Even a guilty man is entitled to his day in court, to a fair trial, to all the protection afforded by the law." Then he answered her directly: "Yes, Mrs. Sentry. Even if I knew Mr. Sentry guilty, I would defend him with all my powers."

Mrs. Sentry nodded, surrendering her point. "You said," she suggested, "that any one of a thousand explanations might cover all the evidence."

"An infinite number, yes."

"Have you anything in mind?"

"Mr. Sentry may suggest something. You see, Mrs. Sentry, until I talk to your husband, remind him of small circumstances he has himself forgotten, I can make no plan."

They talked a further while; and Mrs. Sentry said at last that she would let him know her decision next day. She used the interval to consult Arthur's mother.

Old Mrs. Sentry said: "Falkran? Oh, yes. I've heard of him."

Mrs. Sentry explained: "I should have preferred—one of our friends, of course. I hoped for a certain—dignity! But Mr. Hare says we must have a good criminal lawyer, and he recommended Mr. Falkran."

The old woman said harshly: "Dignity! Ellen, sometimes you——" Then she caught herself, spoke almost in apology. "Of course you'd prefer some fine name; but Falkran's a clever man. Arthur will need a good lawyer. Better take him."

So it was decided; but Mrs. Sentry thought, driving home: Even Arthur's mother knows. The whole world knows, I expect.

THE weeks that elapsed before Mr. Sentry could be brought to trial were long, but they were curiously empty; and Mrs. Sentry, used to activity, came in the end to accept this emptiness, to understand that their world would hereafter be thus constricted, whatever the outcome of the trial.

She would have nursed her hurts in solitude; but certain friends persisted in their friendliness. Mrs. Dane came often, quietly loyal, never insistent; and when Mrs. Sentry suggested, in the tone of one doing a conscious duty, that Linda might better stay away, Mrs. Dane said simply:

"She's very fond of Barbara and Phil. And so are we. We're glad to have her come to you."

And Mrs. Urban. Mrs. Sentry had always thought of Mrs. Urban as a mouse of a woman, with no mind of her own; yet she found in her now strength and loyal understanding. Of the others, Mrs. Furness invited Mrs. Sentry to luncheon, but she declined. I will not be made a show of, she promised herself; and Mrs. Harry Murr's persistent advances likewise she put aside.

There was one loss which hurt her keenly. She and Mrs. Waring had been closest friends; and the families were intimate. The two mothers had even discussed the possibility that Phil might marry Ann Waring. But a week after Mr. Sentry was indicted, Mrs. Waring took Ann away to Europe to school there. The decision was sudden; Mrs. Sentry knew it had not been planned in advance. And Mrs. Waring left without even a note to say good-bye.

Mrs. Sentry never spoke of this hurt to anyone. In the same way she ceased to resent the curious groups of people who drove past the house in cars, and even alighted to pluck flowers or break down branches off the shrubbery for souvenirs. Only when one night someone dug up a young tree in the front yard and took it away did she accept District Attorney Flood's suggestion that a policeman stand guard in front of the house night and day.

For all these things, Mrs. Sentry found strength and courage; but one thing she could not face. She could not read the newspapers, or look at them. Since the first few days, reporters had been kind. Carl Bettle had been of service in that respect. He had put through with the publishers of the other papers an agreement not to print photographs of Mrs. Sentry or Phil or Barbara, and to use their names as little as possible in news stories. When Mrs. Sentry thanked him he said:

"I don't deserve all the credit. One of our reporters, a young man named Fisher, suggested it." Barbara was in the room and he looked at her, smiling a little, and explained: "He had met you, he said. I think he had had you particularly in mind."

Barbara nodded. "Yes, I like him," she agreed. "We've seen each other since, once or twice."

Mrs. Sentry protested, "Seen him, Barbara? Where?"

"In town," Barbara confessed. "He has tea with grandmother and me, sometimes. It's perfectly proper, mother. Grandmother likes him."

"But a reporter, Barbara!"

Carl Bettle chuckled. "Whoa there, Mrs. Sentry!" he protested. "Reporters aren't so bad nowadays. You're prejudiced!"

"I'm prejudiced against any young man who meets my daughter secretly."

Barbara cried: "Oh, now, mother, that's silly! It's not secretly, with grandmother there. You know I'm at grandmother's now more than I'm at home."

This was in fact true. Old Mrs. Sentry had since her son's arrest surrendered to physical immobility. Her mind was as keen, her tongue as sharp, as ever; but she stayed in her room at the hotel where she lived, had her meals served there, even submitted to an indignity she had long declined, and hired a companion who was also nurse and masseuse.

There was during these weeks something deeply and wistfully appealing about Barbara. She was thin; her eyes seemed larger; her color had faded.

Grandmother Sentry, very gentle towards her, warned Mrs. Sentry once:

"That child is ready to crack, Ellen. Look out for her."

Mrs. Sentry nodded. "I—do all I can!"

Grandmother Sentry sought in her own ways to serve; she welcomed Barbara, and welcomed Professor Brace, or Dan Fisher, when one or the other came with Barbara to be with her.

One day when Professor Brace was to meet Barbara there for tea, and arrived before the girl, the old woman spoke to him of Barbara's condition, said stoutly: "I wish someone would marry her and take her away from here! She can't stand much more. She hasn't the strength to go through all this. She shouldn't have to do it!"

He dissented gently. "People can't shirk such things, Barbara's sister did, I know; but she will always regret it. We have to accept our burdens, our responsibilities. Face them squarely."

She said grimly: "Maybe! No doubt you are a level-headed young man, but I suspect you're too level-headed for your own good!"

He smiled tolerantly. "I'm sorry," he said. "But—dear as Barbara has come to be to me—I can't advise her to dodge or to evade."

"Dear to you, is she?"

"Very!"

"Then marry her," the old woman counselled. "Sweep her off her feet. Marry her and take care of her."

He shook his head. "I shall have to be a witness at the trial, you know" he confessed. "The District Attorney has warned me to be ready. Barbara need not know yet; but if we were married, and then I testified, she would blame me, never forgive me."

"Bah! If you've the courage of a——"

But Barbara arrived, putting a period to their words; and after that Mrs. Sentry did not attempt him again.

She found Dan Fisher more to her taste. Between these two something strong and binding had developed. He came to her often, even when Barbara was not there. Once he came dispirited, and she saw this and demanded, "What are you so down in the mouth about?"

He grinned. "Been barking down a rat hole," he confessed, "and the rat wasn't at home."

"Talk sense!"

He hesitated. "Well, Linda Dane and I have been putting our heads together, trying to see some way out of this. I thought we had a lead. Old Mr. Wines, the dead girl's father, told me that in her letters home the girl spoke of a man's having asked her to dinner. I started to check on him."

"Who was it?"

"I can't very well——"

"Nonsense! I can keep my mouth shut when I choose."

"Well, it was Mr. Loran."

"Gus Loran?" She considered, nodded. "He's an old goat," she agreed. "He never would have married that Endle woman otherwise. Go on. What about him?"

Dan Fisher said: "The thing looked possible at first. I found that Mr. Loran was away in August, at the same time Miss Wines was away. But that blew up. Two ways. It turned out that Loran was in Maine. I've talked with his guide. He

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has a camp on a lake up there. Flies up, flies his own plane. He was there."

He added: "And just to make sure, I checked on him for the night she was killed. We know what time she went to Mr. Sentry's office. Mr. Loran boarded a New York train about the same time, and went straight to bed. The porter saw him in his pyjamas a little after eleven; and the porter's sure Loran didn't get off the train after that."

She demanded: "Why couldn't Miss Wines have been in Maine, too?"

He hesitated, and she said sharply, "Speak up, man!"

"Miss Wines wasn't in Maine," he said reluctantly. "They've found where Miss Wines was. She was at an hotel in New Jersey."

The old woman's fingers twitched, her eyes closed, then opened again, shrewd and keen. She said in a low tone: "You're not looking at me. I suppose Arthur was with her?"

He nodded. He said miserably: "But it's Barbara that upsets me. She'll have to go through it all, the trial, everything. She may even have to testify! I wish I could—marry her, get her out of this."

"In love with her, are you?"

"Yes!"

She demanded, "Then why don't you?"

Dan looked at her quickly, and he colored, and then he chuckled. "You're a girl after my own heart!" he declared. "I'd do it in a minute—if she'd have me—but I can't!"

"Why not?"

"Money," he confessed. "And—this is the only job I've got. If I could land a promise of a job somewhere else—— But these are tough times in the newspaper game."

"I'll finance you."

He grinned, shook his head. "Easy come, easy go," he reminded her. "I've never been able to hold on to money unless I earned it myself." He added: "But I'd like to find some way to keep her out of this. Keep her out of the trial anyway. Why don't you take her away yourself, to Europe or somewhere?"

The old woman said quietly, "The next trip I take, I shall have to go alone, Dan."

She was nearer the truth than he imagined. Mrs. Sentry was determined to visit her son, and they waited for a suitable day to take her, but that winter in Boston was a bitter one. Not till the first week of February, on the eve of the approaching trial, did the season serve. Then came a day when spring seemed just around the corner, and the sun shone warm.

Old Eli brought the ancient limousine. Barbara and the nurse helped Mrs. Sentry dress; Phil and Barbara steadied her to the elevator and down and into the car. She sat between Barbara and Mrs. Sentry, Phil on the small tip-up seat in front of them. They drove through scant mid-afternoon traffic to the gaol; and the old woman's cheeks shone bright and brighter, flushed and hot, and Barbara saw a pulse pound in her thin throat.

But she could not, when the time came, go in. As the car stopped, she collapsed suddenly, not falling, not even toppling sidewise, but just shrinking down into herself so that she was small. Even their untrained eyes saw that she was ill; that this was not faint-heartedness. In a sudden terror, uncertain what to do, Phil and Barbara stammered and fumbled; but Mrs. Sentry said steadily:

"We'll have to take her home. It was too much for her."

They all stayed in town that night with her; for the doctor had forewarned them. Once the old woman spoke, in a surprisingly strong voice. She said:

"Tell Arthur I loved him." And she added, with no irony in her tones, "And tell Mr. Falkran I hope he can use—this—just as well."

Her death, toward dawn, made headlines. "Sentry's Mother Stricken at Gaol," said the morning paper. "Mrs. Sentry Dead on Eve of Trial," said the afternoon editions. Her funeral occurred on Saturday, two days before the trial was to begin.

SUNDAY afternoon, the day after the funeral, Falkran came to see Mrs. Sentry, to remind her that the trial would begin next morning. And he said: "You will of course be in the courtroom every day. I had better tell you what to expect, so that you may show no emotion. The jury will be watching you."

"I shall show no emotion!"

He hesitated. "We ought to discuss," he suggested then, "what you will wear. What is your opinion? Will you be in mourning for Mr. Sentry's mother? That might be effective."

"I think not," she replied. "I dislike—pose. I should not normally wear mourning for Mr. Sentry's mother."

"Perhaps not," he agreed, faintly disappointed. "But—some quite simple dress. And no jewellery?"

She smiled mirthlessly. "No jewellery," she assented, in dry amusement.

"Young Mr. Sentry will wear a dark suit, of course," Falkran continued thoughtfully. "As for Miss Sentry—I am not sure. What is your feeling?"

"I hoped Barbara need not be there, need not be in court at all. Is that necessary?"

"I'm afraid so. I understand that the State will not call her, and you yourself of course are not subject to subpoena. But I shall want to put you all on the stand."

She forced herself to ask a question. "You spoke of telling me what to expect. I have never attended a trial. What happens?"

So Falkran explained to her the routine; the selection of a jury, the State's opening, the presentation of evidence. "You must expect," he warned her, "that the State will assert that Miss Wines and Mr. Sentry were—in a certain relation to one another—and that he was at the office, or at least near it, at about the time she was killed."

She did not look at him. "Will Mr. Sentry have to testify?"

Falkran said: "Yes. Unless of course the State's case collapses; and I do not expect that." He added: "I wish I could avoid letting him testify, but the State will make a prima facie case. He must tell the jury what actually did happen. Otherwise, they will be forced to believe him guilty."

"And he is not!"

"He is not, Mrs. Sentry."

After he was gone, though he had insisted on the necessity of Barbara's appearance in court, Mrs. Sentry hesitated to tell the girl. When at last she did so, Barbara tried to speak. She swallowed hard, cried, "No! I won't, mother!"

She seemed to be hoarse: Mrs. Sentry asked, "Are you catching cold?"

"Yes," Barbara said eagerly. "Yes, my throat is sore."

"You'd better go to bed. A cold compress will fix that throat of yours; and some hot lemonade. It will clear up by morning."

But in the morning Barbara was unable to speak at all, and Doctor Mainton found that she had two or three degrees of fever.

"A day or two in bed, and drink lots of water," he prescribed. Downstairs afterward, with Mrs. Sentry, he spoke reassuringly. "Her throat is normal," he said. "No inflammation. I suspect it's excitement, nervous strain."

"But people don't run a fever unless they're sick!"

Doctor Mainton smiled faintly. "Our small daughter runs a fever whenever Mrs. Mainton is away from home overnight. A temperature above normal may be a symptom of mental or spiritual as well as of physical ills. Just keep her in bed, don't argue with her——"

So Barbara in the morning stayed in bed, with Nellie in solicitous attendance. Some time after Phil and Mrs. Sentry had left for the courthouse, for the opening of the trial, Dan Fisher appeared, laughed Nellie out of her objections, and came up to see Barbara propped in pillows. Her eyes lighted when she saw him.

"Hullo, Barb," he said. "Phil told me you were under the weather. They'll be all day getting a jury, so I thought I'd run out and see you. Feel pretty rocky?" Her lips moved, but no intelligible sound emerged. "What's that?" he asked. She shaped, elaborately, the words, "I can't talk!" He echoed, "Can't talk?" And she nodded in violent assent, and he said: "Why not? Lost your voice?" She nodded again, and he said heartily:

"Why, that's fine! You know what I'd do if I were you? I shouldn't find it for a while. Let the darned thing stay lost!" He sat down on the edge of her bed, touched her hand. "And if it comes back," he advised with a chuckle, "try to manage a little appendix, or some gall stones. Or maybe break a leg!"

She smiled faintly and pressed his hand; and he said more seriously: "But don't get too sick, Barb! This—your father—is one of those things that might happen to anyone. It has happened to you, no getting around that. But you're going on living just the same afterward; and living's fun! Life's fun, if you know enough to let it be. And—this will all be behind you, by and by."

She spoke, clearly, in normal tones. "Honest, Dan?"

He was surprised. "Hullo, cured already?"

Her color drained away. Her lips moved, but no sound came. He said regretfully: "You're tired. I'm bothering you. I'll run along."

But she held his hand, would not let him go.

"Want me to stay?" he asked.

She nodded; and he sat down again and talked on at random, cheerfully, and once or twice she smiled and her lids drooped till they closed.

A little later her fingers relaxed their grip, and he eased his hand free and stood up, and for a moment looked down at her, sleeping. His eyes dimmed; he brushed them with his hand, whispered something gently. Then his fist clenched hard till the knuckles were white. He shook this clenched fist at nothing, at the house perhaps, at the tragic silence all around the lovely, sleeping girl.

Then he went quietly away.

PHIL, sitting beside his mother in the court-room, on the fourth day of the trial—Barbara was still in bed at home—heard Mrs. Sentry sigh deeply as though

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with relief, and leaned to whisper, "What is it?"

"I just remembered something."

"What?"

She shook her head for silence, for attention to the witness just then on the stand.

The witness happened to be Miss Randall, office manager for Sentry and Loran; and she was testifying that after Miss Wines' actual employment by the firm was ended, the girl came several times to the office, and on one occasion was for a few minutes alone with Mr. Sentry. Mrs. Sentry, after that relieved sigh which had caught Phil's attention, heard Mr. Flood's question.

"You saw Miss Wines after she talked with Mr. Sentry?"

"Yes."

"Did you observe anything about her condition?"

"She was crying desperately."

District Attorney Flood surrendered the witness; and Falkran rose.

"Now, Miss Randall," he said, in that confident and friendly tone which was so effective with the jury, "you say Miss Wines came to the office on more than one occasion after her work there was finished?"

"Yes."

"Did she see Mr. Sentry on any other occasion than this one of which you have just spoken?"

"No, she never asked to see him."

"Was Mr. Loran in his office on the occasions of her visits?"

"No, never."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Because she always asked for Mr. Loran."

"But if she always asked for Mr. Loran, why did she finally see Mr. Sentry?"

"She seemed so anxious to see someone, I suggested that she see him."

"Did she agree quickly?"

"No, I persuaded her."

"You persuaded her to see Mr. Sentry?"

"Yes."

"And now, Miss Randall, about the amount of money in the safe——"

But Mrs. Sentry's attention did not follow him. It went back to his first questions, with their startling and incredible suggestion of a relationship between the dead girl and Mr. Loran; and her thoughts explored the avenues of possibility thus revealed; and then she remembered what it was she had remembered just before she attracted Phil's attention by her sigh of relief a while ago.

That recaptured memory was so absurd as almost to make her smile. She remembered that she had as a child attended the performance of one of those hypnotists who toured the country about the turn of the century; and for a week or two after his performance, all the children in town were either trying to hypnotise their friends, or were themselves submitting to be hypnotised. Mrs. Sentry—the girl she then had been—had scoffed at hypnotism, and offered herself as a subject to a girl in her later teens, whose success with other subjects had appeared to be sensational.

And Mrs. Sentry remembered here in court to-day the curious result. She saw herself sitting bolt upright in a straight chair, her eyes wide open, her face expressionless; and she knew that other girls were pinching her arms and legs—she was black and blue next day—and that someone pricked her repeatedly with a needle. She knew what they were doing; but it was as though they did these things to someone else, for she felt not the slightest pain . . .

Ever since the trial of Mr. Sentry began, and she and Phil came to sit here like stone images day after day, Mrs. Sentry had been haunted by a feeling of familiarity; by the certainty that she had had an experience like this somewhere, somehow, long ago. She had struggled to remember when and how; and so suddenly at last the memory came.

This daily attendance at the trial of your husband for murder was like being hypnotised! You were immune to emotion; you sat bolt upright in a straight chair, with your eyes wide open and your face expressionless, and people hurt you in many ingenious ways, but you felt no pain.

Not even when they showed the dead girl's coat with the small blackened hole in it where the revolver muzzle had been pressed when it was fired. Not even when they showed the weapon itself, and Phil—poor Phil, so white and brave—had to testify that someone had taken it from his room at home. Then there was a man who testified about something mysterious called "lands," and said that a certain bullet had surely come from this gun. And an hotel clerk from some New Jersey mountain resort swore that two people who registered as Mr. and Mrs. Hume spent three days last August at his hotel, and that Mr. Hume was Mr. Sentry, and that Mrs. Hume was — by the photographs shown him — Miss Wines.

Mrs. Sentry felt no pain even at this. Mary had forewarned her. But she paid curious attention when Mr. Falkran gave the witness a great stack of photographs.

"Will you please select from this collection all the photographs you find of the young lady who stayed with Mr. Hume at your hotel?" he suggested.

The clerk spent a harried fifteen minutes at the task. Twice or thrice he protested, "I don't think I can."

But Falkran urged, "Oh, come now, if you remember the girl who was with Mr. Hume so well that you can recognise her in a photograph which the State showed you, you can surely recognise her in the photographs which I show you."

The miserable man sweated and fumbled; and Mrs. Sentry's senses clouded and she retired into her own thoughts again. She was only vaguely interested when the witness did at last what Mr. Falkran required.

Thus through the long days in court she felt no pain; but she always dreaded running the gauntlet of the corridors. It was not the strange faces staring into hers which she dreaded most, but the acquaintances so generous with sympathy and little solicitudes. Pitying her!

Gus Loran had come to watch the selection of a jury; to consult with Falkran and offer his help in small ways, and demonstrate before the world his loyalty. But after the testimony began he was with the other prospective witnesses excluded from the courtroom. The first day he took Mrs. Sentry and Phil to lunch to assure them that they need have no concern about the business.

"I'm giving all my time to it," he said. "Everything is running smooth as silk."

"You're putting us in your debt," Mrs. Sentry suggested gratefully. She had always disliked Mrs. Loran, thought her vulgar and malicious; but Gus had a homely likeableness about him.

Mrs. Loran — who was also Jimmy Endle's sister—attended the trial with some regularity, listening with a lively interest to the testimony, sometimes smiling and whispering to her companion of the day. Once when Mrs. Sentry and Phil came along the corridor for the afternoon session, Mrs. Loran stopped them, volubly explaining:

"Of course I know you don't want to stand here with people staring, but I thought you'd like news from Mary. Jimmy's here in town, but naturally Mary didn't come. She's staying on at Palm Beach and Jimmy's going back in two weeks." She was watching Mrs. Sentry. "Jimmy says Mary's wonderful, so gay, dancing, playing around; says you'd never think she had — anything on her mind."

And when Mrs. Sentry could not speak, she added maliciously: "I told Jimmy he should have stayed there to keep her company, but he said she has all the masculine company she can handle. A different man for every hour of the day or night if she wants them. Of course she always was so beautiful!"

Dan Fisher came up quietly behind her. He said casually: "Hullo, Mrs. Loran. I'm Fisher, of the 'Herald.' Is it true Mr. Loran's thinking of buying a ticket to Reno?" She stared at him furiously and whirled away, and he said: "Phil, you need a guardian! Don't let women like that stick pins in your mother."

Mrs. Sentry nodded gratefully. Dan had been throughout the trial a source of strength, managing somehow to reduce all this to the level of an everyday human experience.

She admitted to Phil on the way home one day, "You know, I begin to like Dan Fisher."

"Yes," Phil assented. "Dan's a good scout."

She asked: "What does he think, Phil? About the trial?"

"Why, he said to-day that unless the State proves father was down there that night, their case won't hang together."

She looked at him in quick, springing hope. Arthur's guilt seemed to her so certain that she could not believe anyone else might doubt it. She protested:

"But all that about the key, and the bullet, and the gun, and—what the New Jersey hotel man said——"

"I know," he assented. "But Dan says that isn't enough, just—suggesting motive and premeditation and all that isn't enough —unless they can prove that father was down there that night, between eleven and twelve."

"But he wasn't!" she cried, for a moment almost believing her own words. "He was at home at quarter past eleven."

Phil, about to speak, hesitated, then held his tongue. Let his mother cling to this straw if she could. "Yes," he agreed. "So he couldn't have been down there——"

She held fast, that night, to this thought. If they could not prove Arthur had been there . . . But next day—the day was Friday—just after lunch, the slender straw was snatched away.

A policeman testified that he noticed a car parked the wrong way of a one-way street near the place of business of Sentry and Loran on the night of the murder, and that he took the number, and then decided not to tag the car since it was late and the streets were empty. The car was there, he said, at twelve o'clock, and gone at one. The number was Mr. Sentry's.

No, he confessed on cross-examination, he had not seen the car stop there, had not seen anyone leave it there.

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And then District Attorney Flood called Professor Brace to the stand. Mrs. Sentry, watching that young man's set countenance, realised what was coming. And listening with dull ears now, and as though from a great distance, Mrs. Sentry heard Professor Brace testify that on the night of the murder he was driving Barbara home from the North Shore. Questions and answers struck her like dull blows . . .

"What time was it when this car passed you?"

"A quarter past twelve."

"Did you observe the *number*?"

"Yes, Miss Sentry said——"

"Never mind what she said. What was the number?"

Mrs. Sentry thought: They take so long to say such a simple thing. Why doesn't he just say, "I saw Mr. Sentry leave his office and drive home?"

But question and answer went maddeningly on.

"Where did you last see it?"

"It turned into the Sentry drive."

"What did you do?"

"Miss Sentry and I stayed in my car in front of the house."

"Hear anything?"

"Steps on the gravel from the garage toward the house."

"See anything?"

"I saw the light from the hall as the door opened."

"Anything else?"

"After about five minutes an upstairs light was turned on. About ten minutes later it was turned off again."

"What then?"

"Miss Sentry went into the house."

"At what time?"

"One o'clock, or a little before."

"Did you at any time that night see who was in the car?"

"Yes, a man."

"Did you know him?"

"No, not then."

"Do you now know who he was?"

"He was Mr. Sentry."

Mr. Flood turned to Mr. Falkran. "Your witness, sir," he said.

Mrs. Sentry looked breathlessly at Mr. Falkran.

But Falkran said, "No questions!"

And instantly, like a clap of doom: "The State rests," said Mr. Flood.

. . . . . .

During the brief recess, Mrs. Sentry, too shaken to move, stayed in her seat. Then Falkran came to her, and behind the mask of a smile which he wore for the world to see, he said, "Mrs. Sentry, I expect you were surprised I did not cross-examine; but the hour is late, and I wish to call one witness before adjournment to-day, so that I can leave the jury with something to think about to-night."

A moment later they rose while the Court and jury resumed their places; and then Mr. Falkran, briefly, made his opening. Circumstantial evidence, he said in calm, assured tones, was only to be trusted when the evidence in question was capable of but one explanation, of but one interpretation. The evidence submittd by the State was elaborate, detailed, well presented, well selected.

"But you will see," he said, "how the truth which we propose to reveal to you fits into this pattern without a misfit anywhere."

And he called the dead girl's father to the stand.

Falkran dealt with the old man gently, winning his confidence with simple questions; but at length he led Mr. Wines to examine that collection of photographs which had previously been submitted to the New Jersey hotel clerk.

"I wish you would pick out all the photographs of your daughter which you find there," he directed.

The old man, after a little, selected two.

Falkran picked up from the clerk's desk those previously identified by the New Jersey hotel man as portraits of Miss Wines. "What about these?" he asked.

"They ain't her."

"Sure?"

"I'd ought to be, I sh'd think. Sure I'm sure."

Falkran smiled contentedly. "Now, Mr. Wines," he asked, in a new tone, "did your daughter write to you from Boston?"

"Yes, certain!"

"Did she write you while she worked for the firm of Sentry and Loran?"

"Yes, she did."

"How often?"

"Once, anyway."

"Have you that letter?"

District Attorney Flood rose hurriedly, approached the Bench. Falkran joined him there. They spoke in low tones. The old man on the stand took a letter from his pocket and held it in his hands, waiting. After a moment Falkran turned and took it from him and handed it to the Judge. The Judge read it and spoke to Flood. Falkran smiled and with the letter in his hand turned back to the witness.

"Who wrote this letter?" he asked.

"She did."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes."

Falkran said to the Court: "I offer the letter." It was marked. He read it aloud, standing in front of the jury box, facing them.

The letter was for the most part without significance. The dead girl had written happily of her work, hoped that even though it was only temporary it might lead to something permanent. But one paragraph Mr. Falkran read slowly and impressively, in his fine trained tones, with a maximum effect, with his eyes upon the jury. He read:

"I don't like Mr. Sentry! He's cross if you make the least mistake. But Mr. Loran is nice, awfully jolly. He asked me to go to dinner with him to-night. He said there wasn't any harm in it, but of course I didn't go."

A stir ran through the court. Falkran waited a moment for silence, then finished reading the letter. "Your witness," he told Flood.

The District Attorney declined to cross-examine. Falkran nodded, and he said: "It is near the hour, your Honor. Mr. Sentry is to be our next witness. I suggest a recess till to-morrow morning."

Court adjourned.

DAN FISHER'S assignment at the trial was not to cover the actual testimony—that was recorded by reporters working in relays, using those swift abbreviations, meaningless to anyone but themselves, which with a good newspaper man take the place of shorthand—but to write the morning paper story. Mr. Sentry was on the stand all Saturday forenoon; and Dan wrote for the Sunday paper:

"Arthur Sentry, on trial for his life and charged with the murder of Agnes Wines, on the witness stand yesterday admitted that he fired the shot which killed Miss Wines.

"He testified that the shot was fired by accident, in the dark, when he surprised an attempt to rob the safe in his office.

"He admitted leaving the dead girl's body where it fell. He admitted taking the money from the safe and burning it in the furnace at home. He admitted throwing the death weapon into the river behind his garage where it was subsequently found by the police.

"He denied any misconduct with Miss Wines. He testified that it was another woman who spent two nights with him in a New Jersey hotel last August.

"Mr. Sentry's testimony created a sensation. The court officers had difficulty in keeping order until Judge Stanton warned the spectators that if there was further disturbance the court would be cleared.

"Mr. Sentry's testimony follows. Questions by Mr. Falkran."

Questions and answers were set out in all their tedious detail, laboriously unfolding the whole story.

The question of the revolver came in due course.

Q. Did you ever have a permit to carry a revolver? A. No.

Q. Did you ever carry one? A: Yes.

Q. When did you start carrying this weapon? A. It was the day after Mr. Miller was held up, slugged, and robbed near our store.

Q. Had that incident anything to do with your carrying a revolver? A. Yes.

Q. What was the connection? A. I occasionally went to my office in the late evening. The streets are often solitary. I wanted to protect myself.

Q. And you had no permit? A. No:

Q. Asked for none? A. No.

Q. Why not? A. I was unwilling to admit that I was nervous.

Q. Did you buy this revolver? A. No.

Q. Where did you get it? A. My son had it in a metal lock box in his room. He was away at college. I forced open the box with a screwdriver.

So the examination continued:

Q. Did your office take on extra help last summer? A. Yes.

Q. Stenographers? A. Yes.

Q. Any stenographers with whom you came in contact? A. Yes.

Q. How many? A. One.

Q. What was her name? A. Miss Wines.

Q. A good stenographer? A. Fair.

Q. Pretty? A. Attractive, yes.

Q. Flirtatious? A. Not at all.

Q. Ever see her outside of office hours while she worked for you? A. No.

Q. Did you see her at all afterwards? A. Yes.

Q. After she worked for you? A. Yes.

Q. How often? A. Twice.

Q. Did you go anywhere last August? A. Yes.

Q. Where? A. I spent two nights at an hotel in New Jersey.

Q. Under your own name? A. No.

Q. Alone? A. No.

Q. Who was with you? A. A woman.

Q. Who was she? A. I don't know.

Q. Know her name? A. She said her first name was Enid.

There was laughter in the court. Judge Stanton warned the spectators that if there were further interruption the courtroom would be cleared.

Q. Was she Miss Wines? A. No.

Q. Did she resemble Miss Wines? A. About the same size and coloring; yes, rather. But she was older.

Q. Did she know your name? A. No.

Q. Did you arrange to meet again? A. No.

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Q. And did you ever on any other occasion wrong Mrs. Sentry? A. Yes.

Q. With Miss Wines? A. No.

Q. Now Mr. Sentry, you said you saw Miss Wines twice after she left the employ of Sentry and Loran? A. Yes.

Q. Take the first occasion. Where did you see her? A. In my office. Miss Randall came in to say that Miss Wines had asked to see Mr. Loran. Mr. Loran was not in. Miss Randall suggested that I see her.

Q.: Did she ask for something? A. She wanted money.

Q. How much? A. A hundred dollars.

Q. Why that exact amount? A. She said——

Q. No, you had better not tell what she said. Do you know of your own knowledge, and not because of anything she said, why Miss Wines wanted the money? A. No.

Q. Was it in consequence of anything you had done? A. No.

Q. Where was Mr. Loran that afternoon? A. He was out of town.

Q. As a result of what Miss Wines told you, Mr. Sentry, did you give her any money? A. No.

Q. Or advice? A. I went into the reception-room to speak to Miss Randall.

Q. Immediately? A. Miss Wines had been with me perhaps five minutes.

Q. She came to you for money and you sent her away? A. Yes.

Q. Why? A. I was afraid of being involved.

Q. Afraid? A. Yes.

Q. You sent her away? A. She was crying. I went into the reception-room and spoke to Miss Randall, leaving Miss Wines alone in my office.

Q. Did you ever after she left your employ give her any money? A. No.

So on and on mercilessly until it reached the point where Mr. Sentry declared that he returned to his office to collect a forgotten parcel.

Q. You got there—when? A. Some time between eleven-thirty and twelve.

Q. And went immediately upstairs? A. No. I unlocked the door, and started up, and I thought I heard voices.

Q. Voices? A. A voice.

Q. A woman's or a man's? A. A man's.

Q. So you did what? A. I took the revolver out of the car and went quietly upstairs.

Q. How far upstairs? A. To the third floor.

Q. Was anyone there? A. Yes.

Q. You saw some person or persons? A. It was dark.

Q. You had no light? A. There is no light on the back stairs.

Q. So you came up in the dark? A. The stairs are familiar. I've been using them for thirty years.

Q. Is there a door at the head of the stairs? A. Yes.

Q. And what did you do? A. Opened the door, stepped through it.

Q. And did anything happen? A. Someone jumped against me.

Q. Man or woman? A. A man.

Q. What then? A. The impact knocked me against the wall. It jarred me so that the gun went off.

Q. Had you cocked it? A. Yes.

Q. And it went off. Then what? A. The man who had bumped me ran down the back stairs.

Q. You saw him? A. I heard him.

Q. What did you do? A. I turned on the light.

Q. Where? A. In my office.

Q. You went into the office? A. I stood in the doorway and reached the switch.

Q. Did that light the hall? A. Yes, enough.

Q. Did you see anything? A. I saw a woman lying on the hall floor.

Q. And you did what? A. Turned on the hall light to look at her.

Q. Did you see who it was? A. It was Miss Wines.

Q. And what did you do? A. I started to telephone the police.

Q. And did you? A. No.

Q. Why not? A. I realised that I might be blamed.

Q. And you did not telephone? A. No. When I went into the office, I saw that the safe was open. There is a money drawer in it, and this drawer had been taken out and was on my desk. The money was still in it. About three hundred dollars.

Q. Yes? A. I realised that no one would believe there had been a robber there unless the money was taken.

Q. Yes? A. I decided to make it look like a robbery.

Q. What did you do? A. Took the money.

Q. You had gloves on? A. Yes, the night was cool.

Q. And then what? A. I turned off the light and went downstairs.

Q. Did you take the package for which you had come back to the office? A. No. I forgot it again.

Q. When you got downstairs did you notice anything about the car? A. It was gone.

Q. What did you do? A. I supposed it had been stolen. I walked to the corner at random, and then I saw my car.

Q. Where was it? A. It was just around the corner, half a block from where I had left it, parked the wrong way of a one-way street.

Q. What did you do? A. Got in and drove home.

Q. What did you do there? A. Put up the car. Then I threw the pistol in the river back of the garage. I went into the house and down to the cellar and burned the money in the furnace.

Q.: And then? A. I went to bed.

Court adjourned till Monday morning. Mr. Falkran afterward announced that he had finished with direct examination, so that Mr. Sentry's cross-examination will begin at once when he resumes the stand.

THAT state like a hypnosis, in which Mrs. Sentry had found herself so much of the time since the trial began, persisted during Mr. Sentry's direct testimony.

When at adjournment Mr. Sentry left the stand, her eyes met his and she smiled at him firmly as he was led away. Then she and Phil went out together, slowly.

She clung to Phil's arm, and they came down to the limousine, and many eyes pinned them and whispers galloped like hounds hot on their trail as they drove away.

They rode in silence for a while, till at last Phil mopped his brow, and looked at her and asked miserably, "Want to talk, mother?"

"No, not yet, Phil!"

He said with a jealous loyalty: "I don't believe he ever looked at any woman in his life but you. No matter what he says."

But she did not answer him.

When at last they came home, Linda was there with Barbara. Barbara, as they came in looked at her mother and then at Phil, searchingly; and Mrs. Sentry said quickly:

"He was fine, Barbara!"

Mrs. Sentry thought how little Barbara seemed, and how young, and so terribly hurt. This, too, Arthur had done; yet—suddenly to-day she could not hate him.

She said calmly: "Lunch must be ready. Linda, will you stay?"

While they were at table—Barbara had a tray in her room—Mr. Falkran telephoned and spoke with Mrs. Sentry.

"He's going to see Mr. Sentry first," she reported, "then come out to consult with me. He feels that Mr. Sentry made an excellent witness, that the jury was impressed."

"Of course," Linda agreed.

After lunch, Mrs. Sentry suggested: "Linda, take Phil away for the afternoon, will you? Take him for a long drive."

"Of course I will," Linda declared; and when they were gone, Mrs. Sentry was deeply relieved to be left thus for a while alone. More than all else she wished to be alone, as a hurt animal seeks solitude.

Presently the doorbell rang. Dean Hare. Mrs. Sentry greeted him composedly.

He said ruefully: "I didn't know what was coming, Ellen. Falkran didn't take me into his confidence." She made no comment, and he said at last, "It had an effect on the jury."

"Mr. Falkran thought so."

He watched her as though he hoped, by adding some word, she might make it possible for him to say more; but she dreaded any sign of sympathy, gave him no opening, asked instead: "Had you some business? Mr. Falkran is coming presently."

He said reluctantly: "Well, yes. Yes, I'm afraid I have. Mr. Loran called me. He resented Falkran's bringing him into this. He wants to dissolve his partnership with Mr. Sentry."

"Does he?"

"He has named a figure," Hare told her. "He offers to buy Mr. Sentry's interest, or to sell his own, on the basis of that figure. The decision is up to you."

"Suppose I wish neither to buy nor sell."

"He will take court action to force a dissolution."

"Can he do that? Force it?"

"Certainly."

The lawyer made a doubtful gesture. "You can hardly run the business yourself." And he suggested: "Suppose I ask Mr. Loran to make his offer in writing, to let it stand open as long as possible. Meanwhile you can consult Mr. Sentry, or I will——"

"Perhaps you had better."

"Very well. And after you decide——"

"Exactly."

She had a grateful interval before Falkran came. When he arrived, they went into the library, were there alone.

The attorney professed confidence. "I have just come from Mr. Sentry," he said. "He made an excellent witness this morning. I timed things so that we could adjourn as soon as he was done, in order to allow his evidence to make a maximum impression on the jury's mind over Sunday. Mrs. Sentry, the State lost, this morning, all the ground it had gained. They must begin again from the beginning now."

"Yes?"

"You may take my word for it," he assured her, watching her, sensing something new under her rigid calm. "You see, they expected him to make a complete denial; but Mr. Sentry told the jury what actually happened, and the truth fitted the

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pattern of the evidence the State had presented in every detail. Their case, so far as first degree murder is concerned, is destroyed."

She did not speak. After a moment he went on:

"I must explain that the State, in attempting to prove a motive, will seek to show that Mr. Sentry was actuated by fear of you, of your attitude. It is vitally important that the jury be convinced of your loyalty, of your readiness to forgive him, of the fact that he knew he need not fear you. Do you see?"

She was able to nod.

"If we do that," he pointed out, "the State will be left with no valid motive to offer; and unless they can prove motive, their case collapses."

"And—otherwise?" she asked slowly.

"Without your support, they might break his story."

"And—if I—support him?"

"Then I confidently guarantee his acquittal!"

After a silent moment, when her head bowed, he took this an assent and rose to go; but he made one more demand. "You will see Mr. Sentry to-morrow, no doubt?" he suggested.

Panic did for a moment flicker in her eyes. "Must I?"

He said gently, "If I were District Attorney, when you took the stand, my first question on cross-examination would be: 'Mrs. Sentry, have you visited your husband in his cell since you heard his direct testimony?'"

She stared at him, still sitting motionless. Then she cried desperately: "Yes, yes, I will go! I will go!"

He bowed. "Mrs. Sentry, you are a brave woman. I rely on you," he said, and went away.

A STRANGE thing, long in preparation, happened next day to Mrs. Sentry. She might, she thought afterwards, have guessed what was to come; might have foreseen it. But she did not.

Obedient to her promise to Falkran, she went to the prison to see her husband. She had been awake most of the night, yet she rose in the morning in an almost peaceful mind, and when she met Mr. Sentry it was composedly. They spoke commonplaces for a while till she said at last, her tone curiously gentle:

"My testimony will follow yours, Arthur."

His eyes suddenly widened, as though under the shock of an actual blow. "You! You're going to testify?"

"I must tell them you had no cause to fear me."

He cried passionately: "Oh, don't, Ellen! It's bad enough for me. Falkran can't ask you to do that!"

She reminded him gravely: "It is true, you know! When you came to me, long ago—" She faltered, then controlled herself. And she said, almost contritely: "I might have been more generous than I was; but—I was young then, not so wise as I am now. I gave you what I could—and I've never been sorry. Only, I am sorry now it was not more."

He said hopelessly: "Falkran insisted that I must—say those things, Ellen. But not you! Please don't! I—can't command; but I beg you——" And he said in a low tone: "I was crazy last summer, Ellen! I must have been. But there had never been any other—if you can believe me."

She started to say steadily that of course—believed him; and she was astonished to find that she could not speak. Her throat was full. She rose in a sort of panic, fighting for words. And suddenly pain seized her every part, every fibre, bone and blood, muscle and sinew, nerve and brain. She was a burning torch of pain!

For something in him, in his word, in his tone, had, incredibly, waked something long asleep in her. She fought to speak; she muttered, "Arthur——"

Then the guard touched her arm warningly. She realised that the man had spoken, even though she had not heard. And she felt her cheek burn bright; and she thought, bewildered, still unbelieving:

I love him! Why—I love him!

Obeying the officer she went towards the door; yet from the door looked back. Arthur was on his feet, pale, wondering.

She smiled at him richly. She went out and away, and felt herself torn in two parts by this separation from him.

She was blind with pain. That numbing hypnosis no longer protected her. Not when he was near. Not when she loved him as at last she loved him now . . .

She had the long hours of that day alone with this new knowledge of herself. She was alone even though others—Phil, Barbara, Linda—were about her. She played a part so well they did not see she was remote from them; and she slept that night deeply, enfolded in something warm and heartening—and that would endure. She woke knowing in a radiant certainty that no matter what was still to come, that which lay between her husband and herself would stand now unshaken.

IN court on Monday morning she found that now she could be hurt and feel the pain. When the Assistant District Attorney, Mr. Weldon, began the questioning, she understood that Bob Flood had delegated this duty because Arthur had been his friend. Mr. Weldon was a swart young man with thin lips and a lean pointed jaw that thrust forward like a challenging finger. He began so quietly.

"Now Mr. Sentry, you told the Court on Saturday that you killed Miss Wines?"

"By accident, yes, sir."

"But the gun was in your hand?"

"Yes."

"You had cocked it?"

"Yes."

"You pulled the trigger?"

"It jarred off."

"Oh, it jarred off? I see. Is this the gun?"

"Yes."

"Cock it, please. Now, without putting your finger on the trigger, pound it on the railing of the witness-box till it jars off. It is not loaded."

Mrs. Sentry would always remember Arthur, pounding the gun butt on the rail of the witness-stand for a long time, harder and harder, bruising his hand, perspiring. An interminable time, with Mr. Weldon asking: "Has it gone off yet? Try again."

Till finally, relenting, taking the gun from Arthur's hand, he said, still gently: "Now, Mr. Sentry, your hand is bruised, your knuckles bleeding, you have pounded it as hard as you can, but it has not gone off?"

"No."

"Then perhaps you did pull the trigger that night?"

"I must have! Accidentally!"

"So you loaded the gun and cocked it and pulled the trigger and killed Miss Wines?"

Arthur said: "I suppose so." He was wiping his knuckles with his handkerchief. Mrs. Sentry could see small red spots upon the linen, thought he should use iodine lest the wounds become infected. A cloud of pain blurred all her senses.

She heard Weldon say: "So Miss Wines came to you for help or money or advice, three weeks before you shot her, and you sent her away?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Sentry sometimes, in her charitable work, helped unfortunate young girls, did she not?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you send Miss Wines to Mrs. Sentry before you shot her?"

"It did not occur to me to do so."

"Did it occur to you that if you did so, Mrs. Sentry might misinterpret your interest in Miss Wines?"

"No. Mrs. Sentry would have known that if there had been anything between Miss Wines and me I would have told her."

Mrs. Sentry looked straight ahead, proudly, her head high. She felt all the staring eyes that turned toward her, like the points of lances, from every side.

"So you refused to help Miss Wines before you shot her?"

"Yes."

"Were you responsible for the fact that she so desperately needed help from someone?"

"No."

"But even though you were innocent, you were afraid? You said on Saturday you were afraid?"

"Yes."

"I want to be sure we understand you, Mr. Sentry. I asked you a moment since whether it occurred to you that if you sent Miss Wines to Mrs. Sentry, Mrs. Sentry might misinterpret your interests in the girl. And you said, no. You said that Mrs. Sentry would have known that if there were anything between you and Miss Wines you would have told her. Is that correct?"

"Well——"

"Shall I ask the stenographer to read your testimony?"

"I said that, yes."

"So if you had been guilty with Miss Wines you would not have been afraid; but being innocent, you were afraid? Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. You will pardon my perplexity?"

"Innocent people are often afraid!"

"So you want to leave it that Miss Wines came to appeal to you for money, or for help, and she wept, and you gave her nothing, and the next time you saw her you shot her? Is that correct?"

"I didn't see her till after the shot."

"Now, Mr. Sentry, you saw Miss Wines three weeks before you shot her——"

Mrs. Sentry could no longer hear all that they said. She heard only ". . . you shot her?" ". . . you shot her?" ". . . you shot her?" as a tag to every question. She heard: ". . . three weeks later, you shot her?" And then: ". . . three weeks before you shot her?"

She saw, at a final question, Arthur's lips move, but no sound emerged; she could see that he was trembling, felt her own limbs tremble as though in sympathy.

Mr. Weldon suggested: "I did not hear what you said."

Arthur cried wretchedly, furiously, "Will you stop saying over and over that I shot her?"

"You did, didn't you?"

"Yes. By accident. I've told you so. But

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you don't have to keep repeating it like a parrot."

"Very well, suppose I try to avoid using the phrase which disturbs you. Mr. Sentry, are you a hot-tempered man?"

"No. But you——"

"Never mind me. Would it make you angry now if I suggested that Miss Wines angered you just before—this fatal accident happened to her?"

"No, it wouldn't."

"Weren't you angry at her just before—she died?"

"No."

"But someone had just bumped you heavily into the wall. Didn't that make you angry?"

"I suppose so."

"Were you angry when you pulled the trigger?"

"I suppose so. Any man——"

"We're not asking any man but you, Mr. Sentry. You were angry, and you pulled the trigger, and—accidentally, of course—pointed the gun at Miss Wines as you did so."

"I didn't even know she was there."

"But you knew someone was there?"

"Of course."

"When you pulled the trigger, did you mean to shoot whoever was there?"

"No."

"At what mark did you aim?"

"No mark. I couldn't see anything."

"This man who bumped you. He bumped you into the wall?"

"Yes."

"Which wall?"

"The right-hand wall, as you come up the back stairs, opposite my office door."

"Then he was on your left?"

"Yes."

"You knew where he was?"

"Yes."

"Did you shoot at him?"

"No."

"You shot straight ahead along the corridor, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you hear the testimony in this court that when you—pardon me; that at the moment of Miss Wines' death, the pistol was touching her coat?"

"Yes."

"When, by accident, in the dark, the bullet emerged from the muzzle of the gun you were holding and smashed through Miss Wines' heart, did you feel the muzzle of your pistol touch anything?"

"No."

"After the shot, what did you hear?"

"A man running down the stairs."

"Didn't you hear Miss Wines cry out, or fall?"

"No."

"And you say you didn't see her?"

"No."

"How far had you come from the head of the stairs before you shot Miss Wines?"

"By accident."

"So you say."

"I was about opposite my office door."

"And yet the muzzle of the pistol was touching her?"

Mr. Sentry retorted, "So you say!" Mrs. Sentry winced for him. That effort to be nonchalant, derisive; that echoing of Mr. Weldon's own words had about it something pitiful, like the trembling lower lip of a hurt child trying to be brave.

Even Mr. Weldon seemed to feel this; he spoke almost gently.

"Pardon me, Mr. Sentry. Not so I say! So the expert evidence says! Yet her body lay beyond your office door?"

Mrs. Sentry's senses blurred again; the world was dizzy chaos. Question and answer ran together, conjuring up tragic details which blended into a sinister whole. The huddled body. Arthur, turning it over, picking up the dead girl's hat, putting it over her face. Mercilessly Mr. Weldon made him go over and over every detail of the scene; till she saw Arthur's face streaming, heard Mr. Weldon say:

"I see you are flushed, perspiring. Do you find it warm, Mr. Sentry? Would you like a window opened?"

This harried man upon the stand was her husband, whom she loved. She saw his lips mumble, and felt her own breath short as his was short, so that she wished to pant; and then the Judge ordered a recess, and she remembered Phil here beside her, and looked at him and thought how young he was, and how like Arthur as a young man; and she smiled at him, and then suddenly the terrible rain of questions once more began.

"Now, Mr. Sentry, I ask you to come to the period during which Miss Wines was in your employ. You remember when that was?"

"In July, I think. Perhaps late July or early August."

"Her work satisfactory?"

"She made many mistakes."

"But you kept her on?"

"For about two weeks, yes."

"Did you tell Miss Randall her work was unsatisfactory?"

"No. I knew she was temporary."

"And you liked Miss Wines?"

"Not at all."

"Why not? She was pretty, young, pleasant, courteous, was she not?"

"I didn't dislike her. I thought nothing about her. She was—part of the office furniture, that's all."

"But—attractive?"

"I suppose so."

"You didn't notice?"

"No."

"Didn't notice that she was pretty?"

Mrs. Sentry sensed what was coming, perceived the trap prepared, wished to cry out in warning. But Arthur stumbled blindly on, into its very jaws. "No," he said.

"Come now, Mr. Sentry, any man must notice a pretty girl, unless there's something wrong with him."

"I don't."

"You don't notice such things, aren't interested in pretty women?"

"No."

The trap closed, the jaws snapped shut. "Then if you don't notice such things, Mr. Sentry, why did you take this mysterious Enid to New Jersey last August?"

She heard Arthur mumble something, shaken, speechless, perceiving too late the pit which his own words had dug for his unwary feet. Questions rained upon him; he answered helplessly.

She saw that he was strung to the breaking point, knew that in another moment his iron control would shatter. And then suddenly Falkran was on his feet, and he and Mr. Weldon were involved in some argument, meaningless to her, yet thrice welcome, since while they argued Arthur could fight back to some composure.

She watched him, not listening to them; till suddenly the jury was filing out, and Arthur too, between his guards, his face haggard and drawn. His eyes turned toward her; she felt her cheeks move, her lips open in a mechanical similitude of a smile.

Phil must not see his father so! She caught her son's arm, drew his attention to herself, whispered, "Have they adjourned?"

"Till this afternoon."

"Take me home, Phil." And outside, she whispered, "Oh, Phil, I was proud of him to-day!"

Phil stared at her in wonder at the word.

MRS. SENTRY and Phil did not hear the rest of Mr. Sentry's cross-examination. District Attorney Flood sought them during the noon recess, to urge them to stay away from court that afternoon.

"It can only torture you," he argued.

Mrs. Sentry said gently: "I wish to be with Arthur! He may need me."

"You can't help him!"

She smiled. "Are you not a married man, Mr. Flood?"

But Flood won his point. Since Mrs. Sentry was to testify, he asked at the opening of court that afternoon that she be excluded from the courtroom; and Falkran, after a whispered conference with Mr. Sentry, did not oppose the request. But before she and Phil went out, she met Arthur's eyes, a message of courage and strength in hers for him to read.

Yet once outside the door her resolution failed. She could be strong for him, not for herself. At home, she told Phil: "I didn't know how tired I was, Phil. And tomorrow I must not be tired. I think I'll go to bed."

As they climbed the stairs, Linda came from Barbara's room to greet them, surprise in eyes and tones. "What is it?" she asked. "What happened?"

Mrs. Sentry said, trying to smile: "I played out, Linda! Put me to bed, will you, child?"

Phil went to be with Barbara, stayed with her a while, till Linda came to say that his mother was asleep. When she saw how haggard Phil was, she persuaded him to come out with her, to walk, to get some exercise, fresh air.

They walked for miles, at a swift, striding gait, and at first he talked, bitterly reciting to her his father's testimony, as though it were a relief to twist the knife in the wound. She listened, not commenting, but her hand rested on his arm.

"I don't know why I—tell you all this," he said at last. "You can read it all in the papers. It was—awful!"

"I don't read the papers, Phil," she replied. "And you need tell me nothing; but if it makes you feel better to talk, you can talk to me all you want."

He said: "You're grand, you know, Lin. Grand to me. I don't see why."

She looked up at him serenely. "Because I love you, Phil."

He walked for minutes without speaking, nor did she speak beside him. But he said at last: "I know it, Lin. I've tried to pretend I didn't, but I do."

"I don't mean to—bother you about it, Phil," she said, and laughed a little. "I know you've too much else to do to love me very much just now. But that's why I'm sticking around so much. So that when you do find time——"

"I never can, Lin," he said in a low tone. "Never will. I'll never marry anyone, now."

"Never's a long time!"

"I know it."

"Let's wait and see."

"No, honestly," he urged. "Please, Lin, you've got to get the idea out of your head. Probably you ought to stay away from us."

"Can't," she said lightly. "Barbara needs

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me." And she said: "Besides, it's none of your business how much I love you—yet. I'm not—asking for anything. I haven't even asked you to kiss me. Come on, it's almost dark. Time to be heading for home."

By a corner where they turned towards the house a newsboy shouted: "Sentry Tells Love Life! Read all about it!" He waved a paper, headlines screaming.

Phil stopped uncertainly; but Lin drew him past and on, and she saw his eyes dulled as though with a sudden thought; and she asked, "What is it, Phil?"

He looked at her in a dazed way. "Why—Lin," he said, slowly, almost incredulously, "I just realised something."

"What, Phil?"

"I just realised that I believe him. I mean—about its being an accident. I don't believe he meant to kill Miss Wines at all."

"Bless you, dear," she murmured. They were at the entrance to the drive. She stopped him. "I'm not coming in, Phil," she said. "I'll be over in the morning to stay with Barbara while you and your mother are gone. But here, my dear, whether you want it or not. You need this!"

She tugged his head down, kissed him.

"With all my love for always, Phil," she whispered, her eyes shining. He stood still, watched her walk away.

DURING dinner Dan Fisher telephoned to speak to Phil. "Going to be at home this evening?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I want to talk to you. In about an hour?"

"Good."

"Right," said Dan. Back at table, Phil told his mother Dan was coming.

"So is Mr. Falkran," she said. "He telephoned before you came home." She added steadily, "I am to go on the stand in the morning."

After dinner Phil went up to speak to Barbara, to tell her Dan was coming, to see her eyes brighten at that news. Yet he thought with a cold terror how weak and ill she seemed.

When Dan arrived he came up to join them, and touched Barbara's hand, smiling, his manner greatly reassuring; and he spoke in calm, undisturbed tones. She watched him hungrily, seemed stronger for his presence. But presently Dan said, too casually:

"Phil, I've never seen your room. What sort of quarters have you got?"

Phil, understanding, led the way into his own room and closed the door behind them. "I'm pretty worried about Barbara," he confessed. "There doesn't seem to be anything the matter with her, and yet she doesn't get any better."

Dan said sympathetically: "It's been tough on your mother and you, but it's a lot worse on her. She'll pull out of it, though!"

"I suppose so."

"Where's your mother?"

"Downstairs. She's expecting Mr. Falkran."

"Is she going to let him put her on the stand?"

"Yes."

Dan spoke in scornful anger. "Blast him!" He turned sharply on Phil. "You've got to put a stop to that, Phil," he said earnestly.

"He's told her she can—help father." And he said suddenly: "Dan, I believe my father. I think it was an accident."

Dan lighted a cigarette, strode across the room and back again. Not looking at Phil, he asked, "See to-night's paper?"

"Only the headlines."

"Well the less you read the papers from now on the better." He came close to Phil, touched the other's arm. "Get your chin up, Phil," he said gently.

Phil's lips were dry. He wet them painfully, and tried to speak, and could not, and Dan said: "I don't blame you for believing him. But the jury won't. He's done."

Phil tried to shake his head, to deny. "Of course anyone looks bad under a tough cross-examination," Dan admitted. "And Weldon was plenty tough. He poured it on; and your father couldn't take it, Phil. Weldon snarled him all up." He gripped Phil's arm hard. "The only chance is that Weldon overdid it, made the jury sorry for him."

"What did he say?" Phil asked huskily.

"Weldon broke him, Phil, tore him wide open."

Phil sat down, shivering; and Dan said gravely, almost tenderly: "You and your mother have done all you can. But you can't help him now; and you mustn't let your mother testify."

"Falkran says he'll be acquitted if she does."

"Maybe Falkran thinks so, but I doubt it. If there's any chance, it's the chance that the jury will be sorry for him, or for you all. But I don't look for that."

And he said in a lower tone: "Probably I'm talking out of turn. Probably you'll hate my insides forever for this; but I'm giving it to you straight, Phil. I'm afraid he's sunk. You didn't hear the cross-examination. It was pretty bad."

Phil asked again, in a low tone, "What did he say?"

"It was more the way he looked and acted," Dan explained. He heard a car stop in front of the house, crossed quickly to the window to look out. "It's Falkran," he said. "Let's go down. Come on."

And without waiting for an assent, he opened the door. They descended together as Nellie admitted Falkran. The lawyer saw the reporter and said guardedly, "Oh, hullo, Dan."

Dan nodded. "Did Mr. Bettle see you?" he asked crisply. "About putting Mrs. Sentry on the stand?"

"Yes." Falkran spoke pompously. "But of course I cannot allow the newspapers to tell me how to conduct a case."

"Oh, don't make speeches to me. I'm not the jury."

Mrs. Sentry said, from the living-room door: "Good evening, Mr. Falkran." He turned toward her, with that smile so confident and reassuring, and took her hand. "Ah, Mrs. Sentry."

Phil and Dan followed him. Dan remained standing by the hearth; the others sat down. And Mrs. Sentry asked, "Well?"

Falkran cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "Mr. Sentry stood the cross-examination surprisingly well." And as Dan Fisher moved, the lawyer insisted, smiling: "Of course, for our friends the reporters this was the high spot of the trial, and they made the most of it. But as Mr. Sentry's counsel, I was proud of him."

Mrs. Sentry nodded without speaking.

Falkran challenged Dan, "Wasn't that your impression — as a — friend of the family?"

Dan started to answer honestly, but he caught Phil's eye with entreaty in it, and said only: "I was too busy taking notes to—think of that side of it. Our job is to report the case, not to decide it." He added guardedly, "But I thought Mr. Weldon shook him once or twice."

Falkran said: "I'm glad to have your opinion. Weldon is of course a skilful cross-examiner, makes every possible effect. It is conceivable that some of the jurors may still be undecided; but Mrs. Sentry's testimony to-morrow will turn the scales our way."

Dan protested, "I don't think you should call her."

But in the morning Falkran did call Mrs. Sentry to the stand. At her name, she rose and walked steadily to the witness box. She was sworn, and Falkran approached her.

He asked simply, "You are Mrs. Arthur Sentry?"

"I am."

"The wife of the defendant?"

"I am."

Falkran turned, he bowed to the District Attorney, he said, "You may inquire."

And the District Attorney said instantly, "No questions."

Falkran smiled triumphantly; but Mrs. Sentry stood dazed and incredulous. Strong for the ordeal she had expected, this deliverance drained all her strength away. Falkran came to lead her to her seat again.

Through the remaining days of the trial, she listened inattentively, even when Mr. Loran, during the State's rebuttal, took the stand.

His testimony was brief. He denied any personal relations with Miss Wines; said he never saw her after her work in the office was ended. He testified that on those days in August when she was out of town he was fishing in the Maine woods; and he testified that on the night she was killed he went to New York on the 12.30 a.m. train, boarding it at about eleven, and going to bed at once in his compartment. His guide in Maine, and the Pullman porter, corroborated his testimony.

The trial sped; the arguments began. At half-past three on Thursday afternoon, the jury retired.

To wait for the verdict, Mrs. Sentry and Phil went to an hotel, took a room. At five, and at seven, Falkran telephoned; and at a quarter to ten, he phoned again to assert that the jury stood ten to two for acquittal.

At eleven, he came himself to say that the jury, still unable to agree, had been locked up for the night.

"So there will be no verdict till morning," he said. "A verdict in less than first degree, or a disagreement, is possible; but I expect acquittal. I will give odds that to-morrow night Mr. Sentry will sleep in his own bed! You can go home and rest easy."

Mrs. Sentry and Phil went down in the elevator, out to where old Eli waited with the limousine, and so came home.

MRS. SENTRY woke next morning wearily, from sleep that had brought no repose.

She came downstairs bravely; but while they were at breakfast Dan telephoned to urge them not to come to court. "It can't possibly do any good now, you know," he reminded Phil. "The thing is settled, one way or the other."

Phil, returning to the table, repeated this advice. Mrs. Sentry cried instantly: "No, Phil! No. I must be there, must do everything I can."

"Being there can't do any good, mother," he reminded her. "When the jury does come into court again, they will have de-

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cided. The sight of you can't change them."

In the end he persuaded her: she stayed at home, stayed with Barbara. Phil, stepping into the limousine for the drive to town behind deaf old Eli, thought wistfully that it was hard to be alone: and he wished Linda might be here beside him; and at the courthouse he walked with head high through the crowds that recognised and made way for him, trying not to hear the click of cameras, the sympathetic or the gloating curious whispers all about him. So passed through the corridors to the familiar door.

It may have been two hours before he came home.

Mrs. Sentry met him in the front hall, so that his back was to the light and she could not see his face clearly. Nevertheless she saw that he was alone. So no word from him was necessary.

She swayed toward him, and he held her close. Her arms clipped him tight, feeling his shoulders and the firm muscles of his back and she thought gratefully that he was strong. Strong.

He said in a tow tone, evading the direct statement: "Mr. Falkran wants to see you, to discuss the appeal. I told him to wait, to come in a day or two."

So she knew; and after a moment she shivered suddenly, as a sleeping dog shivers to keep warm, and she felt him stiffen into a frozen rigidity and knew he was afraid for her; so she freed herself, and smiled to reassure him.

"I'm all right, son," she said. "But I shall lie down for a little while. I'd rather be alone just now. You might go sit with Barbara."

He nodded, assenting; and they parted in the upper hall. When he came into Barbara's room, she turned her head on the pillow to look at him, and he thought how thin she was, her eyes lucent, her lips pale; and he thought, almost grateful for this task to do: Barbara needs me. We have left her too much alone. I must be with her now.

And he sat down on her bedside and held her thin fingers tight in his, and felt them cling and tug. She croaked something, some question; and he said:

"Yes, Barb, old girl. And now we've got to—help mother, take care of her. That's our job, yours and mine."

She muttered: "Yes, mother." Then after a moment she said, in a sudden passion, her voice a husky croak:

"But he didn't do it, Phil!"

Phil nodded automatically, more to content and quiet her than in assent. His own belief that the tragedy had been, as his father said, an accident persisted; yet it seemed, even to him, unimportant what he himself believed. The jury had decided. He had a deep sense of helplessness. They were all helpers in the impersonal grip of the law, could only cling to one another, suffer equally.

He stayed a long time with Barbara; and she lay watching him, holding fast to his hand, her eyes flowing tears, as though tears were balm. He was still with her when Doctor Mainton came; and the doctor talked quietly to her for a while, and almost cheerfully.

"You've had a long siege, Barbara," he said. "But now you've turned the corner. You're going to be better right along. Be yourself again soon, won't you?"

She made a hoarse sound of assent. He said, "I expect you've had some bad dreams, but you look to me like a girl who is going to stop having bad dreams." And he said to Phil, "I'm going to give you a prescription to put her to sleep." He saw Phil's eyes and added quickly, half-smiling: "Oh, not a drug! I just want you to get an alarm clock with a good loud tick, and put it on the table here beside your bed; and Barbara, you lie still and shut your eyes and relax and listen to it. Don't think, just listen. You'll drop off in no time."

Phil went downstairs with the older man, and he asked, "Is she as sick as she looks, Doctor?"

The other said gently, "She was worse yesterday morning than she had been at any time; but she's better to-day." And he asked simply, "Did you tell her your father was convicted?"

Phil said, "Yes." And he said: "A strange thing—it seemed to make her feel better, to reassure her. But she believes he is innocent, of course."

"Fine!" Doctor Mainton agreed. "You stay with her, Phil; and if she shows any inclination to talk, encourage her. Miss Dane has been with her a good deal, hasn't she? And you and your sister are pretty close to each other?"

"Yes, sir."

"Try the clock, this afternoon; and one of you stay with her. If she tries to talk, answer her; get her to confide in you. I could come myself; but she has been afraid of me, afraid of being cured. It had better be one of you, whom she trusts."

"You think she'll be all right?"

"Try," the doctor repeated, and drove away.

Phil did not at once return indoors. He stood under the porch for a moment, thinking of Barbara; and then he realised that even without an overcoat he was comfortably warm. Here and there he saw buds swelling; and returning by the other side of the drive he noticed in a sunny corner crocuses just bursting through the sod. March was well begun. Four months till July. In less than four months, the week of July 1 would have come—and gone.

The week of July 1! The Judge's phrase slid like a snake through the dulled channels of his mind. He walked out toward the garage, of which the doors stood open, and saw the cars there. The old limousine which was Eli's pet and pride. The depot waggon which he and Barbara were apt to use. The roadster which his father had driven that night.

He went in to look at the roadster; and he stared at it with a rooted physical distaste. He made a sudden decision to be rid of it. Eli came in from the garden, and Phil started to speak to him and then remembered that he would have to shout, because Eli was deaf; and if he shouted, his mother, even in the house, might hear.

Instead, he took an envelope from his pocket and wrote on it orders for the old man to drive the roadster into the country, find a dealer somewhere who would buy it at any price, then surrender the number plates, give them up for good. He realised as he wrote that the plates had been renewed since his father last drove the car; but the number was the same, had been the same each year since before he himself was born. Get rid of them!

Eli read the instructions, and he nodded his assent, silent as always. Phil took the registration, endorsed the report of transfer of ownership in blank, scribbled a note giving Eli authority to sell the car. He brushed his hands together in a deep relief and turned away, and it did not occur to him till years afterward, looking backward on these months, that the moment was a milestone.

It was the first time in his life that he had ever made a concrete decision involving definite action on an adult plane and carried the action through. He thought in later years that his own maturity dated from that moment when, almost without consideration, he assumed the headship of the family.

He left Eli and went out past the tennis court, littered with last year's dead leaves, the remains of a drift of snow still persisting in one corner; and he stood in the little summerhouse above the muddy stream on which stained and rotten ice still persisted, and looked down where his father that night had thrown the gun.

He forgot the probable appeal, forgot his own belief that the tragedy had been in fact an accident. The verdict delivered by the foreman of the jury rang in his ears, final and inescapable; and the Judge's words. It was as though his father were already dead. The week of July 1 . . .

The District Attorney's words in his closing argument came back to Phil in burning phrases:

"He decided to kill her. How do we know? Because he stole his son's revolver. If he wanted to carry a weapon for any legitimate purpose, he, a man of standing, would have asked for and would have received a permit; he would have bought a modern pistol, compact, easily carried, effective. Instead, knowing his son was away, knowing the absence of the gun would not be detected, knowing it was an old weapon that could not be traced, he chose to use that to commit the murder he had planned. He planned the murder, he arranged a pretext to explain his return to the office that night—the forgotten coffee-pot—in case he encountered someone on the way. He made an assignation with his victim. He met her there, he killed her, he staged a clumsy fake robbery . . ."

Phil's thoughts ran over and over the same words, and Linda suddenly was beside him. He had not heard her come. She said nothing; only took her stand there firmly, her arm through his, her eyes straight ahead.

He said at last, "Funny, but I feel better, now that it's over."

"Soon be spring," she murmured.

He exclaimed, surprised, "Queer you should say that. It's just what I was thinking."

"I know! People get to be that way, knowing each other's thoughts, sometimes."

He told her what Doctor Mainton had said. "And he wants someone to sit with her, talk to her," he explained. "You or me."

"I can't stay for lunch," she confessed. "But I'll come and be with her this afternoon."

Phil and his mother had lunch together, and at first they were silent, but at last she said:

"Phil, I've been meaning to speak to you. There is something we shall have to decide. You and I. You, really." And she explained Mr. Loran's demand for the dissolution of the partnership.

Phil tried to focus his thoughts on this new problem. "Shall we sell?" he suggested; and he said, with a sort of shudder: "I told Eli to sell the roadster—and give up the number plates. I want to get rid of everything."

"I understand, Phil. But—will you want to go back to college?"

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He shook his head. "No. I never want to see the fellows I used to know."

"You must do something, son!"

"Why must I? We've plenty of money."

"Plenty," she agreed. "But—just spending money is not enough to make a life out of. Playing, killing time, making a business out of sport, no man can be content with that. I won't have you do that, Phil."

"I can't go back to college. Oh, I could, but it would mean leaving you alone here." He realised with a faint surprise that the thought of leaving their home was not to be considered. Their roots were here, roots deeply grown. His mother would stay here. "I want to be with you, mother."

"I'm afraid I shall need you," she agreed; and he saw her shiver uncontrollably, and she waited a moment before going on. "Of course," she said, "the first thing is to appeal; to use every possible means to save him. That may take a long time. I don't know much about such things. Mr. Falkran can tell us. But after that is over, I shall need you."

"I'll be here, mother. But I'll always need you more than you need me."

"But you must have work, Phil. So I think we should buy out Mr. Loran, let you take over down there."

"I don't know anything about the business."

"Good! You will have to work so much the harder. That is what you need." And she said: "Think about it, Phil. You have time. It need not be decided yet a while."

They did not speak again of his father until they left the table. Then, she asked in a low tone: "Phil, what did the Judge——" She hesitated, said at last, "Phil, when?"

He told her, hoarsely, "The week of July 1."

She said quietly: "That seems—very soon." Then she hesitated, turned away from him up the stairs.

THAT afternoon, sitting with Linda in Barbara's room, the clock ticking loudly on the table by the bed, Phil told Linda in low tones what Mr. Loran demanded, what his mother proposed.

She agreed with Mrs. Sentry. "It's what you will want to do," she said.

She stayed for dinner. Mrs. Sentry went early to bed, and Phil and Linda were with Barbara when the doorbell rang. Phil went down and admitted Dan; and Dan started to speak, then checked himself.

"You all right, Phil?" he asked in a low tone.

"Quite!"

"You look—different, changed."

Phil said gropingly, "Well, something's changed, I guess." He tried to explain. "Did you ever swim in a fast river, Dan? A strong current, with stuff drifting in it? You seem to be standing still, because the drift around you isn't moving. But if you look at the banks, they're racing past. See what I mean?" Dan nodded briefly, and Phil said: "It's been like that these last months. As though we were all standing still—and yet racing like mad past something. Or maybe—towards something."

"And it's—different now?"

"Yes. Now I sort of feel as if I was—running under my own power again. Instead of just—drifting, I'm—going somewhere."

Dan nodded. "I know what you mean. How's Barbara?"

Phil said: "Better, I think. I'm sure she is. She's sure father didn't do it, you know."

Dan made a rueful gesture. "How's your mother?"

"Asleep," Phil said. "Or at least she's gone to bed. She's sort of—caved in." And he asked: "Dan, why did Falkran put her on the stand and then not ask her anything?"

"He wanted to be able to say to the jury, "Sentry testified that his wife knew these things. I called Mrs. Sentry as a witness, gave the District Attorney a chance to ask her whether that was true; but he didn't! Why not? Gentlemen, he didn't dare!" And Dan pointed out, "You heard him yourself, in his closing argument!"

"But why didn't Mr. Flood cross-examine her?"

"He knew they had a conviction without crucifying her."

Phil nodded. "Falkran wants to see mother about an appeal," he said. "I told him to wait a few days."

Dan hesitated. "Phil, if you appeal, you'll only drag this thing out. He hasn't a chance in the end. The State leaned backward to give your father every break."

"I still believe him, believe it was an accident."

Dan did not argue. "Can I see Barbara?" he asked.

So they went upstairs. Barbara's eyes met them in the door, held fast to Dan's. Dan took her limp hand, spoke to her; but Barbara made no sound.

"Shucks," Dan urged cheerfully, "you don't have to keep that up, Barb!" He told her gently: "It's all right. They won't ask you any questions now. You can get your voice back any time."

She tried to speak, her left hand clinging to his. He asked: "What's that? You wish what?" She tried again. "You wish who was dead?" he demanded. She touched her own breast. "Wish you were dead yourself?" Dan asked, and she nodded, and he chuckled in an understanding way; but Linda, watching him, saw his brow suddenly glisten.

"Of course," he agreed. "I know just how you feel." And he looked up at Linda and then at Phil. "Remember," he challenged, "when we were kids and got a licking or something, we'd go off by ourselves and think, 'If I were dead, they'd all be sorry!' And we'd think of everybody crying and saying what good children we'd always been, and how they were going to miss us, and how there'd never be another like us?"

He grinned. "I did, anyway. But I always imagined that I was there myself, looking on, and seeing how pale and beautiful I was, and watching them all cry. It was fun, too. He touched Barbara's hair, gently. "Yes, Barb," he told her, "if you were dead we'd be so sad there'd have to be buckets to catch our tears, but you wouldn't be there to see. Wouldn't be much fun in that, would there?"

Barbara looked at him with swimming eyes; but then she turned her head away.

"What do you say, Barb?" he persisted. She did not move. "Come on, tell Dan all about it."

She turned toward him in a sudden access of vigor, and her lips moved.

"Can't talk?" he asked. She shook her head. "Of course you can, Barb! Nobody's going to make you say anything you don't want to; but you can say anything you want to say." And he urged: "Listen, Phil and your mother have enough on their minds without having to worry about you. You don't want to make it harder for them, do you?"

Her face contorted grievously, and her eyes filled. Dan bent close and tenderly. "There, sweet," he whispered. "It's all right. You're going to be better in the morning, sure as sure. Don't let me bother you, my dear!"

Her hand caught his fingers against her cheek, held his hand pressed there. Her brimming eyes besought him. Then suddenly she was tugging at him, tugging at his arms, trying to lift herself into his arms. And Dan looked at Phil and then at Linda, and Linda saw his streaming brow.

He muttered: "Phil——" Then abruptly he caught Barbara in his arms, bending over her, pressing her close; and her arms were tight about his neck, and her cheek and then her lips pressed his, and Phil and Linda were forgotten; and Linda touched Phil's arm, drew him away. They went out into the hall, away from the door. Low murmurs came to them.

Linda whispered: "She's so sweet, Phil.

"And Dan's fine!"

Phil said huskily: "Is she—does she love him? Or is it just——"

"Stupid!" she said smilingly.

After a little, Dan came to them. "She went to sleep," he said in a low tone. "In my arms." His eyes were wondering, as if he had seen a miracle. "She didn't wake when I put her down." He looked at Phil, at once apologetic and defiant. "She's so little, and hurt, and soft, and sweet."

Phil nodded. "It's all right, Dan," he said, then thought of his mother and amended, "At least it's all right with me."

Linda said: "Stay with her, Phil. Dan, walk home with me."

So, together, these two departed; and outside the house, looking back, Linda said: "I'm glad, Dan. For both of you." She added, half-smiling, "I guess you know I wish Phil and I——"

Dan chuckled reassuringly. "I know. Don't worry. Give him time, Linda."

She asked slowly: "Dan—do you think he did it?"

He hesitated a long moment, then answered: "I'm afraid so."

MRS. SENTRY went to see her husband on the morning after the jury's verdict was returned. Phil drove her to the prison, but she would not let him come in.

"Not this time, Phil," she said, and she was smiling, something in her eyes which he had never seen there before.

She got out of the car and walked almost proudly towards the forbidding door. When she came out, not long after, she wore a radiance. She got in beside Phil, and she leaned suddenly and kissed him and said, "You look as he did when we were young, Phil."

He set the car in motion. "How is he?" he asked.

"I left him in splendid spirits."

He nodded. "Did you make any plans? About the appeal, or anything? Or about buying out Mr. Loran?"

She even laughed a little. She said: "Heavens, no! We just talked about each other." And after a moment she told him, "Phil, everything he said about what happened that night was true."

"I believe him," he assented. "But of course what we believe doesn't help much."

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"It helps me much," she confessed. "It helps me. So long as I know—I can manage not to mind so much what others believe. Whatever happens."

IT was Mr. Sentry himself who presently assumed the decisive voice in the matter of buying the business from Mr. Loran. Phil and his mother were still uncertain what to do about this, when Mr. Hare came to the house a few days after the trial ended to say that Mr. Sentry had sent for him, had discussed the question.

"I told him Mr. Loran's proposition," he explained. "He feels that the valuation set up by Mr. Loran is too low, and so he believes it is better to buy than to sell."

Mrs. Sentry said: "What about payment? I should not care to buy on anything but a cash basis."

Hare assured her: "That can be managed. I went over it with Mr. Sentry, and later with his brokers. His investments are in good shape. The necessary amount can be realised on an hour's notice at any time."

"I prefer not to see Mr. Loran myself," Mrs. Sentry remarked. "It would be painful to him and to me."

"Of course," Hare agreed. "But I can handle the whole transaction, under proper powers."

She asked, after a moment, "Has Mr. Sentry talked with Mr. Falkran about the appeal?"

"No. Falkran is to see him to-morrow morning."

She asked suddenly, "What do you think, Dean?"

Hare hesitated. "Well, it's possible he might get a new trial."

"Do you feel that Mr. Sentry had a fair trial?"

The lawyer hesitated. "I'm not experienced in criminal cases," he said evasively.

Mrs. Sentry nodded. "I see. You think he did."

Phil urged, "But, Mr. Hare, another jury might believe father; might believe it was an accident." Then he was silenced; for the postman had just rung, and Nellie came in with letters for Mrs. Sentry. She glanced at the topmost.

"Oh!" she whispered. "It's from Mary!" And instantly her eyes were fountains.

Dean Hare rose quickly to depart. Phil went with him to the door. He came back into the living-room to find his mother sitting with streaming eyes, the letter in her nerveless hands. She extended it to him; and he read it in slow rising rage.

"Dear Mother and the rest of you:

"Well, I've been following the fortunes of the grand old family name in the home papers. Stout fellows, all of you, to stick with the sinking ship; but even a rat knows enough to leave on such occasions. I'm the rat! Sorry, but there it is.

"I've got a sinking ship on my own hands, but there will be plenty of salvage. After we left home we honeymooned as far as New York, and by that time, being mutually bored, were ready for company. Picked up half a dozen oh such congenial spirits, and a hundred cases of ditto; tried Jamaica, Havana, Bermuda, and other places too numerous to mention. Finally drifted back here to get rid of our sea legs and pink elephants and each other.

"Florida has decided to go after the divorce trade in a big way, so I won't even have to go to Reno. It's hot here already, but I can stand it till my sentence is served. The lawyers say I'll get about a thousand dollars a month and found; and I've got another place in sight. Fine old Castilian family from Rio. The boy's only twenty-four, with no mother to guide him, and he can't resist my rapidly maturing charms. He counts his beef critters, I am told, in terms of light years. We shall probably live on the Riviera.

"Give my dearest love to father. It's through him I have met so many charming people.

"Your
"MARY."

Phil read, and his face was like ice. He crumpled the stiff notepaper in his hand and strode toward the fireplace, without looking at his mother, without speaking; but she said quickly: "No, Phil. You didn't read the last page."

Phil looked at her then, saw again her tears; but he saw too that they were not tears of anger, nor even of hopeless grief; and he smoothed out the wrinkled paper and read on the other side, like a belated postscript:

"Mother, when I was little and terribly hurt, I'd run to you, crying, and kick your shins awfully, and then feel better. Remember? You never seemed to mind, seemed to understand."

He read these lines two or three times, and some faint understanding came to him. He said, half-relenting, "You want to keep it?"

"Yes."

"Going to write to her?"

"Just a line," she said. "Just three or four words. That's all she wants, all I can give."

He left her with the letter in her hands, smoothing it across her knees, stroking it almost caressingly.

. . . . . .

Barbara had been growing steadily better, and within a week she was out of bed.

But before that, another thing had happened to bring them something like peace. Mr. Falkran saw his client; Mr. Sentry directed him not to appeal.

Falkran, when he had the decision, came to urge Mrs. Sentry to overrule her husband; and he tried to enlist Phil on his side. "It's giving up," he protested, indignant, insistent. "It's cowardly!"

Phil was silent; but Mrs. Sentry asked: "Just what did he say, Mr. Falkran?"

Falkran hesitated. "He felt that he'd had a fair trial, a fair chance to tell his story. He dreaded subjecting you all to the same ordeal again. Dreaded it himself, too. He said if any new evidence turned up, I could use that to reopen the case. But he won't let me appeal on technicalities."

"And there is no new evidence?"

"Mrs. Sentry, Flood's office, and my office, and every newspaper in town, has picked the bones, dug up every shred possible, long ago. How could there be?"

"I see."

"But if you will authorise me," Falkran pleaded. "I don't like to lose, Mrs. Sentry. I can drag this out for two or three years, wear them down, beat them somehow."

She shook her head; she said gently: "I suppose you could. But we won't, Mr. Falkran. I thought, for a long time, that he was guilty. Perhaps if I still thought so I'd want to appeal, and squirm and wriggle and twist! Anything! But—I know now that he told the truth. I don't know why that should make a difference, but it does. To me!

"We will do what my husband decides."

AFTER it had been determined to buy out Mr. Loran, Phil accepted the decision almost gratefully. He told Linda:

"The idea scared me at first; but I'm beginning to see that without anything to do, anything to keep me busy, I'd be lost. Till now I've been just standing by; but from now on——"

She said proudly: "I can see you changing, Phil. Before this happened, you were just a reckless, nice boy, and since, you've been sort of stunned; but now you've grown up all of a sudden."

The dissolution of the partnership was arranged to take place as from April 1. During the intervals before that date Phil went daily to the office. Mr. Loran, as he had expected, received him with restraint. Phil saw that Loran, too, had suffered from the ordeal they had all endured; and when their first talk of business matter was done, the boy said apologetically:

"Mr. Loran, I want to tell you. Mother and I didn't know—what was going to happen at the trial. I mean, about mentioning you."

"Forget it," Mr. Loran told him. "Lawyer's trick, that's all; to throw mud at random and try to make it stick. Falkran knew that. Just dragging a dead herring across the trail." And he said: "I'm going out of town to-morrow. Be back April 1 to clean up the whole thing here. You can be learning the ropes. And, of course, Miss Randall has been here nearly twenty years. She could run the business alone if you let her. You'll get along."

Phil had his misgivings, but when after the first of April he took full charge, matters went—to his own surprise—very well. On routine matters, Miss Randall could advise him; and the momentum of the business would carry it for a while. There were resignations, but none that were sufficiently important to cripple the organisation. And those major decisions, in which a mistake in judgment might have proved costly, did not crowd upon him.

But despite this, his world was suddenly awry. From the day the papers had been signed, he saw little of Linda. She sometimes came to the house, and he had glimpses of her; but she never stayed long, and Phil missed her, and one evening told her so.

"I don't blame you, of course," he said reluctantly. "After all, you've given us a lot of time, been wonderfully generous. I can understand that you have other things——"

She smiled secretly. "I'm very busy just now, Phil," she admitted. "I have some work that I've undertaken, suddenly, that must be done in the shortest possible time."

But she did not say what this work was, and he would not ask her.

He had, during April, other concerns. Three times he saw his father, going to the State prison with Mr. Hare. It was necessary for Phil to acquaint himself with every detail of the family affairs. In lieu of a will, Mr. Sentry made deeds of gift; and arrangements were concerted to meet gift or inheritance taxes without sacrifice of assets. Also, he set up a trust for Mr. Wines, the father of the dead girl, so that the old man's remaining years of life might be secure.

At the end of the third occasion, all was done; and then, under the guard's eye, Phil and his father bade each other good-bye.

"Don't come again, Phil," Mr. Sentry said. Mr. Hare stepped away so that they might speak alone.

Phil felt suddenly empty. "But, father, mother will want to come!"

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Mr. Sentry smiled. "Of course! If she wishes. But not you children. I'd rather you didn't; and certainly not the girls."

He paused. Phil waited; and his father said at last: "Phil—I don't know that it matters now. But I want you to know a thing or two." Phil felt his cheek stiff with pain. "About my testimony, Phil." The older man faced his son fairly. "All I said about that night was true. I didn't know Miss Wines was there. I shot her by accident. And—I had had nothing to do with her."

Phil's throat was full; but he managed to speak. "I believed you, father," he said. "We all did. That it was—an accident!"

Mr. Sentry cleared his throat. "About the woman last summer," he said, "and the other, long ago. All that is between your mother and me. She knows they—didn't touch what she and I had together."

Phil could not speak; and the older man said: "About the appeal. Appeals, delays, tricks wouldn't help in the long run. I hope you—understood my decision."

Phil said slowly: "Yes, sir! But you don't need to consider us. We're up to it." He added: "Of course, Mr. Hare says perhaps the Governor—— Well, I mean if we can make him believe you——"

Sentry shook his head.

"I had a fair trial! Bob Flood let Falkran get away with a lot of things." His lips set. "I won't put you all through that again, Phil!" And he said, almost curtly: "So—that's all, then. Good-bye!"

APRIL slipped away; and Phil missed Linda more and more. But on the first day of May he reached the office at the usual hour, rang for a stenographer—and Linda came in.

Phil stared at her. She seated herself at the end of his desk, opened a notebook, laid sharp pencils ready.

He cried: "Linda! What are you doing here?"

"Came to take your letters."

"But how did you get here?"

"I persuaded Miss Randall to give me the job."

"But you can't——"

"Don't you believe it," she retorted. "Nobody can get a job under Miss Randall unless they can prove they're good. Certainly not a girl like me. You know, one of the idle rich. We have to prove we've got everything."

"But you——"

"Shorthand, typing, business forms, everything," she assured him gaily. "If you don't believe me, try me." And she said then: "I ought to be good! I've been working at it, studying twelve hours a day for six weeks, and practising besides. Hence these dark shadows under my lovely eyes. Notice?"

And when he could not speak she demanded: "Mean to say you haven't missed me?"

"I've missed you awfully. But you can't do this, Linda!"

"Of course I can."

"Be here all day with me?"

She spoke huskily. "Be anywhere, always, Phil, with you."

"You'll marry somebody——"

"You, if you'll have me."

"You know I can't, Lin!"

"Then at least I can be your secretary."

"You're so stubborn."

"But efficient!"

He grinned. "All right," he said. "You know it will be wonderful for me having you here."

"Me, too, Phil."

"Take a letter!"

Her pencil poised; began to fly.

IT as the first day of May when Linda came into the office; and during that month, July seemed far away. Business problems arose to worry Phil. Once he sought Mr. Loran's advice; but the Loran home was closed. Mr. and Mrs. Loran, he heard, had gone to Europe for the summer. So Phil turned to his mother, and every evening he consulted with her, asking her counsel, by his demands upon her forcing her to find strength to meet them. Also, Barbara was better every day, the flood of spring which flowed across the city surging through her, too.

But Barbara never mentioned her father. It was as though she had deliberately put him out of her mind.

Dan was often at the house; and sometimes Phil wondered how his mother could be blind to the bright devotion between Dan and Barbara that was so plain to his informed eyes. Once Dan wished to speak to Mrs. Sentry, to tell her their secret; but Phil's persuasions restrained him. Yet Dan came often, and Professor Brace, too; and the tennis court had use again.

Sometimes Mrs. Dane or Mrs. Urban or other friends of Mrs. Sentry dropped in, and after tennis there was tea . . . And sometimes even Phil, with the recuperative power of youth, which can be at once so resilient and so stubbornly despairing, had hours on end when he thought of his father not at all.

It was Professor Brace who in the end shattered the insulation of silence with which they had conspired to protect Barbara. He insisted on confessing to her his damning testimony against Mr. Sentry at the trial.

He chose a Sunday afternoon in May for his confession. There had been tennis. Linda was there. When it was time for tea, she and Phil and Mrs. Sentry went into the house, and Dan and the Professor played a set of singles, Barbara looking on; and when the set ended—Professor Brace won—Barbara said warmly:

"You're good, Mac. We'll teach Dan some tennis yet, before we get through."

Dan retorted cheerfully, "Maybe I'm not so good, but Linda and I can give you two a lesson any time."

"Mac and I have never teamed up," Barbara confessed. "But it wouldn't take us long to learn."

The professor said suddenly: "We teamed up once, Barbara. The first night I met you. The night we followed your father home."

Barbara's color drained away. Dan said furiously, "You darned fool!" But Barbara said:

"Hush, Dan. Mac didn't say that just to make me unhappy, did you, Mac? What are you trying to tell me?"

"I just want you to know, Barbara, that I testified against your father, told the jury about our seeing him that night, helped to convict him." She was white as ivory; and he said: "You had to know sometime. I wanted it to come from me."

She did not speak. He stood like one awaiting judgment; but Dan said honestly: "He wasn't to blame, Barb. He was summoned, had to tell or lie. I'd have done the same."

"Of course," she assented. "I don't blame him for testifying. But, Mac, I do blame you for telling me."

"Oh, Barbara, you can't fool yourself, pretend to ignore what has happened!"

Barbara faced him for a moment; then suddenly without a word she turned, turned and ran, ran into the house and away. He called her name, but he did not pursue her.

Dan said disgustedly, "You may be a professor, but you're the darnedest fool I ever saw!"

"She will see I'm right in the end!" Brace insisted.

But he was wrong in this prediction. Barbara thereafter avoided him, and when he came to the house she was quick to disappear. Yet the incident had another result. Barbara began to wish to know all that had happened at the trial.

She asked her first questions on the Sunday following.

They had had tennis, and afterwards Phil and Linda, Dan and Barbara chatted together a while, but Barbara was more and more silent till Dan spoke to her.

"What's on your mind, Barb? Penny for your thoughts."

"I was thinking about Mac," she confessed. No one, for a moment, found anything to say; and she went on: "And about father. You all think he's guilty, don't you?"

She smiled a little, at their quick protestations. "All right, but I don't, you know," she said; and she confessed: "Oh, at first I did. I saw him come home that night, and I went into a sort of panic. But I don't, now. I don't believe father would kill anybody! Not on purpose, anyway."

"Neither do I," Phil assured her, and she said:

"I don't see how the jury could think he did. But, of course, I wasn't at the trial." And she asked directly: "What happened? Tell me about it."

She appealed to Dan. "You were there in court every day," she remembered, and she began, persistently, to question him, and Dan perforce to answer, till little by little she drew from him the whole dark tale. Except that he did not speak of the uglier part of Mr. Sentry's testimony.

She urged at last, acutely, "But Dan, if father did shoot her, and the revolver was touching her, he would have felt it, would have known."

"He said he didn't feel anything."

"Then if he didn't, someone else shot her. She must have been already dead, before he got upstairs there."

"Oh, he shot her, all right, Barb," Dan said miserably. "He admitted it. And they found the bullet that killed her in the hall. It had gone right through her; and it fitted his gun."

"Maybe there was another bullet they didn't find!"

"If there had been another bullet, or a bullet hole, they'd have found it."

"Maybe it was in one of the other offices," she insisted stubbornly.

"No, she was shot right where she fell. She couldn't have moved afterwards."

"Maybe whoever did it carried her out into the hall!"

Phil said unhappily: "Barb, father shot her all right. He said it was an accident, and—I think it was. I believe him; but the jury didn't, and they were the ones to decide. That's what juries are for."

"But suppose they found another bullet?" she argued. "Then everyone would have to believe him!"

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Dan shook his head. "There wasn't one, Barb," he insisted.

Nevertheless next day Dan came to the office. "I thought we might have a look," he confessed to Phil and Linda, a little embarrassed at his own credulity. "Just on the off chance that Barbara is right. If we did find anything, we could reopen the case."

Phil grinned sheepishly, caught Linda's eye. "Lin and I have already looked," he admitted. "Barb was so sure, it impressed me. We went over the place with a fine-tooth comb; but we didn't find a thing."

"Let's look again, anyway," Dan urged.

But their search still was fruitless. There was nothing, no sign of another bullet anywhere.

AND suddenly it was June. In May, July had seemed far away; but now it was just around the corner.

On the third of June, Mr. Falkran telephoned to ask whether he could see Phil and Mrs. Sentry that evening. Mrs. Sentry bade him come.

Phil said: "We don't want Barbara here when he comes. I'll ask Linda to—take her away somewhere, on some excuse." And at his mother's assenting nod he went to the telephone.

Linda was quick to do what he asked. So when at a little after eight Falkran rang the bell, Phil and his mother were alone; and Phil himself went to the door.

Falkran had long since forgotten his resentful disappointment at their decision not to appeal. "But this, Mrs. Sentry, is by no means the same thing," he urged to-night; and he went on, with a sincerity which Phil felt and approved:

"During the trial, I did my full duty as I saw it, used every means I could discover to secure at least a disagreement. Regardless of a client's guilt or innocence, he is entitled to every legal protection. If his fate is in a jury's hands, then he has a right to expect that every possible means shall be used to create a doubt of his guilt in the jury's mind. I did all I could."

Mrs. Sentry nodded. "I know." She smiled. "I did all I could too, Mr. Falkran."

"Yes," he agreed. "We all did. Barring the possibility that higher courts might have found some error by the State, Mr. Sentry had every protection. But he didn't want to — appeal on technicalities. And the jury believed him guilty."

He hesitated, then went on: "Yet there are grounds for asking mercy for him too. Not a pardon. We cannot hope for that. But a commutation is possible. District Attorney Flood will not oppose it. Of course, he cannot support our petition; but he will stand neutral. Mr. Sentry's character, his long and honorable life, all count in his favor. And—it is always possible that the tragedy might have been an accident, as Mr. Sentry testified."

Mrs. Sentry considered for a while, sitting very quietly; so that Phil came to her side and she held his hand while she faced the lawyer.

"What would we do?" she asked then. "What is the procedure?"

"I want you to understand," Falkran explained, "that Mr. Hare agrees with me that an appeal to the Governor is justified. Mr. Flood, as I said, will not oppose it; and I have consulted a number of Mr. Sentry's friends."

And he went on: "The first step would be to have a hearing before the Governor and Council; to present evidence as to Mr. Sentry's life and character, and to call attention to some points in the evidence at the trial—the possibility of accident."

"A public hearing?"

"Yes." He added quickly: "But you would not need to attend that. Only afterward, you would want to make a personal appeal to the Governor."

Mrs. Sentry rose, clinging for a moment to the arms of her chair, then standing erect. She caught Phil's arm, supporting herself so.

"Very well," she promised. "If you advise it, I will do it."

THEY did not tell Barbara what was planned. Upon them all fell now, with increasing weight from day to day, the thought of what was so inexorably approaching. July was near and nearer.

They had another letter from Mary; this time from Paris, brief, defiant. She wrote:

"Dear Mother,—This is just to keep you all in touch with my progressing career. Of course I have occasional news of you, viva voce and in the well-known public prints; but I haven't broken into the newspapers—yet.

"I ran into Jimmy Endle the other day. He's not a bad chap unless you're married to him. Also Gus Loran is here. Mrs. Loran is treating herself to a Paris divorce. I seem to fascinate Gus. My fatal beauty, no doubt. But of course, Argentine, my pretty little beef baron—did I tell you we were married?—is terribly jealous. Maybe he'll take me home and make me eat pampas and tangos and things. I don't even know whether you fry them or boil them.

"Having a fine time. Wish you were here.—MARY."

Mrs. Sentry read the letter and handed it to Phil; and this time she did not protest when he threw it into the fire.

The days passed like the fanned pages of a book, so swiftly that it was scarcely possible to name them as they passed. Twice or thrice Falkran came to report that the foundations for the appeal to the Governor were being laid. Phil could see his mother muster strength for that ordeal.

At last the lawyer telephoned, late one afternoon, and spoke to Phil. "Can Mrs. Sentry see the Governor to-morrow?" he inquired. "If she can, I will make the appointment and come to fetch her. At two, if that is convenient for both of them."

Barbara at the moment was upstairs; but Mrs. Sentry was in the living-room and Phil went to ask her decision. He saw her quiver at his words, as though staggered by a physical blow; but then she nodded.

"Will you go with me, Phil?"

"Of course," he assured her, returned to tell Falkran her answer. While he was at the phone, he heard the doorbell ring, wondered who was there, and heard Nellie go to open the door.

Then he saw Dan striding toward them through the hall. "Hullo!" Dan cried, and his eyes were shining. "Where's Barbara?" He snatched a telegram from his pocket, thrust it into Phil's hands. "Read that, old man!" he cried. "I've been working on it for two months, trying for that or something like it."

The message had been sent, Phil saw, from Cleveland. He read, aloud:

Salary O.K. Start July 1.

W. E. ROBINSON.

He looked at Dan. "What is it?" he asked.

Dan told him exultantly: "It's the city editor's job on the Swift-Towne paper in Cleveland, and a salary to match. Enough to get married on. Where's Barbara?"

"Barbara?" Mrs. Sentry spoke in a whisper.

"Of course!" Dan hesitated. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Sentry. I forgot you didn't know. I've been trying for weeks to land a job somewhere, so I could take her away from here."

"Away?"

"We're going to be married, Mrs Sentry."

Mrs. Sentry seemed to sway a little. She extended her hand toward Phil, as though for support; but, misunderstanding, he gave her the telegram, and saw her read it dumbly, and saw her clasp her arm tight across her bosom as though to crush down a sickening pain. He turned again to the other man, arguing in an empty futility:

"But Dan—right now—— What's the hurry?"

Dan gripped his arm. "You know, Phil." He looked at Mrs. Sentry. "You know what I mean. It's almost—July. I've got to get Barbara away before that!"

And when they did not speak, he urged: "Come on, Phil, Mrs. Sentry. I know you're with me! Please!"

Mrs. Sentry smiled. "Yes, Dan," she said. "Barbara's upstairs. Go to her!"

Dan gripped her hand, raced away. Phil looked after him for a moment, not daring to look again toward his mother.

When he did, he saw that she had dropped the telegram, had bent to pick it up; and he saw that she seemed unable to do so.

He stooped for the yellow paper; and she said, laughing uncertainly: "That's funny, Phil! I was trying to pick up the telegram and I couldn't seem to reach down far enough and then I saw my hand was touching the floor, but I couldn't feel it at all."

Her utterance was hurried; she mumbled the words as though her tongue were thick.

For an instant she thought: This is the beginning of the end for me. Oh, I am glad, glad! Let it not be too long. To be with Arthur soon!

But then she saw the terror in Phil's eyes, and she made herself smile to reassure him; and he urged her quickly: "Sit down, mother. Lie down. I'll call Doctor Mainton."

"I'm all right, Phil," she said. "It's nothing. My hand went to sleep, that's all." He started towards the telephone, but she checked him. "No, Phil. It's nothing, really. I'm all right now."

Phil said heartily, fighting his own fears: "Of course you're all right! But just the same Doctor Mainton——"

"I'll see him to-morrow," she promised. "At his office."

Phil looked towards the hall, as though expecting his sister to appear. "How do you feel—about that?" he asked. "About Dan?"

"Barbara is the one to decide. If she is—if she loves him, then I shall be happy too." She was thinking: Since I am to die, what does it matter? Certainly not to Barbara. She is so young, such a child. Dan will love her, and she will forget . . .

Then she heard their voices; their steps on the stairs; and they were here, their eyes shining, yet with a sober gravity. Barbara came to her mother; and Mrs. Sentry waited, and Barbara asked slowly, "Dan has told you, mother?"

"Yes, Barb."

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"We've been hoping and hoping he could find something!"

Mrs. Sentry's eyes fell, so that Barbara might not read them. Dan said quickly, "I have to be ready to start work out there on Monday, Mrs. Sentry."

"That is—July the first?"

"Yes."

Phil thought her voice was miraculously steady. "You will come back for Barbara later?"

"I thought we'd be married at once, and go to Cleveland together!"

Mrs. Sentry nodded gently. "I used to think hurried weddings lacked dignity," she confessed. "But I expect they are sweeter than—dignity." Nellie came to announce dinner, and she said, "Stay, Dan?"

But he could not. "I've still a job here," he reminded them. "I'll have to run." Barbara went with him to the door; and Phil asked his mother in a low tone, "All right now?"

"Of course, Phil."

They heard Dan depart, heard the door close. Then Barbara, as they moved towards the dining-room, met them in the hall; and for a moment she held her mother close.

"Thank you, mother," she said. "You're wonderful to me. Dan wants to take me with him; and—I want terribly to be a coward and go." She looked at Phil, reading his thoughts. "He says—even if we get married this week—he can fix it so there wouldn't be anything in the papers."

Mrs. Sentry said, "I'm sure he can!" Barbara looked at her keenly; and after a moment the girl cried:

"But—I'm not going! I'll stay with you till—till afterwards, mother. I'll go to Dan then."

BARBARA was still asleep in the morning when Phil took Mrs. Sentry to Doctor Mainton's office. The doctor heard their story, and then with that calloused insensibility characteristic of physicians, left Phil to wait alone for two hours while he applied to Mrs. Sentry every test known to scientific medicine.

But his report in the end was reassuring. He said to them both:

"Well, Mrs. Sentry, I've checked up in every possible way; and—there is nothing organically wrong with you. Your nerves are worn out, and just before this happened you had your arms tight folded with your clenched fist under your left arm. That shut off the blood supply, perhaps; and the strain you have been under, and a cramped position, and fatigue did the rest. That is all, I am sure."

Phil asked, "Ought we to do anything about it?"

Doctor Mainton hesitated. "Take your mother away somewhere," he said then. "To your summer home at York Harbor, perhaps. Can you go to-day?"

Mrs. Sentry said: "I am to see the Governor at two this afternoon."

"Then afterward?" he urged. "Later in the afternoon. Go up there and get plenty of rest and sleep. Those are the only drugs you need."

At home they found Barbara awake, and wondering where they had been. Mr. Falkran had telephoned, to speak to Phil.

Phil met his mother's eye, and he went into the library to phone. Falkran said: "I've bad news, Mr. Sentry."

Phil felt the blood pound in his ears against the receiver. "Yes?"

"I saw the Governor," Falkran explained. "He is willing to see Mrs. Sentry if she insists, but only as a matter of courtesy. His decision is already taken."

Phil found himself nodding, without speaking; and then Falkran's voice came in his ear: "Hello? Sentry? Did you hear?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"He says the interview would be useless, but of course he will see her if she wishes."

Phil's shoulders straightened, he assumed the responsibility of decision. "Thank you, Mr. Falkran," he said, "I should say it will not be necessary."

"She will not come?"

"She will not come," said Phil.

He waited a little before returning to the others. They had gone out into the garden together; and he saw them through the window, walking arm in arm, his mother with her head bent, Barbara talking in swift, eager fashion.

When he came out to them, she was still chattering; and he asked with a wry grin, "Broadcasting, Barb?"

"Oh, what did Mr. Falkran want?" she demanded.

"Nothing," he said. "Business." He spoke to his mother. "That meeting is off," he told her in tones which he tried to make casual. "Falkran is satisfied it would do no good."

He saw her instant understanding; and he strolled with them around the house towards the tennis court, thinking he ought to go to town, but reluctant to leave his mother. Watching her, while Barbara's gay tongue ran, he saw that she in turn was watching Barbara, as though in wonder that the girl because she loved Dan could even in this hour be somehow happy; and he saw a change in his mother's demeanor, a slow dawning resolution in her eyes.

Till at last she spoke, interrupting Barbara's bright chatter. "I've been thinking, Barbara," she said, "about you and Dan. I suppose there's really no reason why you two shouldn't be married at once. Then you can go to Cleveland with him." Barbara's eyes were bright with sudden bliss, and Mrs. Sentry said: "After all, it would be inconvenient and—expensive, for a struggling young newspaper man—to come back here just to marry you."

Her tone was light, affectionate, full of understanding. The girl stood very still, and her eyes filled and overflowed. She said gratefully: "You're sweet, mother! And I do want to marry Dan right away, before he goes." She hesitated. "But I'm not going to leave you yet. I'll wait with you, go to him by and by."

"There's nothing to wait for here."

The girl spoke bravely. "I think there is. I can't help thinking there will be—something. But if you don't mind our getting married first, before Dan goes——"

Mrs. Sentry smiled. "No, I don't mind."

Barbara caught her mother rapturously, kissed her hard, whirled away toward the house like a dancer. "I've got to telephone Dan this minute!" she cried, and was gone.

DAN and Barbara were married in the big living-room with Phil, Linda, and Mrs. Sentry as the only witnesses. Mrs. Sentry during the intervening days and on that wedding day sometimes clung secretly to Phil's arm; but she managed to do nothing to alarm Barbara or distress her. They were married just after noon; then Dan took train for Cleveland and was gone.

This was Friday, the twenty-eighth of June. After Dan's departure Phil proposed to his mother that they all drive away to York. "Just for the week-end," he suggested.

She hesitated, asked then, "Phil, when will it be?" She added firmly: "What day? What hour?"

He spoke in a low tone. "Why, usually just after midnight," he told her.

"The first day?"

"Yes. Monday."

"I—wanted to know," she explained, apologetically. "I'm—much better here than in York, till then."

He urged: "But Doctor Mainton——"

"Afterwards, possibly," she said decisively. "For now, we will stay here."

So they stayed. Saturday morning, at Mrs. Sentry's insistence, Phil went to the office as usual. He and Linda drove in together, Phil at the wheel, Linda close against his side; and they spoke little. At his desk he ran through the morning mail with her: and when she had gone to her typewriter he sat idle, his hands in front of him.

Then Linda came back in. He raised his eyes heavily; and she said, "Phil, Mr. Wines is here."

For a moment the name was meaningless to him.

"Mr. Wines?"

"Her father," Linda reminded him. "He—wants to see you."

Phil came tautly to his feet. "What about, Linda? Is there anything——" He could not shape the words.

But she shook her head. "No," she said. "It's about a letter he's had from Mr. Hare. Some money your father's sending him."

Phil remembered that his father had created a trust for the old man; he said miserably, "I don't want to see him, Lin." He picked up his hat. "You take care of him. I suppose he wants more. Try to satisfy him. I'm going home to mother. You can handle him, can't you?"

"Of course," she promised; and she said: "Phil—I shan't see you—to-day or tomorrow. You will be with your mother. You won't want me."

He assented: "Yes, Barbara and I will be with her."

She said, "But you'll feel me with you?"

"Yes, Lin."

She did not kiss him, nor touch his hand; only their eyes met firmly, met and held and clung.

Then Phil went down by those back stairs up which his father had come on that October night months ago; and he took the car and drove home.

LINDA'S typewriter had been clattering as she typed the letters Phil had dictated, when she became conscious that someone stood beside her. She looked up and saw a shambling little man with absurdly long legs that made him look like a stork, and a small body and a smaller head perched atop them. Linda had not attended Mr. Sentry's trial; did not recognise this man.

She rose and asked, "Whom did you wish to see?"

The man, confused and ill at ease, said doubtfully: "Why, Mr. Sentry, if I could. Dunno as he'll want to."

"And who shall I say?"

"I'm Zeke Wines." He looked at the other three stenographers, busy at their desks beyond Linda, and said apologetically, in a lower tone, as though the confession were a shameful one: "You know. My girl used to work here."

Linda heard the others quiet behind her, listening. She tried to find some word, and then the little man volunteered,

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"Mr. Hare told me I'd better come to see Mr. Sentry."

"Mr. Hare?" She spoke like a parrot, without inflexion.

"Y'see," the old man explained, "I got this here from Mr. Hare, the first of June." He fumbled in his pocket, produced a shabby, soft, worn old leather wallet, searched among its contents, found what he sought at last and extended it to Linda. It was a cheque for two hundred and fifty dollars, signed by Mr. Hare, as trustee. Linda looked at it without touching it, and the old man said:

"I might have wrote a letter, but I ain't much hand at writing, and I knowed likely I'd git up t' the city before long; so I kep' it and cal'lated to see Mr. Hare when I come."

Linda said hurriedly, "Wait a minute, please." She went into Phil's office, closing the door behind her. The old man stood turning his hat in his hands, looking wistfully around. The other girls began a pretence of work again.

Then Linda came back and said in a low tone, "Come in, please." She held the door open, closed it behind him. He looked around Phil's office, saw no one.

"He ain't here?" he said.

"Mr. Sentry has gone home," she explained. "But I am his secretary so I can handle—whatever it is you want."

"Well, it's this," the old man told her after a moment, and extended the cheque again. "Mr. Hare sent it to me, and he said it was from Mr. Sentry, the other one. Said there'd be another cheque every month right along."

"Yes?"

"Well, I don't want it," Zeke Wines told Linda gently.

"Mr. Sentry wanted you to have it."

"I know. Mr. Hare told me all about that in the letter. But I never lived off my gal long as she was alive, and I don't aim to now." He added in a mild pride: "Nor I don't have to. I run lobster pots in the summer, some in the winter too, and do some scallop fishing. I make out to git along."

And he said apologetically: "Not that I hold anything ag'in the young man here. Nor ag'in anybuddy, for that matter. Folks git twisted into a net sometimes, and they thrash around any way to git out. I've seen fish do the same. Never blamed 'em."

Linda nodded gratefully. "But—couldn't you keep it, use it somehow?" she urged. "Even if you don't need it yourself, there must be neighbors who do."

The old man spoke with a quiet pride. "We make out to take care of our own, down my way, without no help f'om outside."

"It would make Mr. Sentry—young Mr. Sentry—happy to think he was helping you."

He said gravely: "Like as not. But I dunno why I should go out of my way, do something I don't want to do, account of him."

"I see," she assented. "You're right, of course. I didn't understand. I'm sorry." She took the cheque from his hand. "I am to destroy this, not let Mr. Hare send any more?"

"Thank'ee kindly."

"I'm sorry you had to bother to come here."

"That's all right," he said. "I never was here before. I—kind of hankered to come." He looked around the room. "This's where it happened, ain't it?"

"Just outside the door there," she said, after a moment. "In the hall." She passed him and opened the door. "Out here," she said.

"She'd be'n in here, hadn't she?"

"Yes." Linda fought to hold her voice steady. "But—they found her outside in the hall."

He came slowly toward her as though to step through the door; but on the threshold he paused, half-turned, set his shoulders against the jamb to which the door was hinged. "Dunno as I need to look," he said in a low tone. He stood with his head a little lowered, staring straight ahead, not speaking. The silence seemed to Linda long. She was numb with sorrow for him; scarce heard him when he spoke.

Yet what he said was like a crash of thunder. "Guess here's where the bullet hit, ain't it?" he asked, and pointed, and looked at her inquiringly. And he brushed his knuckles across his eyes and suggested, "Guess she was standing right here in the door."

Linda after a paralysed moment said hoarsely, "What?"

"Right here," he repeated. "The bullet hole."

And he extended his hand. He touched, she saw, the brass latch plate set on the door jamb and designed to receive the tongue of the lock. Her knees wavered, but she mustered enough strength to go toward him, almost staggering; to look where he pointed. She bent down, the better to see.

The latch plate had an opening in it, rectangular, perhaps an inch and a quarter from top to bottom, something over half an inch across. Inside this opening there was a recess where before the plate was set the wood had been chiseled out to make a slot into which the bolt slid home. But there was more.

There was a round hole in this raw wood, not very deep, somewhat discolored; and Linda, leaning close, saw that the edge of this round hole was marred as though a knife blade had been inserted there to serve as a pry, to pry something out . . .

Old Zeke Wines said in a low tone. "Bullet must have gone right through the hole where the bolt goes, never even touched the sides, lodged in the wood there."

"Yes," said Linda. Her voice rose. "Yes, yes. Yes, it did!" she cried, loudly, her voice almost shrill.

For one phrase was ringing in her thoughts, over and over. Barbara's words: "If father didn't kill her, there'd be another bullet somewhere."

And Linda thought: There is! There is! But no wonder we didn't find it! In the shadow, and it's dark here by the door. You can't see it even now unless you peer in through the lock. How sharp the old man's eyes must be . . .

"Well, thank'ee, Miss," said Zeke Wines meekly. "I'll bid you good day."

And he would have moved away. But Linda came to life; her thoughts began to clear. She caught his arm. "No," she said eagerly. "Don't go. Please! Wait. This is important. This——"

She dared not tell him, dared not admit even to herself how important this might be. He stopped uncertainly; and she said, half-sobbing with excitement:

"No one had seen this bullet hole till you did, Mr. Wines. I want you to stay and tell them how you found it. Wait. You will, won't you? Till I telephone?"

"Why, guess't I can," he decided. "But—what's the idee?"

She closed the door, carefully, as though afraid that to do so might erase the indications his keen old eyes had been the first to see. Her thought was of Phil; but she would not give Phil a hope that might yet fail. She must first be sure. While old Mr. Wines watched in a puzzled way, she called Mr. Falkran.

He was, his office reported, out of town; to be gone till to-morrow afternoon.

In sudden frantic haste and fear, she called the District Attorney's office, asked for Mr. Flood. The operator said: "He's away for the week-end. Will anyone else do?"

"Someone who knows about the Sentry case," Linda pleaded desperately. "Anyone."

"Who is this, please?"

"Miss Dane, Mr. Philip Sentry's secretary."

"I might give you Mr. Weldon? He assisted in the trial, and he is here."

"Oh, do, please!"

And a moment later she had Mr. Weldon on the phone. He said guardedly, "Mr. Weldon speaking."

"I'm Miss Dane, Mr. Weldon, Mr. Phillip Sentry's secretary."

"Yes."

"Can you come down to Mr. Sentry's office, quickly, please?"

"Why, if necessary, yes. What is it? Let me speak to him."

"Oh, he's not here! But it is necessary. We've just found—" She hesitated, then spoke carefully, explicitly. "Mr. Wines is here," she said. "The father of—the dead girl, you know. And he has found what looks like a bullet hole."

"A bullet hole?" Weldon's tone was puzzled.

"Yes. In the lock of the door."

"But I don't *see*——"

"It might mean," she urged, "that Miss Wines was shot by someone else; was already dead when Mr. Sentry got here. You remember they said the gun was pushed against her, but he said he didn't feel her when he fired. Can't you come, please?"

"I see!" Weldon was alert now. "You've found a bullet?"

"No, just a hole."

"Don't touch anything," he directed. "I'll be down there in ten minutes."

So Linda waited, and Zeke Wines waited; and when Weldon arrived and had seen what there was to see, he sent for another man who was expert in such matters to examine this that they had found.

TIME thereafter dragged interminably, while Weldon questioned Wines and Linda, and while the expert made his examination. Linda, watching, fretted with impatience; and once she urged, "Oh, can't you hurry?"

But Weldon reassured her. "We've plenty of time, Miss Dane. To-day and all to-morrow."

"Something might happen!"

He said gently: "Trust me, please. We've time to make sure of our ground."

And Linda, longing to telephone Phil, nevertheless held herself in check.

It was mid-afternoon before Weldon was satisfied. He told her then:

"Miss Dane, there's no doubt a bullet did strike here. There are bits of lead in the wood. And the bullet was pried out, later, with a knife blade, or something of the kind. And it was of the same calibre as the one which killed Miss Wines. Or at least approximately so.

"But Mr. Sentry fired only one shot. At least, there was only one empty cartridge in the gun when we recovered it. And we found where his bullet hit the wall at the

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end of the corridor out there. That bullet matched his gun.

"Of course, that shot of his may still have killed Miss Wines. There is just a chance it didn't. Just a chance, the Medical Examiner says, that if she were shot here in the doorway she could have taken two or three steps to where she fell. It is possible, that's all." He hesitated. "There are many possible explanations of this other bullet hole," he said.

She nodded fearfully. "I see. But mightn't it mean—— What will you do?"

"I'll get in touch with Mr. Flood," Weldon explained. "He's down on the Cape; probably playing golf just now. He will have to decide what to do."

"Can't we drive down to the Cape and see Mr. Flood?"

"I intend to."

"Please let me go with you."

He smiled. "I don't know why not."

HALF an hour later they were on the road. At a little before five they met District Attorney Flood at the golf club near his summer home. At a quarter to eight they were all back in Phil's office, while the District Attorney himself examined the bullet hole.

He turned at last to Linda. "Well, Miss Dane," he said, a deep relief in his tones, "I shall see the Governor, ask him for a reprieve."

"What does that mean?"

"A postponement." He hesitated. "In fact, I may even suggest a commutation. This other bullet certainly creates a grave doubt that Mr. Sentry actually killed Miss Wines. I'll seen the Governor this evening——"

Linda considered. "When you know what he decides, Mr. Flood, will you let me tell them? Tell Mr. Sentry's family? You can telephone to me at my home."

"Of course. You've certainly earned that."

Linda meant to wait, to hold her peace, till she could go to Phil proudly with this word; but when she came home she found it hard to wait. In the end, despite her resolution, she telephoned the Sentry home.

Barbara answered. Linda asked for Phil.

"He's with mother," Barbara told her. "They're outdoors somewhere. I couldn't bear to be with them."

Linda said quickly, "Come over here, Barbara." She hesitated, then added: "Don't let them know you're coming. I've—something to tell you."

"Something about my father?" Barbara cried, a quick hope in her voice.

"Come," Linda insisted. "I'll be here."

So Barbara was the first to know what had been discovered; and when, at last, the District Attorney telephoned, Barbara was, after Linda, the first to know the Governor's decision. Mr. Sentry's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

Barbara was still weeping when in Linda's car they raced to the Sentry home; and Phil met them in the hall there, and the quick word was spoken, and the three young people for a moment clung fast together, half-laughing, half-crying, in a happiness almost too great to be borne.

Then Mrs. Sentry appeared on the stair landing above them. Phil leaped up the steps to her side. He caught her close and tenderly.

"Mother! Mother!" he cried. "The Governor has commuted the sentence to life imprisonment!"

He felt her at his word grow rigid in his arms. Then suddenly she was like water, flowing down through the circle of his arms, falling helplessly.

Barbara screamed. Phil thought in an emotionless acceptance of catastrophe: Doctor Mainton was wrong She is dead. She is dead.

Barbara was on her knees beside them, crying, "Mother! Mother!" It was Linda who said in swift, steadying reproof:

"Phil! Barb! She's fainted, that's all. Get her head down as low as you can. Phil, you idiot, to tell her so suddenly!"

But then Mrs. Sentry sighed, and her eyes opened. She saw her children, and her arms found them. She drew them closely down.

NEXT day and for days afterward, the newspapers were again filled with the story of the case. The Governor had to meet editorial and public criticism for his commutation of the sentence; but he met it silently, and without revealing the fact that the discovery of new evidence had been responsible for his change of mind.

The secret of the bullet hole was well kept. The District Attorney believed that —assuming Mr. Sentry was not the murderer—the actual killer, whoever he might be, would feel a false security if he supposed Mr. Sentry's guilt remained unquestioned. So except for a few individuals, no one knew the truth; but the District Attorney's office meanwhile was busy, checking back, following every line that promised a solution.

The secret was well kept; but Dan Fisher knew. Barbara wrote him the truth; and over the next week-end he came on from Cleveland, and he saw Falkran and saw Flood.

He told Mrs. Sentry and the others afterward, "You know as much as they do." And he said, abashed before them: "I feel pretty —rotten. I thought he did it, you know."

Barbara said honestly: "So did we all, Phil. I thought so myself—but I never admitted it."

Mrs. Sentry remembered something Falkran had said at their first interview. "And just because everyone thought him guilty, everyone knows he is innocent now," she said.

When the time came for Dan's departure, Barbara went with him; and days passed, and Phil's first hope for some quick proof of his father's innocence insensibly faded. He and his mother saw Mr. Sentry in prison, told him what had happened, questioned him to discover some new lead in the case; but Mr. Sentry, though now he, too, had hope for the future, could offer nothing.

"I told all I knew, Phil," he said.

Days ran to weeks; and hope began to die in Phil again.

Toward the end of July, at Linda's suggestion, he and his mother decided on a fortnight in York. Mrs. Sentry would go a day or two ahead, with the servants, to open the house; Phil and Linda would follow later. That Linda should go with them seemed a matter of course. Phil found as always deep happiness in her companionship.

His mother and the servants left for York on Wednesday; and on Friday morning Phil and Linda followed, in Linda's car. The girl drove; and as they picked their way through traffic toward the Turnpike, Phil said:

"Linda, I saw your father yesterday. He suggested that he put my name up at his club." He added, "I was mighty grateful to him; but they'd be sure to turn me down."

"Father wouldn't have offered, if there were any chance of that."

"He's like you, Linda. He and your mother. So darned—loyal. But others may not feel the same."

"Haven't all your friends been the same?"

"The Warings—the way they acted hurt mother," Phil confessed. "And then she resigned from all her committees and things; and they accepted her resignations. That was tough on her. She's been happier lately. Happy in just—loving father. But she doesn't really seem well. I'm pretty worried about her, Lin."

Linda, grave eyes upon the road, changed the subject. "Do you hear from Mary?" she asked.

Phil nodded grimly. "She's married again, a South American; beef baron, something of the kind." Their thoughts, as sometimes happens with two people as close to each other as they had come to be, ran together. Thinking of Dan and Barbara, they said aloud in a sort of chorus:

"But Barbara——"

Then they looked at each other, and laughed, and he said, "We were going to say the same thing!"

"Yes. Just the way married people do—"

He protested: "Lin, do you have to keep —torturing me?"

"My dear," she said, "don't you know by this time that you and I are already married, in so many real, deep ways? And I'm not asking anything more than we already have, Phil." She added, half to herself, "At least, I don't think I am."

He said: "There's no help for it, Lin. I can't ask——"

She smiled, her eyes upon the road. "You wouldn't even have to ask me, Phil."

"And—mother needs me. I'm all she's got to hold to now, with Mary and Barbara both gone."

Linda did not argue with him; but during the next few days at York, watching Mrs. Sentry and Phil together, she was sometimes secretly angry. Mrs. Sentry, without meaning to, nevertheless absorbed Phil's life completely, by a sort of dependence on him.

In the middle of the first week at York, business called Phil back to town; and Linda of course came with him. That night at home, her father, watching her, discovering her increasing distress, spoke doubtfully.

"I know how you love Phil, Lin," he said. "Your mother and I understand. But—we hate to see your life broken by it. If he feels he must be with his mother——"

"I'll wait," she said.

He shook his head. "That isn't fair," he urged. "Not fair to yourself—or to us, Lin. It isn't even fair to Phil."

Linda cried, her self-control for a moment cracking: "Oh, be still! What do I care what's fair? There's no fairness in it, anyway."

And then, suddenly contrite, seeing his sorrow, she was in his arms, weeping. "Oh, father, father, what am I going to do?"

Yet with Phil in the office next morning she managed as always to be steady, reassuring, calm. While he dictated, his eyes rested inattentively on her head, bowed above her notebook; but his thoughts were on his dictation, till as the last letter was done he stopped in mid-sentence, staring at the hair above her brow.

She looked up inquiringly, and he finished the letter; but when she had gone to her

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typewriter and he was alone, he was troubled and full of a deep, protective concern. Unmistakably, in the dark masses of Linda's hair, there were threads of grey.

He thought, incredulously, that she was no older than Barbara. Twenty-one? Twenty-two? She had been, through these months, so composed that it had not occurred to him to think of her as suffering, as weary and torn and tired from giving herself without stint so long. She must rest, he decided, must give up the work here: and he considered how to tell her so. When a little after noon, in her car, they started for York again, he began to make an opening for this suggestion.

"You know, Lin," he said, "you've carried me through all this. I don't know what I'd have done without you to talk to. It has helped a lot, just—worrying out loud to you."

If there was bitterness in her smile he did not see it. "Of course," she said.

He said, half-smiling: "You keep me going, and I keep mother going. That's what it amounts to."

Her glance flashed towards him almost angrily. "You enjoy feeling that you're—indispensable to her, don't you?" Her tone was a challenge.

"I—suppose so," he admitted.

"You know," she said resentfully, "I think that's often the way. We hang on and hang on, telling ourselves we're important, when as a matter of fact we're just—boring people. I'm not at all sure that we couldn't help more by taking care of ourselves, letting other people go their own road."

He smiled. "You can't mean I've—bothered mother?"

"Well, no one can learn to walk till they get rid of their crutch, Phil." Her tone was gentle now, yet she said: "You've been her crutch. It's about time she learned to walk alone."

"I couldn't leave her, Linda"

"Oh, I suppose not," she assented briefly. They were at the moment stalled in traffic. When now the green light released them she meshed the gears with a clashing vehemence that was somehow eloquent, and let in the clutch so sharply that the car leaped jerkily ahead. He said, trying to laugh:

"Whoa! Trying to break our necks?"

"Sorry!" But she did not sound sorry; and she spoke in a sharp decision. "Phil, you'd better tell Miss Randall to find you a new stenographer. I'll stay till she gets someone; but then I'm through."

He had meant a while ago to tell her just this; to tell her that he could not let her any longer sacrifice her youth and her happiness to him; to tell her that she must leave him. But now at her word he felt a deep hurt and loss.

"Had enough?" he asked in level tones.

"I'm tired, too tired to keep it up. I may go abroad, anywhere."

"Well, you're wise," he agreed carefully. "Summer's a hot, hard time. But of course I'll miss you!"

"You'll find somebody easily enough."

"Oh, yes, don't worry, Lin. We'll get along."

She laughed mirthlessly. "I've been—flattering myself, persuading myself you couldn't do without me."

"Well, you've helped a lot, Lin. Probably I won't realise how much till I have to—go it alone."

"Oh, you'll get used to it! And—you'll never learn to walk till you throw away your crutch. I'm tired of being a crutch, anyway."

They were clear of the worst traffic, came to the straight reaches of the Turnpike, sped a while in silence.

"See here, Lin," he protested at last. "You—sound bitter. Angry. That's not like you."

"Why shouldn't I be bitter, and angry?" she demanded; and then she said: "Oh, I know I've no one to blame but myself!" She stepped on the throttle viciously; the car leaped ahead. "Goodness knows you didn't—lead me on! You didn't encourage me! But like a fool I kept hoping——"

"You're hitting sixty, Lin!"

"I want to hit sixty," she retorted. "I want to hit seventy, eighty!" The car was racing.

"Stop it, Lin!" he insisted. "Slow down." And he said, "I'll cut the switch, unless you do."

"Oh, all right.' She dropped to a fifty that by comparison seemed like crawling; and she said:

"I've hung on, and hung on, hoping some day you'd want me so badly you'd forget your father, and your mother, and how much she needed you, and everything. I suppose I was a fool, that's all. Your mother doesn't really need you, and Barbara doesn't. Nobody needs you but me—" Her voice broke. "I need you awfully, Phil," she pleaded. "Can't you see? And you need me."

He said, staring straight ahead: "I love you, Lin. But—it isn't only that mother needs me. It's—that nobody—that I can't marry anybody."

"Barbara did," she argued stubbornly.

"That's different. Barbara's Mrs. Fisher now. Her children will be named Fisher. But you—my wife, whoever she was—would be Mrs. Sentry; and my children—— Whenever anyone heard our name they'd be thinking, 'I wonder if they're related to that Mr. Sentry who was convicted of killing his stenographer?'"

"He didn't do it!" she reminded him.

"I know he didn't, Phil agreed. "But Lin, even if he is pardoned some day, people will still remember, and insinuate that he did it and bought himself off. Don't you see?"

And she cried: "What if they do? If I'm not afraid, why do you have to be?"

He said, after a moment, helplessly, "I don't know."

"Well, it's time you found out," she told him harshly. "And when you make up your mind——" She spoke more tenderly. "But, Phil, you'll have to do it alone, do the rest alone. I've done all I can, said all I can say. I've stood by you and protected you and comforted you—but I've got to live, too. I can't spend the rest of my life loving a man who's—afraid to marry me!"

"I'm not afraid. Except for you, Lin."

"I shouldn't be afraid of anything, with you, Phil."

"I know you wouldn't," he assented. "That's why I—have to be the one to be cowardly. Isn't it brave to—be a coward sometimes?"

She spoke wearily. "I suppose so."

And after a little he said, in a tone almost lively: "So that's the sensible thing, Lin. You take a rest, go away, quit wearing yourself out over me. It's the only thing for us to do."

"All right," she agreed. "If you want me to, I'll go."

And she drove on, and he watched the road, and the road sped to meet them mile on mile. Mile on mile, and she was an automaton, like on frozen, at the wheel; and his eyes were bleak on emptiness; and the road raced toward them like a ribbon, dived beneath them, so was gone . . .

He watched the traffic light shine green half a mile ahead; saw it yellow and then red as they drew near. They were close. They were upon it! He cried in quick alarm:

"Lin! Red light!"

Her brakes bit—just in time. They slewed and swerved and skidded to a stop with screaming tyres; and a car slid across in front of them with bare inches to spare. The driver bawled something, furiously, and was gone.

The lights changed. Linda, still in that stony silence, meshed her gears and crossed the intersection. She picked up speed; and then Phil cried suddenly:

"Stop, Lin! Slow down!"

She obeyed, staring at him. "What's the matter?"

Phil laughed, and there was a deep intoxication in his tones. He said, like one awakening, "Why—I must be crazy, Lin!"

"Crazy? Phil, what do you——"

"Yes, crazy! Why, I honestly thought, Lin, that I could let you go!"

Her eyes, probing his, quickened at what she saw. Her head rose, her cheeks were bright!

She looked ahead, as though searching for something. There was a cross-road of rough gravel. She swung the car into it, drove it bounding up a steep slope till from the crest lowlands spread far and green below them, and they were alone. She stopped there, and stilled the engine, and turned to him, and smiled.

"Now—what were you saying, Phil?" she suggested politely. "Please—" Then her voice broke, and she could no longer smile, and her eyes were full. "Oh Phil, please—please go on!"

EARLY in September, Mrs. Sentry suddenly decided to go to Cleveland to see Barbara, and Phil had to go with her. He and Linda had not told Mrs. Sentry what lay between them. Linda, her point won, yielded to his desire to delay the disclosure for a while.

The day of their departure for Cleveland, Phil was in the office in the forenoon, said good-bye to Linda there, then went home to finish his packing and go directly from the house to the afternoon train. When old Eli drove him and his mother to the Trinity Place station, Phil was surprised to find Linda waiting on the platform.

"Just some papers for you to look over while you're away, Phil," she explained; and she handed him a long envelope, unsealed. He saw that she had written on the outside:

Open this when you are alone.

And she explained: "Routine things. Don't bother with them now."

So Phil thrust the envelope into his pocket and they all stayed talking together till the train pulled in. Mrs. Sentry went first up the steps, and she did not look back, so Phil was able to kiss Linda before he followed his mother aboard.

It was hours later and he was in his berth, undressed and about to turn out the light, when he remembered that envelope Linda had given him, still in the pocket of his coat on the hanger here beside him. He reached up and got it and drew out the contents. There was a note from Linda herself:

"Dear—

"Take all my love with you, Phil. This

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letter came to the office addressed to you, after you left to-day. It's from Mary, so I didn't open it. Since it's addressed to you, I thought perhaps she didn't want your mother to know about it. That's why I was so mysterious.

"And my dearest love to my dearest. Come back soon.

"LIN."

Phil smiled happily; and then he turned to Mary's letter, and sobered again; and for a moment he held it in his hands, remembering their last word from Mary with bitterness. He was tempted to destroy this letter unopened; but at last, like one performing an unpleasant duty, he tore off the end of the envelope and drew out the letter inside and began to read.

And at the first words his eyes widened and his breath came hissingly and he sat up sharply in his berth. The letter was from Paris. Mary had written:

"Dear Phil:

"Gus Loran killed Miss Wines. He has told me so.

"I'll try to tell you just what happened. I think I told you he was here. His wife was getting a divorce. We met by accident; but he seemed fascinated by me. My Argentine and I weren't getting along very well. He's gone back to South America now. I began to realise that Mr. Loran had something on his mind. He was drinking a lot, and looking pretty sick; and then he began to give me presents, pretty valuable ones, and I asked him why, and—he was drunk most of the time of course—he began to talk about some great wrong he had done me, and about making amends.

"This went on for weeks, and he's been cracking up all the time. I asked him questions, but he'd shut up like a clam. But when my husband left me, he got maudlin and wept about what was happening to me, and blamed himself, and finally, the night before last, he begged me to forgive him and I asked for what, and I finally got it out of him.

"He had Miss Wines in Maine in August. The guide lied for him. And he says she tried to blackmail him, and his wife was already threatening to divorce him and collect big alimony, and he was scared. Then Miss Wines sent word to him to meet her in the office that night at half-past eleven. He was going to New York, anyway; and he decided to try to scare her so she would let him alone.

"He had a pistol he had carried in the War, and he took it to scare her with. He says he took out the magazine, thought it was empty. He got on the New York train and put on his pyjamas over his clothes and called the porter and told him he was going to sleep, and then slipped off through another car, and went out a different gate, and went to the office and she was there.

"She'd stolen father's keys, he says. He offered her the money that was in the safe, and she said she wanted a lot more than that, and she said she was going to tell Mrs. Loran, and started out. And he jammed the pistol against her back as she passed him in the doorway, thinking it was empty intending to scare her, and it went off.

"She took two or three steps and fell; and he saw the empty cartridge rolling across the floor and picked it up, and then ran to her and called to her to get up, and saw she was dead. And he heard someone on the stairs and turned out the lights, and when father came, in the dark, he jumped past him down the stairs and ran. And he saw father's car and started to drive away in it, and realised he had turned into a one-way street and might be arrested for that, so he left it there and hurried back to the station and sneaked on the train. No one saw him.

"So, Phil, I went to the American embassy here and told them, and they got the police. They are going to arrange things so they can hear everything we say, in case I can get him to go over it all again. I'll try, Phil. They say just my story isn't enough to prove it. Maybe you'll have heard from the police before you get this. I read about father's commutation; and even if I can't get Mr. Loran to talk again, this may help to get father pardoned.

"It's too late to help me. But maybe it will help make up for my deserting you all. Anyway, it's all I can do.

"MARY."

Phil read this letter through with racing eyes; and when he had done, he read it again more slowly, till every word was fixed on his brain. And there was great triumph in him, and a deep jubilation. His first thought was to rouse his mother, tell her. But—she was asleep, and if she knew this to-night she would not sleep again. She would insist that they leave the train, go back to his father . . .

And he thought of Barbara; Barbara, who of them all had never faltered in her faith. And in the end he hugged this secret close. It could wait, he decided. Wait till to-morrow. Wait till they were with Barbara. Barbara had a right to be the first to know.

They alighted at the Cleveland station, and Dan and Barbara were there to greet them, and Barbara was quick in her mother's arms, while Phil pumped Dan's hand. Then Barbara came to kiss Phil, her eyes dancing; and she linked her arm through his, and Mrs. Sentry and Dan were close on their heels, and they came to Dan's car.

Phil saw that it was new, and thought Dan must be prospering, and wondered what their home would be like. It was an apartment, he knew; and when they arrived, the apartment, though small, proved to be reassuringly sunny and comfortable, and the furniture could not be objected to. Phil said:

"Gosh, Dan, this is all right!"

And Barbara cried, laughing at him half-indignantly: "All right? Of course it's all right! What did you expect? To find us living in a tent or something?"

Phil grinned, and he asked Dan jokingly, "Behaving all right, is she?"

"Perfect," Dan assured him.

Then Barbara led them to breakfast.

Phil saved his great news, relishing the anticipation of their great happiness. Barbara, through breakfast, did most of the talking, only appealing to Dan for corroboration now and then, relating her arrival in Cleveland when she came to join Dan, and the first days in an hotel when, while Dan was at work, she sought for apartments, till she had a list for his inspection; and how they moved in here with nothing but beds, towels, and linen, and so began housekeeping.

"So first I furnished the kitchen," Barbara explained. "Just buying each day the things I actually needed. And then the bedroom; and then I began on the living-room. After I had things picked out, Dan would go and see them before I decided. And I made all the hangings myself, by hand. And when we had everything in I began to monogram our linen—— Why mother! You're crying!"

Mrs. Sentry said through tears: "It's all right, Barbara. I was just being sorry for myself because I missed sharing all that fun with you. I should have been here, helped, done most of it." She spoke to Dan. "I'm afraid your bride didn't come to you as well equipped and prepared as she should have been, Dan."

Dan grinned. "I haven't any complaint," he declared. "But maybe it was hard on Barb."

Mrs. Sentry looked towards Phil, and suddenly her eyes twinkled. "I'll do better by you and Linda, Phil," she promised; and Phil's heart leaped, and Barbara cried delightedly:

"Phil! You and Linda? Oh, that's grand!"

Phil could not speak, staring at his mother. Barbara was kissing him hard and happily, and Dan was shaking his hand, and then the telephone rang in the hall, and Dan went to answer it, and Phil said shakily:

"But mother, how did you know——"

She smiled. "I am not blind! You and Linda wore it like banners, that day you came back to York."

Phil's throat was full; he thought: This is the time to tell them! He reached in his pocket for Mary's letter. But then Dan came into the room. He came quietly enough; yet his very quiet made them look at him in sudden attention.

He said in a low tone: "It was the office that called, Mrs. Sentry. They've just had an A.P. bulletin, with—great news! Gus Loran has confessed to the French police that he killed Miss Wines. The Governor says Mr. Sentry will be pardoned at once, will be free to-day."

TRAINS are tedious things; but planes move swiftly. Yet to Mrs. Sentry that day while they seemed to hang motionless in a cloudless sky alive with sunshine so bright she thought it could never be obscured, the swift journey homeward appeared to be interminable.

Before they landed at East Boston Phil had seen Linda waiting, far below. In his arms, held close, her lips tight to his, she whispered only his name, Phil, Phil, Phil, her lips moving against his. And then:

"He is waiting for you, Phil. For you all to take him home together. Eli is here with the limousine, and I've my car——"

He rode with her through congested streets to the shabby portals of the prison; and the limousine pulled up behind them. She said there:

"Dan and I will go on ahead, Phil. Just you, whom he loves, to meet him here and bring him home." And she whispered, "But hurry to me, Phil."

Phil nodded, his eyes blurred so that he could not see. Of what followed he remembered little save the strong grasp of his father's hand. Then they were in the limousine, Phil on one of the small seats, half turned to face Barbara, and his father and mother in the seat behind.

And he thought: We are all very silent. And then he nodded, understanding. There was too much to say; and yet there was nothing that was not already being said by Barbara, her hands tight clasped on her father's arm; by Mrs. Sentry pressed close against her husband's side.

They crossed the river, passed familiar corners. Soon now they would be at home. And Linda would be waiting . . .

Phil turned in his seat to face forward; he turned to look ahead.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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